CELEBRITIES AT HOME

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CELEBRITIES AT HOME.

First Series.

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H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at Sandringham.
Mr. Tennyson at Haslemere.
Mr. John Bright at One Ash.
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The Duke of Beaufort at Badminton.
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Gustave Doré in the Rue St. Dominique St. Germain.
President Grant at the White House.
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Mr. Charles Mathews in Belgravia.
Earl Granville at Walmer Castle.
Miss M. E. Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell) at Richmond.
Earl Russell at Pembroke Lodge.
The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher at Brooklyn.

CELEBRITIES AT HOME.

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I.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON AT GOODWOOD HOUSE.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON AT GOODWOOD HOUSE.

The first glance at the Duke of Richmond suggests a question interesting to genealogists, naturalists, Scotchmen, and believers in blue blood generally. How comes it that the lineal descendant of Charles Stuart and Louise Renée de Perrencourt de Querouailles is a typical Englishman in face, in figure, in manner, and in mind? 'Rowley' himself, with his long nose and saturnine expression, had but a little drop of English blood in his veins. His mother was a Frenchwoman, his grandmother a Medici. The fair Duchess of Portsmouth in England and of Aubigné in France was a pretty French girl, with the *mutine* face and hair curled *à la bébé* made familiar to all by the pencil of Lely. Perhaps the Stuarts were not a strong-enough race to transmit their lineaments to remote posterity as the Berkeleys and the Ashleys have done; but the fact remains that the present lord of Goodwood and other broad lands in England and Scotland is, perhaps, the most thorough Englishman in the Cabinet. The square forehead, the closely-cropped hair brushed severely back, the

gray whiskers stiff and uncompromising, the long upper-lip closely shaven, and the firmly-moulded jaw reveal those characteristics upon the possession of which Englishmen are wont to plume themselves. Nor do these outward signs belie the inward man. As a boy at Westminster, as a young man at Christ Church, as an officer in the Blues, the Duke of Richmond invariably exhibited the same well-balanced mind, the same devotion to duty. It is true that to his uncompromising sense of responsibility a duty small or great has appeared equally a duty—a fact which has not unfrequently caused him to be underrated by superficial observers, who, attracted by great successes, are indifferent to small blunders. To minds of this class the life of the Lord President of the Council will appear to have been spent mainly in discussing small issues, and in doing small things with a stern conscientiousness which might advantageously have been applied to greater objects. There will always be people of this kind, who imagine that because a man is proprietor of four ducal coronets, he must perpetually wear them, metaphorically, if not literally; that one born to command may pass over the process of learning to obey; that a great noble should live in the cloudland of theoretical politics, and should take no thought of the cost of his establishment, so long as it is splendid enough to correspond with his rank. Against the opinions of this kind of person the life of Charles Henry Gordon-Lennox has been a steady protest. From youth he

exhibited that love of mastering detail which erratic geniuses designate plodding. Gifted with unwearied patience and industry, he has never left himself much to learn in any pursuit which has attracted him. As a soldier he was quite in his element, and carried his love of *minutiæ* so far as to almost acquire the reputation of a martinet. His love of method and precision recommended him to office, and after serving as aide-de-camp first to the Duke of Wellington and then to Lord Hardinge, he was, while member for West Sussex, appointed President of the Poor-Law Board in 1859, under the short-lived Government of the late Lord Derby. For several years after this event he made no particular mark in the world of politics, and on succeeding to the dukedom of Richmond and Gordon rapidly acquired the reputation of a nobleman who spent his life in administering his estate. It was said of him that he was among dukes as Frederick the Great was among kings—a keen administrator, who attended to everything himself. As Mr. Carlyle's hero reduced his Ministers to the rank of mere clerks, so did the sixth Duke of Richmond become his own chief agent, and employ mere sub-agents to carry his plans into effect. Even his most persistent detractors could not assert that he drove over-hard bargains with his farmers, and acknowledged that if he chose to live the life of a political country squire he imported into that not very interesting or exciting existence a sense of justice, a desire to act fairly and evenly with all men,

and a power of getting through dry and dull work which might advantageously be employed in the service of his country. Possessing none of the arts of popularity, he remained for a while comparatively unnoticed, save by Lord Beaconsfield, who determined that at the first opportunity the cold, reserved, and industrious peer should take his proper place among the Conservative party. His strong desire to give every man his due induced him, at the outset of the movement for improving the dwellings of the labouring classes, to go to work at the cottages on his own estates—a task in which he has been heartily seconded by the Duchess, who has devoted much time and energy towards ameliorating the condition of the labourer. Of late years, the Duke of Richmond has experienced much disappointment by the adverse decisions of the judges of Agricultural Shows. At one time the Goodwood sheep—the Southdowns of the Southdowns—carried off a large number of prizes, and stood confessedly the highest type of the ovine race; but more recently a taste has sprung up for animals of larger frame and, perhaps, greater capacity for rapid increase in weight. Less sympathy is felt by the Lord President for the sport with which Goodwood is associated in the minds of all sorts and conditions of Englishmen. As owner of the park which encloses one of the finest racecourses in England, he may be said to be born a patron of the turf, but the joys of horse-racing and its betting accompaniment have never been appreciated by him.

For years the Goodwood Meeting existed almost on sufferance, and met with but scant encouragement from the head of the house of Lennox. The colours of the family have vanished from the turf, or, to speak more exactly, have passed into other hands. As the late Mr. Merry achieved the highest honours of the turf with the Grosvenor yellow and black, but recently resumed by their legitimate owner, so have the yellow and red of Lennox been carried past the Epsom winning-post in the name of Mr. Henry Savile, by that good horse Cremorne. In like fashion the red-and-white cap of Lord Henry Lennox—the pet of society and the idol of Chichester, who has never received full credit for his talents, because they have been overshadowed by his amiability—are associated in the minds of racing-men with Lord Hawke and the famous Marquis who, but for Caractacus, would have carried off the treble event, rather than with the victory of Hernandez and the head defeat of Beehunter. A name, the shadow of which still clings, and, perhaps, will ever cling, to Goodwood, is that of Lord George Bentinck, whose sky-blue and white cap—never first in the Derby for the Napoleon of the turf—were, by the strange irony of Fate, carried by that very Caractacus who snatched the 'blue ribbon' from the Marquis. When 'Lord George' told the 'black Colonel' that he would make Goodwood the finest racecourse and training-ground in England, he meant to keep his word in that as in all things. He planned the Halnaker gallop, and

other training-grounds near Goodwood, with the idea of always having a spot sheltered from the wind to exercise his horses upon, and with distinct reference to the state of the ground in dry and wet weather. How he disposed of his stud at the moment when the Derby was within his grasp, and heard with a groan of the victory of Surplice, are facts as familiar as the early death of the hope of his party.

Disregarding the hopes and fears, the heats and colds, of horse-racing, the Duke of Richmond is not unmindful of the splendid traditions of Goodwood hospitality. The endless duties of a great proprietor who persists in doing his work himself, and the cares of a Cabinet Minister charged, until the advent of Lord Beaconsfield in the Upper House, with the task of leading the Conservative peers, have rarely interfered with his duty as a host during the Goodwood week, when his house is filled with the best company in England. For this brief space the steady working-day life is put aside, and Goodwood House becomes the scene of much delicious idling, spiced by an afternoon struggle with the brazen-throated members of the betting-ring. Breakfast at Goodwood is the most pleasant and desultory of meals. By units, pairs, and half-dozens, the guests drift into the Egyptian dining-room, and dally over their tea and other cups in cheerful gossip about the programme for the day. In the great hall of the granite columns hung with the flags brought home by the father of the

present peer—the gallant soldier who carried to his grave the bullet received at Orthez—there is more dawdling with newspapers, race-cards, and the letters of touts, spelt with a noble independence of conventionality. Then comes a stroll under the cedars, among the pheasants, who walk about as if there were no such date in the calendar as the 1st of October; and, perhaps, a longer walk to the house-stables or those at Waterbeach, where the favourites are stripped to the admiration of dames and damsels, who go into raptures over the beauty of the 'false, fleeting, perjured' animals, who graciously receive all this homage while they can, for if they 'shut up' at the distance-post they will get none later in the day. These pastimes over, all make for the lawn by the grand-stand, and some four hours are devoted to watching the defeat of the noble animals before mentioned, and to noting how previous 'form' is upset at Goodwood, especially on the Friday fatal to the backers of horses. When the last bugle has sounded, and the number of the last winner of the day is displayed, the Duke of Richmond's guests wend their way back to the house, drink tea in the trim gardens, discuss with mixed feelings the doings of the day, and stroll over to Waterbeach again, striving by the way to explain the difference between form on paper and on the course. Those not gifted with a 'stable mind' find leisure to admire glorious Goodwood itself, rich in its mighty trees and broad glades, and above all in its unrivalled view of the English Channel, with

the Isle of Wight couched in a golden robe among the azure wavelets. The house itself, built in the first years of the present century, is hardly beautiful as to its exterior. Hard, gray, and semicircular, it provokes comparison with buildings devoid of festive associations. But within there is enough to please and interest the student of history or art. The faces that Lely loved to paint smile from every wall, and afford opportunities of contrasting Louise de Querouailles, with her 'child-like and bland' look in the crimson picture, with the full-blown Duchess of Portsmouth in a dark-blue 'one-pin' dress. If visitors to Goodwood ever carried coppers in their pockets they might pass a contemplative five minutes in comparing the figure of Britannia in low relief with the pictures of the handsome dashing Miss Stuart, who sat to Lely as Britannia, and also as Bellona, Minerva, and other 'heathen personages.' Grammont's 'la belle Stuart' was married, it will be recollected, to James Stuart, Duke of Richmond, on whose death the titles and estates of the Richmond and Lennox family devolved to the Crown, and were conferred on the son of the Duchess of Portsmouth —the first Duke of Richmond of the present line. The Goodwood collection of family pictures is, artistically and historically, one of the richest in England, ranging from a curious old painting of the Cenotaph of Darnley, a remote ancestor, to that of the fourth duke, who, when Colonel Lennox, fought a duel with the Duke of York, in the course of which that prince

displayed equal courage and obstinacy. Thanks to the third duke—under whose reign the old hunting-lodge of the Comptons was torn down to make way for what the local historian is pleased to call 'the present noble pile'—Goodwood is rich in Sèvres china, presented to him while ambassador at the French Court. Collectors glance on this with greedy eyes, and are consumed with acquisitiveness as they inspect the watch and shirt of Charles the First, the white-satin baby-shoes of the son of Louise de Querouailles, the gold breakfast-plate used by Napoleon at the breakfast before Waterloo, and the cockade and *bâton* borne by the Duke of Wellington on that great day. There is, then, no lack of pastime till dinner reunites the guests in the great ballroom—the only apartment large enough to hold them in the Goodwood week. The simple taste of the present Duke of Richmond has induced him to abolish by degrees the custom of drinking toasts, which in the time of his genial parent was a regular institution at Goodwood. Another time-honoured custom has also dropped into desuetude. When the present generation of the house of Lennox were lads it was the practice to ask one of them, as soon as the ladies had left the dinner-table, to read aloud the racing programme for the following day, the task generally falling to Lord Henry or the late Lord George Lennox, after which a few sixes or sevens to four were laid. Possibly the Duke does not care to awake the horsey instinct which may be latent in the bosom of his family, and possibly the reading

aloud was found tedious; but at any rate it is gone, and that most amiable of young noblemen, the Earl of March, Darnley, and Kinrara, can dine in peace, without the dread of being called upon to rehearse the names and pedigrees of a long list of high-bred cattle.

It is at dinner that the other guests meet the Prince and Princess of Wales when they—as they almost invariably do—honour Goodwood with their presence during the race-week. It is needless to tell our readers that the Prince and Princess do not appear at the sporadic breakfast in the Egyptian dining-room, but pass the early morning hours in the suite of rooms specially constructed and furnished for royal visitors. These apartments are superbly decorated, and are lined with magnificent Gobelins tapestry, representing scenes from *Don Quixote* in colours fresh and bright as the day they were dyed. Where every wall is in itself a picture, oil-paintings are of course excluded, but with one exception. In the private snuggery specially devoted to the Prince of Wales is the famous Hogarth known as 'The Lady's Last Stake.'

Nothing can be in better taste or more perfectly organised than the hospitality dispensed at Goodwood; and it is pleasant to mark how the cold husk of official reserve which ordinarily envelops its owner melts away as he welcomes his guests, and, as they say, jingles the keys of the London season in his pocket. Especially cordial is the reception of Mr.

George Payne, and was—alas, was!—that of Admiral Rous, whose burly form and vast expanse of waistcoat, of similar pattern to Mr. Payne's neckcloth, will now be sadly missed. It was a joyful sight to see 'the Admiral' take off his coat before the very eyes of the Princess of Wales to play a game of billiards, while her Royal Highness looked on with that air of quiet enjoyment for which she is celebrated. In the Goodwood week the Duke of Richmond is seen at his best, having laid aside that *petit air* of a county magistrate which becomes him so little, and put on that *air de grand seigneur* which is his legitimate inheritance. The spirit of a genial host is inborn in the house of Lennox, famous for its splendid entertainments, one of which has passed from the domain of history into that of poesy; for it was at the Duchess of Richmond's ball that the 'sound of revelry' was rudely broken in upon by the cannon of Quatre Bras.

II.

PÈRE HYACINTHE AT GENEVA.

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A LITTLE garden separates the house from the street, and the street is a new one. It is one of those for which room has been made on one side of the town by the destruction of the celebrated ramparts, and it is one to which the pedantic Genevese have given the name of the Rue des Grands Philosophes. Well, so be it. Though the philosophers were great, the houses here are small, and this one, with its clustering Virginian creeper, has a modest look. The door of the *premier* is opened by a little maid, who answers that 'madame receives,' and as you enter the *salon* a tall handsome woman holds out her hand to you with a peculiarly pleasant welcome. Every charming woman has some trifle or gesture peculiar to herself—some trick of voice or brow, some little dimple or mark, some way of standing, some little defect or beauty of speech. What distinguishes Madame Loyson is her welcome. The hand is held out, and it is a very beautiful one—such a hand as an artist, who is able to render form correctly, would draw. There is something dignified and matronly in her air, but the smile is frank, and the voice has a pleasant, mur-

murous sound, as of a mother who caresses a child. 'You have come to see the Père Hyacinthe?' she says. You answer, 'Yes;' and as you answer, you are aware that you scan your hostess closely. You cannot help doing so, for her position is so unique, and she seems to fulfil its requirements. She is now in middle life, but she has great energy and hopefulness, and her figure and attitudes are curiously typical of the change which she has introduced into the household of a man holding the orders of the Latin Church; she looks essentially a woman and a mother. She wears a close-fitting black dress of some soft stuff. It is not fashionably made, and yet there is nothing grotesque about its plainness. An iron cross hangs on her breast; its purple ribbon and the thin black-net veil that drops from her high comb are her only ornaments. Yet if you were to say so to Madame Loyson she would laugh. For she, like the Roman lady, has another jewel, and one which she will show to you presently.

In the mean time she has been listening to what you have to say of your errand. 'The Père will be glad, O, so glad, to see you!' is her answer. 'Let me tell him that you are here;' and she disappears. You remember then that, though her face is intelligent and *sympathique*, her accent in speaking is decidedly American. Very natural that it should be so; for your hostess, though a connection of the family of Charles Lamb, is a native of New York, and her first husband was a New Englander.

Now the door behind you opens, and it admits the Père Hyacinthe. The light strikes on his eye as he enters. They are weak, so he drops them. They are near-sighted, and he does not therefore move straight up to you; he stoops, and walks still as if his loose inconvenient frock were in his way; and from all these trifles you feel a painful want of frankness in his manner. But the matter is simple, not unctuous, and not discursive. You allude to the Deanery of Westminster, where your last meeting took place, and instantly the heavy preoccupied face lightens, and the woman at his side suddenly grasps your hand. A chord has been touched which sets all your memories vibrating. A woman's name has been mentioned which yet binds all her friends in links of loving regret.

After ten minutes' conversation the Père Hyacinthe Loyson says, 'But you have not yet seen all the household of a Catholic priest;' and he suggests to '*sa chère Emilie*' that she should go for their son. The boy is beautiful. He has the clustering curls, the great eyes, the sweet mouth, and the rapt seriousness of the cherub in the Madonna del San Sisto. He is also quiet and obedient, and so subsides into play near the window while the talk goes on.

The Père Hyacinthe does not speak ill of any one. He knows that Louis Veuillot holds him up to the reprobation of Christendom as '*l'infâme;*' but such hard words do not affect him. Of himself he does not willingly speak much. Once he does so, with a

half-ironical shrug of the shoulders. 'I know very little,' he says, 'nothing but a little theology; *et encore*,' he adds, with a droll smile—'*et encore* there *are* people found to say that I know *that* very ill.' Certainly the Père Hyacinthe is not a learned man, he is not a well-informed man, and needless to say that he is not a man of the world. He could not be, for he has been a seminarist, a priest, a monk, and a recluse. The son of a professor at Orleans, the blood that flows in his veins comes from a Breton source. Hence the distinctly Celtic turn of his genius. His brother is at the Sorbonne, his only sister went into a convent, and there was nothing in his own training to give an impulse towards his present position. But the friends of his life were all men of mark. Known to him were Lacordaire's zeal and Montalembert's desire for the education and happiness of France through the medium of the Catholic faith. Dear to him were Monseigneur Baudry, and Henri Perrèyve, and Adolphe Gratry, all men of exquisite sensibilities, of blameless honour, and of apostolic goodness. Well known and trusted by him also was Félix Dupanloup, the Bishop of Orleans, once the most valued member of the Liberal party in the French Church, but who has since, *per viltà*, made *il gran rifiuto* of the place he was expected to take, and has accepted the dogma of the Infallibility. Constantly associated with so many men of note, there has, however, been always a certain solitariness about Hyacinthe Loyson. His thoughts are few, but they are his own; they run in

a narrow channel, but they run strongly. His enemies say of him that he is a man who changes his *idée fixe* every ten days. To a certain extent this is true. He does not see the other side of the question; he does not weigh the consequences of actions; he makes no allowance for laws working irrespective of our volition or preferences. Thus he first became a monk, and then unfrocked himself. He has converted men and women to a Church of which the primary tenet is obedience to the Pope of Rome, and he has broken with the Vatican. He accepted the post of *curé* in the National and Liberal Catholic Church of Geneva, and has abdicated. He often said that missionaries and the votaries of any great cause ought to be single, and he has married an American widow and adopted her grown-up son. He is a Catholic, but among his friends are M. de Pressensé and Eugène Bersier; the former indeed would fain exercise some influence on the political aspirations of the Père Hyacinthe for his Church of the future. All these contradictory things he develops for and in himself. Their phases are all self-evolved. He is not easily turned aside; his imagination does not work at the bidding of others; he is dull of perception, sincere, and more insensible to ridicule than to praise.

At one time, when he had just resigned his post as *curé de Genève*, he appeared to be disheartened, and to regret that his eccentric career must imperil the happiness of a woman and the future of a child. Those of his friends condoled with him who had always

thought this marriage a proof of weakness, a blot upon a career intended for nobler issues. He himself always speaks of his marriage as a protest against the unnatural lovelessness or the lax morality of a celibate clergy. Those who know him best believe that his union with Emily Merriman has been a fortunate thing for him. He is near-sighted; he is more than a little deaf; he works slowly, and he can write and speak in no language but his own. His wife is his secretary. She is the medium for the holy wrath of Strossmayer, for the plans of Reinkens, for the optimism of Stanley, for the Anglo-Catholicism of Liddon, for the sensibilities of English ladies, and for the sympathies of Dutch Jansenists. In a word, she facilitates his intercourse with the hundreds of men, women, and priests who apply to the Père Hyacinthe, and consider him as a guide in their search after *la meilleure des églises*.

The study of the Père is open, and he invites you to visit it. A large crucifix hangs on the wall, and there too is the knotted discipline which he used when he was a Carmelite friar. The desk, the floor, perhaps also the bed, are littered with books. There are a few new and recent works, pamphlets of Lavelaye, and Italian and American newspapers hastily cut; but of Bossuet and Rosmini what numbers of well-thumbed volumes! From their pages the Père Hyacinthe is seeking to compile a catechism which shall be Catholic, but not Tridentine. In speaking he grows animated. The pale, heavy, near-sighted

face loses its heaviness. The mouth, the pronunciation, the diction, all are beautiful. This man is born an orator. His very lips seem to be meant for eloquent speech. After an hour you leave the house of the married priest convinced that, if neither prophet, nor philosopher, nor poet, nor perhaps reformer, Loyson is a born orator—the honest spokesman of that great need for liberty and truth to which he has given a most persuasive voice. When exiled from France, he found in Geneva a not uncongenial home. The position was a central one for him, and he is very sensible of the kindness he has met with among the Swiss. But his heart is in France, and as he has many influential friends there his prospects are brightening. He is allowed this winter to lecture in Paris, and he hopes to be allowed ultimately to make his home not far from the towers of Notre Dame.

III.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON IN WIMPOLE STREET.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON IN WIMPOLE STREET.

'These two vases are the gems of my collection. They are of the famous Hawthorn pattern, and possess in perfection the four cardinal points of Nankin china of the best period—that imported into Europe by the Dutch during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Observe the extreme whiteness of the paste, the richness and intensity of the blue, the elegance of the form, and the brilliancy of the glaze. This is the most exquisite porcelain ever made. All the colour is under the glaze, and has stood the extreme heat of the furnace. It can never fade, never wash off. It is singular that the taste for blue-and-white Nankin should be just now a new thing in England. It was always highly prized by the Dutch, and was fashionable for dinner-services here in the last century. All persons of quality, and even the notorious O'Kelly, the owner of the racehorse Eclipse, owned dinner-services of blue and white. But this was not all of the quality now so eagerly sought for, but of later and very inferior manufacture. Nankin china went completely out of

fashion among English collectors; there was a rage for the Gubbio lustre ware and the old English school. A few years ago you could have bought for two or three sovereigns pieces now worth ten times as much. There is my last purchase; I gave a hundred pounds for it. In the treatment of the hawthorn there is much more artistic feeling than in some other specimens; but the colour is far inferior. You must examine carefully this wonderful dish. It is quite unique. Look at the white flowers modelled and raised above the background of the genuine powder-blue. Of course my collection of blue and white—now, I am told, the finest in the possession of any single person—was not formed at the present scale of prices. It has been quickly formed though, for eight years ago I had not a single piece. Now there are over three hundred fine specimens; a catalogue is in preparation, and Mr. Whistler has kindly consented to illustrate it.'

The speaker expatiating upon the beauty of his superb china is a slender middle-aged man, with hair untouched with gray, great bushy eyebrows bristling over dark-brown eyes, a full moustache, and a lithe active frame, the upper part whereof is clad in one of those velvet coats dear to persons of an artistic turn of mind. Sir Henry Thompson's two consulting-rooms are full of china: some disposed in cases, the rest displayed for the purpose of decoration; and the brilliant blue and white contrast effectively with the dark green of a bower of palms and ferns, and

the rich warm tone of several fine Ettys. The atmosphere of art pervades the entire house. In the room where unhappy patients await the moment of their interview with the great surgeon, who is scrupulously true to the doctrine first come first served, there is art enough to charm for a while the weariest sufferer. Sir Henry Thompson is wealthy in the work of that consummate master of the *technique* of his art, M. Alma Tadema. At slight intervals hang admirable specimens of the famous Belgian painter: 'The Egyptian,' 'Tarquinius Superbus cutting off the poppyheads before the envoys of the Gabii,' and in the place of honour the splendid 'Serpent of Old Nile,' exhibited a season or two ago at the Royal Academy. Overhead is the studio—for the enthusiast for blue and white is no *dilettante* dabbler in the arts, but wields the pencil as skilfully as the knife. Strangely enough he commenced painting seriously at the very time his professional duties began to press heavily upon him, when he began to feel life running too much in one groove, when, as he quaintly says, 'I was so completely occupied that I wanted something else to do.' At this juncture he was fortunate enough to become acquainted with Mr. Elmore, who gave much pains to the education of his promising pupil, and succeeded in imbuing him with artistic feeling as well as method. John Philip, too, gave the neophyte many valuable hints, and more recently M. Alma Tadema inducted him into his marvellous style of work. He has since

achieved a genuine success in painting, especially with his charming studies of still life, such as the 'Russian Tea,' exhibited at the Royal Academy, with its bright blue jar, lemon, knife, and glass, against the dark background of the samovar, and the equally pleasing 'Still Life'—a Nankin plate and a tortoise—exhibited at the French Salon. His taste for perfect *technique*, for painting as to colour and execution, as distinguished from any adventitious aid from subject or story, is due to a careful study of the French school, and perhaps somewhat to the influence of his intimate friend M. Tadema.

Of late, however, he has forsaken *céladon* vases, bronze urns, and the like, for Nature in her grandest aspects. The subject of the picture the surgeon-artist exhibited at the Salon last year was 'Kilchurn Castle, Loch Awe,' a Highland lake-scene of surpassing beauty, steeped in the deep golden haze of a summer afternoon. To the Royal Academy was sent the first-fruits of the previous summer's sojourn at Granada, a series of interior views of the Alhambra. Miss Thompson also sought Royal Academy honours last year, and for the first time. Since the condition of Lady Thompson's health has prevented her from travelling, this young lady has been her father's constant companion in his summer holidays, which generally take the form of a sketching tour for three clear months. 'A good substantial holiday, I admit, but not too much if a man stick close to his work for the remaining nine. There to your right is a de-

lightful memorial of a summer ramble. Alma Tadema came upon my boy as he was lying reading in a cornfield, and with his wonderfully rapid execution painted the picture as you see it in a couple of sittings. All these are Mulreadys and Ettys. Etty tried very hard, but the British matron will not endure the nude. That vase you admire so much is beautiful in form and gorgeous in colour, is it not? Its hue is the true *sang de bœuf*, and these pale sea-green pieces with a large crackle are the old *céladon*, the genuine article, to imitate which is not forgery, but impossible. Step this way, and I will show you a curiosity. Those glass cubes of about five inches contain the solid remains of two bodies, one of which weighed twelve and the other eighteen stone, both cremated in Siemens' regenerating gas-furnace. One was done at Birmingham, the other at Maudslay's below bridge. There is nothing offensive in either specimen; nothing but mineral matter remains, and the quantity, as you see, is not very great.'

It is not long since Sir Henry Thompson wrote the famous letter on cremation which produced such a profound sensation in English society; yet the subject has almost entirely disappeared from conversation in this country. In serious truth, the English advocate for urn-burial, although approving of it heartily as a sanitary measure, is no enthusiast in the cause, and would probably never have written a line on the subject had he not been incited thereto by his friend, the late Mr. Shirley Brooks. In similar

fashion Sir Henry Thompson, at the desire of the editor of the *Contemporary Review*, backed by the written request of Professor Tyndall, published his now historic letter on the efficacy of prayer, in which the subject was handled, though with all proper reverence, from a hospital-surgeon's point of view. The controversy to which this very original utterance gave rise showed that the father of the eloquent defender of lithotrity was not altogether in error when he objected to his son's following the profession of medicine, on the ground that doctors were dangerously addicted to free-thinking. This opposition was kept up until the young man attained his majority and a small property, which enabled him to carry his design into execution. Thus for the thousandth time in the history of the brilliantly successful did the natural bent prove strong enough to override unappreciative opposition. Studying diligently in London and Paris, he rapidly conquered the difficulties of a late start, and made his mark in his profession. He had already gained honour and reputation when the event occurred which added solid reward to liberal praise. The operation performed on the late King of the Belgians, to which his Majesty was only induced to consent by the firmness of the English surgeon, was the turning-point in his career. It is characteristic of King Leopold that, although so ill when the young English surgeon was sent for—almost as a forlorn hope—that for fourteen days he had been unable to lie down, he resisted at first all

idea of undergoing an operation; and when he at last consented, demanded four days' grace in order that he might get the Brazilian difficulty, then placed in his hands for adjustment, completely off his mind before his own urgent need was cared for. Throughout the whole of his agonising trial his nerve and self-possession never once failed him. It is a matter of history that the operation was completely successful. In less than a fortnight the King was driving out, and testifying his admiration of the skill and resolution of his English adviser.

In his method of getting through the heavy work of a surgeon in vogue, he differs materially from most Englishmen. Preferring the French order of procedure, he rises early, and performs all severe operations before breakfast. He maintains that early morning is a far more favourable time for the patient than the afternoon hours, customary in London at hospitals and elsewhere. There is in severe cases the immense gain of several hours of daylight, and the surgeon has the opportunity of visiting his patient as frequently as may be necessary. In this, and in many more of his words and deeds, there are clearly discernible the originality and unconventionality proper to a strong individual character. He is candid enough to admit that the early system is 'as good for the surgeon as the patient,' as, the severe work of operating over, he has his morning clear to receive patients, and his afternoon free to look after those who have suffered at the beginning of the day.

As the last visitor is dismissed from the pretty and busy house in Wimpole-street, the morning's work is registered with thorough business-like accuracy in sundry huge volumes scrupulously kept under lock and key, and containing among other matter copies of every prescription given that day. In this heavy routine work the assistance of a secretary is necessary; but for all that Sir Henry Thompson rarely obtains breathing-time till two o'clock, when a very slight snack, followed by a cigarette, prepares him for the work of the afternoon. This, if over early, may leave an hour for a smart canter on a showy black, after which the many-sided surgeon-artist-philosopher appears in the character of a man of the world, and probably one of the most popular men in it. Personally abstemious to the extent of habitual total abstinence from fermented drink, he is yet extremely hospitable, and not having given up wine till some half-dozen years ago, has, to the delight of his guests, a taste that can be implicitly relied upon. There is no asceticism in his abstinence. He is better without wine, he says; better in health than he was ten years ago; better able to get through his work quickly and cheerfully.

We must be severely punctual to-night, for we are going to dine with him at one of his 'octaves,' a dinner of eight, given every Thursday he is in town. In selecting one less than the proverbial number of the Muses for his dinner-parties, he believes—and his opinion is shared by his guests—that he has hit

upon the golden number which permits sufficient variety without destroying general conversation by breaking up the company into two parties corresponding to the ends of the table. A perfect critic of a *menu*, the host devotes profound study to the composition not only of the dinner, but of the company who are to eat it. The names of the guests at the octaves are duly recorded, and they are arranged and rearranged, shuffled, cut, and dealt like a pack of cards, to the end that while people shall be brought together who will enjoy each other's society, the same identical set shall not always meet.

As we arrive on this particular Thursday we find among the guests a famous painter, a celebrated author, a learned professor, a rising barrister, a great traveller, and a friend from the United States. The *menu* is itself a study not only for its intrinsic excellence as for the quaint design which embellishes it: a bar of music marked *Allegro vivace*, Common Time, and containing an octave running from C down to C below the lines; a Pause signifying stay as long as you like, and the dots for repetition—an invitation to come again. A beautiful dinner-service of rare Nankin gives elegance to the table, at which there is no lack of talk of the best kind. It may be imagined that the host who could invent the *menu* just described finds no difficulty in keeping up the *allegro vivace* prescribed. Perhaps one of the most characteristic features of the octaves is that one never has the least idea of the groove the conversation may run

in. A guest may go expecting to hear something about the recent phases of the great spontaneous generation controversy, and find himself listening to a discussion on the last new opera. Another may imagine that the prospects of the Royal Academy Exhibition will form the staple of conversation, and he will find himself talking over the comparative merits of the various routes into the interior of Africa or to the top of Mont Blanc. There is never any lack of subjects and people to talk about them at an octave. As we take leave of our genial host, he says, in his deep rich voice, 'Good-night. I hope to see you again often—very often—at dinner; but never, I hope—never in the morning—before breakfast!'

IV.

THE POPE AT THE VATICAN.

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Since Friday, 16th of September 1870, the white figure of Pius IX. has never been seen in the streets of Rome. On that day, for the last time, he walked along the Corso from end to end to disprove the report that he had secretly escaped from the city. He came as usual down the middle of the road, an attendant cardinal on each side, his chaplain with two other prelates following, and behind them a few of the noble guard, walking at a brisk pace, blessing the people who knelt before him with affectionate reverence, stopping from time to time to put his hand on some child's head who had run forward to kiss his ring. Then he crossed the threshold of the Vatican he has never since repassed.

The 'Mount of Myrrh and the Hill of Frankincense' is the name given by the Italian faithful to the Vatican, and thither the tribes of the earth go up to offer homage and bring treasures to the successor of St. Peter, free to admit or exclude as seems good to him. The several entrances to the vast and splendid palace of the Popes are guarded by the celebrated Swiss, clad as of old in their particoloured uniforms

of red, yellow, and black—save that those keeping the bronze doors of the Scala Regia and the carriage-entrance near the Mint now have their gay garments concealed under long gray overcoats, their helmets replaced by dark-cloth caps, and their halberds by 'Remingtons.' At the head of the great staircase leading into the court of St. Damasus there is another guard of some dozen of the Papal police, a new feature in the Vatican interior since 1870, and so much out of character with the associations of the place, that people were not surprised when one of the American pilgrims, mistaking them for the jailers by whom the Pope is supposed to be kept in durance, shook his fist in their faces and gave them a piece of his mind in most vernacular Saxon. But having passed the courtyard and entered the door leading to the Papal apartments, one recognises again the once splendid pontifical pomp. There are the lay chamberlains in their *renaissance* Spanish costumes and ruffs, the Pope's attendants in their crimson-damask liveries, violet-clad monsignori, and monks and friars, who startle one by their resemblance to princes and potentates in disguise, until one remembers they are generals of orders.

Pius IX. sleeps in one of the smallest of the eleven thousand rooms at his command. A narrow humble bed without curtains or drapery—something similar to those used in seminaries for schoolboys—a sofa, two or three common chairs, and a writing-table are all the articles of furniture; few and simple enough

for a Capuchin. There is not even a rug by the bedside to cover the floor of red tiles, not in the best repair. 'Take care how you step; there is a brick loose,' said the Pope to a Turinese ecclesiastic, who was admitted to his presence the other day when he was confined to bed, and whose eyesight he knew was not as good as his own. Winter and summer alike the Pope gets up soon after five o'clock, seldom or never later than half-past, and after he has finished dressing remains about an hour and a half alone, passing his time in prayer and meditation. At half-past seven exactly he leaves his room, and accompanied by his attendants proceeds to the private chapel near his apartment, where first he celebrates a mass himself and then attends another said by one of his chaplains. At half-past eight he takes a cup of black coffee with some dry bread, and by a quarter to nine, or thereabouts, he has entered his study (a small one-windowed room looking towards the Piazza of St. Peter's, and commanding the view beyond the Janiculum) and commenced the work of the day. The floor is covered with a common carpet; there are some red chairs; and the one principal piece of furniture, the large writing-table, on which, amid a mass of papers, stand a crucifix, a statuette of the Immaculate Conception, a timepiece, and an ink-stand. As soon as the Pope has seated himself in his straight-backed chair, the Cardinal-Secretary of State, the ascetic Simeoni, enters with the correspondence of the day, and the oblations, often amounting

to thousands of francs, laid the day before at the feet of his Holiness.

Next comes the post-bag, and with it the Pope's two private secretaries, Monsignore Mercurelli, whose duty it is to write the *Brevi ai Principi* (letters addressed to royal personages), and Monsignore Nocella, who has the charge of all the other correspondence included under the name of *Lettere Latine.* As the petitions are read, Pius IX. sits with his quill-pen in hand, and writes his sovereign will on each in turn,—'Qualora la cassa non sia esausta il reverendo Teologo somministrera lire duecento;' 'Lire 150, solito tesoriere, solita cassa,'—in clear, round, well-formed letters. After this commence the official audiences: with cardinals; ambassadors who have letters of credence or recall to present; bishops or laymen of distinction, whose special qualification for the time is that of leaders of a pilgrimage to the feet of the Holy Father; and with royal personages. If the interview is of the last-named character, a trifling alteration has to be made in the narrow quarters occupied by the owner of eleven thousand rooms. The writing-table has to be removed from the study to give sufficient space, and—as, for instance, when the Prince and Princess of Wales were received—a gilt armchair is placed on each side, but somewhat in front of, that occupied by the Pope. But the gilt armchairs have never yet been occupied by the King of Italy. Notwithstanding all their expressions of respect, Pius IX. has never consented to

receive any member of the royal family of Italy. As midday approaches, the vast antechamber becomes peopled with cardinals, prelates, lay chamberlains, *camerieri segreti di spada e cappa*, and the one or two of the Roman nobles whose daily turn it may be, waiting to attend his Holiness while giving the semi-public audiences which are almost, without exception, daily events.

Pius IX. has never been given to posing; he used to take his snuff and unfold his blue-checked-linen handkerchief with perfect indifference while seated upon his throne, the centre of the grandest ceremonials; but he might almost be conscious of the effect he produces as he pauses in full sight of every one for a moment on entering the Loggia. He stands a venerable figure, clothed entirely in white,—no scrap of colour save the tips of his red slippers, and the plain gold chain and cross hanging from his neck,—the very picture of a grand good old man, whose heart is overflowing with benevolence, set on a background of scarlet and purple-draped stately cardinals and violet monsignori. It is a tableau once seen never to be forgotten. According to the etiquette of the Papal Court, the visitors kneel as his Holiness approaches. By his side walks the monsignore in attendance, who, armed with a list of names, presents each person in turn. 'Santita, Monsieur e Madame *Tela* e Mademoiselle *Avè*, Inglese;' and while Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and Miss Harvey kneel and kiss the ring upon his finger, the Pope says

a few kind words. But woe betide those whose hot Protestant prejudices accompany them into the Pontifical presence-chamber! 'I perceive we have some new additions here to the Vatican gallery of statues,' was the remark made by Pius IX. as, on one occasion, he passed by some ladies whose consciences forbade them to kneel where their curiosity ought never to have taken them; and pungent indeed is the Pope's wit whenever he feels called upon to use it in reproof. Soon after he had issued condemnations of the excesses in female attire, some Italian ladies appeared at an audience with their heads dressed remarkably high. 'Santita, le Signorine Guerrieri' (*Anglicè*, Warriors), said monsignore. 'I had already recognised them by the helmets,' replied his Holiness. To foreigners he speaks in fluent French. He calls them all his children, even the members of those Churches which, at the Reformation, separated themselves from the Roman Communion. 'They divorced themselves,' he says, 'from the successor of St. Peter, but their children are none the less his.' When the audience is composed entirely of Italians, his manner becomes more familiar and chatty. A lady came away enchanted at Pio Nono having told her she was more like her daughter's sister than her mother. 'E quella,' asked the Pope, indicating a remarkably small woman, 'e cassa de statura o de età' (Is she short of years or of inches)?

After the Pope has passed up one side and down the other of the two lines in which the strangers are

ranged, he goes as nearly as possible to the middle, and delivers a brief exhortation. His audience is a mixed one, and he uses words which may be profitable to all and hurtful to the feelings of none. On the very last occasion he reminded them how rapidly their days were passing, while eternity remained immutable. With the audiences the morning's work is ended, and the Pope passes along the Loggia to one of the small rooms adjoining the great hall of the library, and there holds what is called his 'circle,' to join which he has generally invited some one or other of the more distinguished ecclesiastics or laymen who were received at the special audiences. A chair is placed for the Pope on the middle line of the floor towards the end, the cardinals present sit on each side of him, while all others are ranged at the long reading-desks rising behind each other in two rows. There the conversation becomes more or less general. The topics of the day—the unhappy condition of the times, and the iniquities of modern Governments, the Italian and German in particular—are discussed, and the Pope informed of the minor events of the hour. Baron Visconti will give his Holiness an account of the last archæological discovery; the Commendatore Rossi will describe the newest results of his explorations in the catacombs; or Monsignor Nardi set forth the articles of some bill against the Church or clergy just laid before the Italian Parliament. Not unfrequently the conversation leads to the Pope recounting incidents of his early life, as when, not long ago, the

presence of the bishops who had come over with a pilgrimage from South America elicited from him a description, first, of the tempestuous voyage he made to Chili in 1823, when, embarking at Leghorn on the 5th of October, on board the good ship Heloise, he accompanied the Papal Legate Monsignore Muzi; and then the hardships they endured on *terra firma*, where they were almost reduced to live on alms. Or again, when, soon after the battle of Sedan, he told of the political outbreak in 1827, when he was Archbishop of Spoleto, and how one of the revolutionists going to him for shelter, he took him in and aided him to escape. The name of the revolutionist was Louis Napoleon, and that was the only occasion when the two men, one to become Pope of Rome and the other Emperor of the French, ever met.

Pius IX. is Italian to the core, and witty, as in fact are all his clever fellow-countrymen, even when trenching upon the sacred. Many of his witticisms are historical, as when, on being asked by a devout lady, who was tearfully lamenting the misfortunes of the Church, if he did not fear for the 'Bark of Peter,' he replied that he was under no apprehension on account of the Bark, but he felt some doubts as to what might be the fate of the crew. When Cardinal Antonelli told him on one occasion that he had been recommended to try the Bagni baths for his gout, the Pope, jestingly alluding to the well-known false reports of Antonelli's brigand origin, said he thought his eminence would do well to act upon the advice,

for he had heard it said the *bagni* (which in Italian also signifies 'the hulks') had more than once been found efficacious for members of his family. Sometimes his Holiness has got what he has given, as in the case of a yearly visit, some years since, to an asylum for the aged. According to custom the Pope recited the Lord's Prayer; and when he came to the petition, 'Et ne nos inducas in tentationem,' a notably ugly old woman, who saw his eye fixed upon her, immediately took up the response, 'Sed libera nos a mal-occhio,' there is a vulgar tradition the Pope possesses.

At a few minutes before two the Pope rises, gives his benediction, and those present having kissed his hand he goes to dinner. The dining-room adjoins the study and bedroom, and in small size and plain furniture is in keeping with them. The Pope always dines alone, Monsignore Cenni, private chaplain, or some other prelate being in attendance, standing by the table, and twice a week the Commendatore Filippini, the *segretario segreto.* Having taken his seat—in this room his chair has a small canopy over it—Pius IX. reads a few prayers silently, and then, punctually at two, is served, the *menu* consisting of soup and three dishes, of which he seldom partakes of more than two, drinking a little Johannisberg cabinet or Cyprus of the Commandery. But these good wines have been prescribed for him; until recently he never took anything but Vino del paese. Fried things he never eats. When the cloth has been re-

moved, the red table-cover replaced, and the prelate in attendance has retired, the Pope places his elbow upon the table, his head upon his hand, and dozes for a quarter of an hour. After this brief *siesta* he takes a few turns along the Loggia, and about three o'clock goes to his private chapel, where the Holy Sacrament is always kept, and remains half an hour in prayer; and then, according to the season, he either returns to his study, or, if it is very fine, is carried in his portantina down to the garden, which it must be remembered is somewhat distant from the Pope's apartments, and spends the time in receiving and conversing with what one may call a few intimate friends, chiefly those officials and prelates residing in the Vatican.

But the business of the day is not yet quite concluded. There are secretaries to be seen—possibly he of the Index Expurgatorius, who reports the opinions of the congregation upon some book to be entered in that bulky volume—or semi-official audiences have to be given to bishops about to depart, or it may be to Cardinal Manning or Ledochowsky just arrived. When these are over, the *camerieri segreti participanti* enter; the Pope reads aloud from his breviary what might well be called family prayers; and then, it being half-past eight, he goes to supper, a frugal meal of one dish and a little wine. Pius IX. then retires to his study, on the table of which four wax candles are burning—no oil, still less the more modern substitutes are ever used

in his apartment—and spends the rest of his waking hours, until ten—his customary time for going to bed—in strict seclusion and meditation. Then no doubt it is that he thinks over the arguments he shall use, and the biblical parallels he shall employ, in those discourses the consideration of which would be out of place in this sketch of the inner life of this successor of St. Peter, who has been the first to attain and pass those years which all Pontiffs are warned at their coronation they shall not see.

V.

VICTOR HUGO IN THE RUE DE CLICHY.

VICTOR HUGO IN THE RUE DE CLICHY.

His life has been as full of antitheses as his style. He went from Paris to the Channel Islands—that is to say, from the most animated part of animated Nature into almost monastic seclusion—and finally he left his retreat to return to Paris once more. In Jersey and in Guernsey he was necessarily left very much alone. A man who before his exile could never without a stratagem have secured an evening to himself passed whole weeks and months in comparative seclusion, with none but his family around him, and with only the sea to answer his voice in the outer world. The varied strength of his character is attested by the manner in which he bore the change. The literary cry for the desert is generally insincere; and few great men who retire from the crowd can help casting one longing lingering look behind to see if they are not followed by a portrait-painter or a scribe. If Victor Hugo himself did the same thing, nobody saw him. On his return to France he passed, as it were, from the night of public notice into its noontide blaze, and Paris has ever since been trying to make up by her importunity of hero-worship for the enforced neglect of years.

His servants would save themselves a great deal of fruitless trouble by keeping his door wide open; for there seems to be a tacit understanding among Frenchmen of all classes that it shall never be shut. The ordinary arrangement seems to be as much out of place as a padlocked gate before a popular shrine.

The fact is accounted for by his varied relations with the world. He is a dramatist, a writer of romance, an artist, an orator, a poet, and a politician: he seems to touch public life at all points. Ere the last lover of literature retires from his threshold, the first Republican constitutionalist arrives. He has been obliged to take rigorous measures of self-defence. You may go to his house in the morning, as men do go, but you could hardly see him to save your life. You would not, indeed, catch him napping, for he is up betimes; but he would be locked in his study, putting finishing touches, perhaps, to the manuscript of *La Légende des Siècles* in the marvellously clear hand in which it is sent to the publisher. His letters, by the way, are scrawls; it is only his 'copy' that is like a sheet of print. In the one case, the burden of responsibility for his meaning rests with the person addressed; in the other, with the writer. It would be your misfortune if you missed a line in an invitation to dinner; it would be his if the compositor left out a single antithesis in an invocation to Paris as the Light of the World. A home-loving man, he has still a family about him in the second generation, though Death has dealt so cruelly with the first, and

the prattle of his children's children, especially of *petite* Jeanne his favourite, is to be heard in the house. They lead their life; he, his, during those hours devoted to composition. It is understood that he is to be kept free from all intrusion until breakfast-time, or, to render it by its true equivalent for English readers, until lunch. He may, however, obtain an extension of leave by prolonging his fast. The meal is served by one, and all are summoned but the master. No one ventures to disturb him. His underdone cutlet is there; if he comes in to time, he has it hot; if not, he very contentedly eats it stone-cold, sometimes at three or four in the afternoon. When he is late, they guess that it is because he is i' the vein, and will not, or cannot, leave his task. He invariably makes but one sitting of it: he is unable to write a line after he has tasted solid food.

He might be tempted to linger in his study for another reason: from the moment he comes out of it he ceases to belong to himself. The world seizes him in a grip as tight as that of the *pieuvre* in his own fable of natural history. There is only one regulation, as the police might say, to 'divide the crowd.' If you want to speak to him on literature, it is generally understood you come in the afternoon; if on politics, in the evening; but, to tell the truth, the distinction is one rather of form than of fact. Nothing is easier than to evade the rule; you have only to make your errand things in general, and you may go at any hour.

A young writer has just brought out a book, and he has received his own copies from the publisher. Some he keeps for himself, others he gives to his friends, and one is laid aside for the *doyen* of French literature, Victor Hugo. He gets his introduction, and away he goes to the Rue de Clichy, a sort of connecting-link, one might say, between luxurious Paris and the Montmartre quarter. He wonders a little at the choice of such a busy thoroughfare for a song-bird's nest—a thoroughfare of second-hand-furniture shops and third-rate *cafés*, with a new skating-rink right opposite to the poet's door. The house is built in flats, in the usual style of Paris, and it has many tenants, but there is no need to ask questions at the porter's lodge. The man knows in a moment whom the visitor wants. He has the indescribable manner of those domestics who are used to receiving a crowd—who are not only servants, but guardians of a temple. He reads the inquiry in a look—'Victor Hugo?' He does not wait to hear it—'On the third floor, monsieur; the door to the right.' The buxom woman-servant of mature age who answers the ring has the like qualifications for her office. She is as adroit in divination of character and objects as the man who opens the door at the doctor's, and who distinguishes between the patient and the friend at a glance. Our pilgrim is shown into a back drawing-room, and there he finds—perhaps a little to his mortification—that he is not alone in his errand of homage and pious regard. There is hardly a vacant chair.

If a Frenchman, he makes the acquaintance of every other person present in a twinkling; if a foreigner, he probably retires into a corner and makes the acquaintance of the furniture. In either case he could hardly be more agreeably employed. The room is characterised by a sort of sober luxury of decoration; its walls and ceiling are tapestried in a low-toned crimson, which affords sufficient relief to its cabinet of black oak, and something more than sufficient to its candelabra of burnished gold. Simplicity is a relative term, and this is simple for Paris: no more can be said.

Presently, an old gentleman with silvery hair enters, and all rise. It is Victor Hugo. The first effect of the face is most peculiar: you seem to see the high forehead and nothing else—for one reason, perhaps, because the lower features are permanently hidden by the crisp white beard. He advances with a slight stoop, and slowly moves among his visitors with a peering glance, as though he were engaged in the vain effort to identify them by the names on their cards. When he does speak, his manner is found to be perfect. He has the unostentatious graciousness of his twofold patent of nobility, social and intellectual; for, in spite of what the wits say about the modernness of his title in the French peerage,—now long laid aside,—the name he bears has been a good one, as the world's estimate goes, for over three hundred years. He has the benignant smile of his age, the gentleness and the complete absence of self-asser-

tion of his assured position in the public regard. His speech is eminently simple in form ; he seems incapable of an epigram—no doubt because he has just made so many hundreds in the other room, and he wants a rest. The morning crowd dismissed, he goes out to take the air. It is rumoured that he likes no way of taking it so well as to jump on an omnibus, and to do the whole journey out and home with the panorama of the crowded streets before his eyes. Sometimes, but not very often just now, he takes the train for Versailles on senatorial duties intent. He missed the right one the other day when they were electing a brother senator, and arrived five minutes too late with a vote that might have saved his party from ultimate defeat by turning the immediate contest into a draw. He was twitted for it, but more by his triumphant enemies than by his beaten friends. 'Why try to make men of business of poets?' cried the *Figaro*. 'What can they be expected to know of the flight of time? They look at the zodiac, not at their watches.' It is fair enough as a hit in party warfare, but outside of that it is of no force whatever in its implication of censure of this over-busy life.

At seven he enters for dinner. He is always punctual, this being his first hour of true mental relaxation. He has friends at the board every day, and their talk makes the meal the holiday-time of his spirit. He seems to keep open house for those he likes. Go on what day you may at this hour, and you find a party sitting down to table. The talk is a

finely-blended salad of good things, soft and piquant, in literature, politics, music, the drama, and even art, for Victor Hugo is no mean hand with the pencil. Politics has the first place—it is a veritable little parliament; and, since there are *mots* instead of speeches, it is much more entertaining than Versailles. It may be likened rather to a periodical Tea-room meeting, at which the course of one section of the House is determined in advance from day to day. The key to much that passes in the Hall of Assembly in the afternoon is to be found in what was said in this little dining-room the night before. The host leads—not more by reason of his position at the board than of the substantial value of his advice. He enjoys a high and a deserved reputation among his party for his temperance and common sense in counsel and for his tactical skill. He knows when to charge, if his speeches and political writings show that he does not always know how to do it. In debate his genius is apt to run away with him, and he is a poet before anything else. The happiest combinations are those which he inspires without attempting to lead. The meal is commonly a long one, but probably no one rises from the table without feeling that it has been too short. Not a single precious moment has been wasted in *ennui:* the presence of ladies, and notably of Victor Hugo's daughter-in-law, whom he has lost by her marriage with a Radical deputy, M. Lockroy, serving as a standing security against that worst evil of life.

Long before the dinner is at an end, fresh pilgrims have begun to assemble, in the smaller drawing-room, for the evening reception, and the host has to make short work with his dessert. When the process of identification is completed, they are invited to enter the *salon*—furnished in a lighter style than the other apartment, but still on the same principle, of the absolute exclusion of mere white from ceiling or wall. Mirrors are plentiful—it is a French house; and the many coloured ornaments of their Venetian frames harmonise well with the tapestry. Presently the throng is increased by the contingent from the dining-room, and then the scene becomes one of great animation. The apartment is crowded with striking figures, but there can be no question as to which is the most striking of all—that white-haired old man who, in spite of his seventy-six years, is still incontestably the greatest spiritual force of France. Nothing can be more unjust than to accuse him of vanity or the greed of homage, as is sometimes done. His bearing is modesty itself; he simply cannot get away from his admirers. Here, for instance, in his own drawing-room—where, if anywhere, a man should belong to himself—he has but just left a group of deputies when a young actor holds him with his glittering eye, and will not let him go again until he has heard one of his own odes repeated *sotto voce* from beginning to end. Come in and catch him listening, without knowing the antecedent circumstance, and you might say that he was snuffing incense kindled by a match

from his own pocket; but you have only to be better informed to see that he is conferring an immense favour out of pure goodness of heart. This young actor is absolutely unknown; he is understood to belong to distant Bordeaux or Avignon; but having an ode of the poet to recite at a *fête* this day fortnight, it has occurred to him that he will run up to Paris to have the author's interpretation of a difficult line. It is but one line, and yet he has come all these miles to have the answer. A light-hearted people? Not at all; they are terribly earnest in what they deem the serious business of life. 'Should it be thus, or thus, or thus?' and by turns he goes through the elocutionary pantomime of warning, entreaty, or command—Jove the while most seriously inclined to hear, and at length deciding for the last with a murmur of 'Comme ça.' It is a pretty picture, and unique of its kind, for perhaps nowhere else in the world would a man of Hugo's eminence be so readily accessible to a boy who is only an actor whom nobody knows. His mission accomplished, the young fellow has the tact to offer to retire—no matter what their position, good breeding is in the marrow of their bones—but the other will not hear of it. 'Restez; soyez le bienvenu; vous êtes chez vous.' And now it is a Jersey man who has the reversion of his button-hole—an Anglo-Frank, speaking both languages with equal ease, who was one of the faithful few that stood by the exile in that deplorable business of the expulsion. Let him make haste, for here are four poets—yes,

positively four, and all well known to fame—waiting for his judgment on a knotty point of metre. Too late in any case; *place aux dames;* a beautiful *débutante* in opera has just entered the room. 'Bonsoir, maître; but you must have forgotten me;' and she raises her hand to her lips. 'Mon enfant, after I had once seen you how could I ever do that?'

Republican as he is outside, he is king in this drawing-room in spite of himself—king, not more by virtue of his genius than of his chivalrous *bonté de cœur.* He is the most eminent because he is the most loved, and his state is endurable only because one never wearies of the reverence of the heart. Of mere glory surely he must have had more than his fill; from his youth up he has been recognised as one of the foremost writers of France, and his beginnings of distinction date from so far back that he might almost make a second *Légende des Siècles* of his own personal reminiscences of fame. Lamartine tended the flame at which he lit his poetic torch; he was the *enfant sublime* of Chateaubriand. We may regret that at times he 'gave up to party what was meant for mankind,' since all the world has had its part in that loss; but we had better make haste to forget it, or we shall be anticipated by his countrymen, who are the principal sufferers, and who are far more united than they would sometimes have us believe in the honour they pay to his person and his name.

VI.

MR. TOOLE AT ORME SQUARE.

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There is a handsome house facing Kensington Gardens marked out from its neighbours by the touches of bright colour illumining its balconies and conservatory. It is a house with a general air of expansion and adaptation to modern requirements, which speaks cosily of abundant internal comforts, yet with a vivacious sprightly exterior which says, as plainly as house-front can, Cheerfulness and fun are as the air we breathe inside. This house is the residence and property of Mr. J. L. Toole, the comedian, who, like a prudent well-to-do citizen, has invested some of his well-earned thousands in the lease of his dwelling-place, has put away other capital in additions and improvements, and who now owns for a term of years a capital house in a first-rate locality at an annual ground-rent of about a hundred a year, or less than a single night's performance on the half-profit system has often brought him. Turn down Orme-square from the Bayswater-road—it is easily found by its rather obsolete white eagle, supported on two columns united like the Siamese Twins; an eagle which may have begun moulting about the period of the visit of the

Allied Sovereigns, and have protracted the process ever since. That eagle, like St. Petersburg-place, Moscow-road, Bark-place, and similar names, speaks of fortunes made in the Russian trade early in the century, and invested in Bayswater house-property. The drolly-melancholy bird suggests to Mr. Toole's visitors the retired coachman in the *School for Tigers*, who had 'druv a Rooshan ambassador and two Lord Mayors,' and attunes the mind for appreciating the bright quips and pleasant cranks, the overflowing fun and humour, awaiting you when the front-door is opened, and you receive the cheeriest of welcomes from the heartiest of hosts. For to the question, 'What is Toole like off the stage?' there can be but one reply, 'Funnier "(if possible)"'—exalted authority will be quoted presently for the words in parentheses—'than he is on it.' Fun is a feeble word to express the overflowing, energetic, and inexhaustible humour with which our prince of low comedians is endowed. Dine with him, walk, talk, ride, or sit with him, and you hear dramatic and other stories of the best kind told in the best manner, and with such marvellous mimetic power that you come away with the feeling that your list of personal acquaintances has been enormously increased, and that human nature is a more eccentric thing than you had supposed. There has not been an actor of any mark for the last thirty years but Toole knows him, and can, and will, reproduce him in voice, manner, and idiosyncrasy, as he was or is both on

and off the stage, together with some ludicrous incidents in which he or the narrator played chief parts. There is not a town possessing a theatre in the United Kingdom but has furnished this natural low comedian with some matchless experience of character; and this enormous wealth of material is distributed with a lavish hand, evidently delighting him who gives as well as those who receive. 'What I really enjoy is a chat; that is the form of recreation which refreshes me most after a hard night's work; and if one can get a laugh at what some one else says, after having been engaged professionally in making other people laugh for several hours, why there's nothing more refreshing. Yes, I do like nothing better for a rest than a talk.'

But we have gained the hall at Orme-square; let us look around, and find on the walls a pictorial history of the British stage. Here are the time-honoured engravings, familiar to theatrical students, of the heroes before Agamemnon—pictures, many of the originals of which are in the Charles Mathews Collection at the Garrick Club—and here are, what Mr. Toole insists delight him equally, portraits and scenes of celebrities we have all known or heard of as flourishing in our time. Gossip says that the collection of pictures at Orme-square includes two hundred and seventy-three portraits of Mr. Toole, in as many different parts; but this is probably a humorous exaggeration. There are undoubtedly a vast number. That one frame of photographs, all of Mr. Toole, a

present from a friend, contains him in about fifty different costumes; and the latest addition to the pictures of the house—a series of admirable caricatures of the leading actors of the day by Mr. Bryan—includes Mr. Toole himself as Tottles and as Professor Muddle in the *Spelling Bee;* and Mr. Irving, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Charles Mathews, Mr. Compton, Mr. H. J. Byron, Mr. Thorne, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Hare, Mr. Webster, Mr. David James, are all capital examples of the artist's special gift. Beyond these, and filling an honoured place at the entrance to our host's sanctum, is an autograph letter, framed and glazed. It is dated from Marlborough House, is signed 'Albert Edward,' and after conferring a favour in gracious phrase, goes on to say of the *Steeplechase*, which we all saw the other day at the Gaiety, 'It is a capital farce, and I think Toole acts better in it (if possible)'—now see where our quotation comes from—'than in any other piece I have seen him in.' Amongst the valuable and interesting curiosities and relics with which Mr. Toole's home abounds, there are few upon which he places higher value than upon this flattering expression of opinion in a familiar note from his Royal Highness to a common friend. Yet there is a most interesting collection of autographs up-stairs; and works of art, each with its own little history, adorn every nook and cranny of the spacious house.

But, see! who is it comes hurrying down-stairs, far too much on hospitable thought intent to permit

your mounting them before he bids you welcome? The Cockney Turkish-bath attendant in Paris, the hero of one of Toole's best stories, told us a short time ago that, 'Although I'd never seen 'im orf the stage, and though even private people, as yer may say, look very different without their clothes in here, yet I knew *'im* in a moment by his mouth and hye.' And there could be no mistaking the busy active figure in black now doing the honours at Orme-square, even if you were to meet it unexpectedly on the Desert of Sahara. Chatting without ceasing, and always pleasantly and well, fun and cheery laughter seem to envelop the genius of the place like an atmosphere, which speedily extends its influence to you. Speaking with great rapidity, he points out on the hall-walls the fine photographs of Rome recently brought home from Paris by Mr. Frank Laurence Toole, the comedian's only son, a young gentleman now studying for the bar. Old portraits of Liston, Harley, and of Edward Wright, a fine engraving of the Gainsborough Garrick, and another of the elder Kean as Richard, each calls forth an appropriate anecdote. It is the same thing all through the house. Those bronze statuettes belonged to Macready. 'Some people thought him stern and cold in manner. I know I never had a kinder reception or a more interesting conversation in my life than when I went to see him at his invitation at Cheltenham. Here is an interesting volume I bought the other day. The presentation copy of *Nicholas Nickleby*, with auto-

graph inscription to Macready "from his faithful friend Charles Dickens." In his Life, Macready describes himself finding this book "from Dickens, dear fellow!" on his table; and, as you see, it was bound with some splendour, as if to make the gift more acceptable. The organ is a present I made my boy the other day; he plays very well, and on Sundays we're fond of a little sacred music on the instrument we're accustomed to in church. That's a good life-size portrait of Buckstone, enlarged from a photograph; and this oil-painting of Widdicombe—"poor Widdy"' (a delicious Scotch reminiscence, with quotations from 'Scots wha ha'e' and 'What's a' the steer, kimmer?' with the late Mr. Widdicombe's characteristic gasp or chuckle, comes in here). 'Here, in this frame, are a couple of pages of manuscript I value highly; they are some of the original "copy," in Thackeray's handwriting, of *Philip on his Way through the World*. Those wine-coolers of old Chelsea ware, and this bronze statuette of Esmeralda, both formerly belonged to Charles Dickens, and were purchased at the sale. A portrait of Mrs. Mellon and myself, and another of Brough and yours truly in *Dearer than Life*.'

So the talk runs on, so richly studded with anecdote that it would be easy to fill many pages with our afternoon conversation at Orme-square. In the drawing-room there is a perfect library of autograph letters, from all sorts and conditions of distinguished men; collections of theatrical plates and en-

gravings, amid which a highly-prized autograph letter of Grimaldi the clown; a warm-hearted letter from Dickens, thanking Toole for a present sent to Dickens by the latter previous to his visit to the United States; and water-colour drawings by O'Neil, Prout, Duncan, Bough, Aitken, and Topham are singled out for special comment. Then we are shown the silver *epergne* given Toole by some clergymen of Wrexham, in grateful acknowledgment of material aid towards the restoration of a church, familiarly known as 'a bit of Wrexham;' and 'bits' of 'Birmingham,' 'of Glasgow,' 'of Belfast,' 'of Edinburgh,' and of other cities abound—for these are the titles of honour conferred upon household ornaments and works of art purchased at the places named after successful theatrical engagements, and are regarded with respect and love by the whole family. Out of the crowd of theatrical relics, Liston's seal as Paul Pry; an old walking-stick of Liston's; the dressing-gown used by Frederick Yates in Mantalini, and now always worn by Toole in the *Steeplechase;* stage clothes and properties formerly belonging to Wright and to F. Robson; personal relics of Munden, Suett, and of the Kembles; and a shabby tattered suit of which Toole is particularly proud, for it was worn half a century since by the celebrated Scotch manager and actor, Sir Walter Scott's friend, W. H. Murray of Edinburgh, as Black Tam in the *Heart of Midlothian*, are singled out for particular notice. The disreputable-looking clothes last named were given to Toole twenty-three years

ago when playing the Artful Dodger at Edinburgh, and have been worn by him in the same character ever since. Yonder quaint bit of china on the corner bracket representing Paul Pry was picked up, as usual, after a successful engagement, and is 'a bit of York.' This volume is a veritable literary curiosity, for it is the prompt-copy of *A Good Night's Rest* and of *Every Man in his Humour*, with minute stage directions, the names of the distinguished amateurs forming the dramatic company, and the most minute orders, all in the well-known hand of Charles Dickens, their stage-manager. What a brilliant and what a melancholy list! Dickens himself, Forster, Horace Mayhew, Frederick Dickens, Cattermole, Douglas Jerrold, Leech, Frank Stone, Augustus Dickens, Mark Lemon, Dudley Costello, Evans—all dead—and Mr. W. Blanchard Jerrold, the only survivor out of that long array of distinguished names. The frequent interpolations in Dickens's hand—'Call Mr. Lemon,' 'Call Mr. Stone;' and his careful memoranda, 'Goblet with porter in it ready for Mr. Stone;' 'Mr. Dickens, Mr. Jerrold, and Mr. Leech: cudgel, pipe, and tobacco-box, and match for Mr. Dickens;' 'The short candle lighted;' 'A coal-scuttle with coals in it;' 'A folded piece of paper like a stamped receipt;' and, 'Give Mr. Jerrold money, also Mr. Frederick'—have a mournful significance, applying to the dead; and we quite understand Mr. Toole when he tells us this book is one of his most cherished valuables.

After these things have been well conned over to

a running accompaniment of admirable talk, and when, after our interesting tour round the house, we are quietly seated in the smoking-room, Mr. Toole will revert to his early life, and the many professional successes of his prime. His energy seems as inexhaustible as his humour. The day before, he had left Orme-square for Brighton in the morning, had superintended a rehearsal and played in two pieces there; and had then returned to London, and played as usual in *Artful Cards* and *Robert Macaire* at the Gaiety. Years ago, when young John Toole was a clerk in a wine-merchant's office, a certain 'City Histrionic Club' played the *Merchant of Venice* at the Sussex Hall in Leadenhall-street, Toole taking the part of Antonio in plain evening-dress. 'We had passed a resolution not to dress for our parts, and we all kept it but Shylock, who sold us by coming in late, fully dressed for the part from Simmons's.'

A morning or two afterwards the wine-merchant's clerk, fired by success, was studying the *Boots at the Swan* at his desk, when the awful words, 'It will be your ruin, John!' 'John, you've been reciting in public!' reached him, and his master, one Blumenthal, stood before him horror-stricken, and looking warnings unspeakable. In vain did John endeavour to evade the charge. A friend of the wine-merchant's had been at the Sussex Hall, and 'Guilty, and throw myself on the mercy of the court,' was the culprit's only resource. The degradation and misery certain to follow upon any repetition of the offence, and if

all hankering after 'play-acting' were not summarily suppressed, were painted in sorrow and in anger, 'and,' as Mr. Toole remarked, 'without the least effect;' adding, with a rare twinkle of the eye and a humorous glance round the room, replete with every comfort, 'and I have not done quite so badly as he expected; while Mr. Blumenthal, poor fellow, became bankrupt soon after this conversation.' Toole's appearance at the Walworth Institution, when Dickens, Forster, and Mark Lemon made the expedition to see him which is set forth in Forster's *Life;* the hard work and valuable professional training of two years at provincial theatres; the short engagement as first low comedian at the St. James's Theatre under Mrs. Seymour's management two-and-twenty years ago; the first appearance in London there as Sam Pepys in the *King's Rivals*, a play by Mr. Tom Taylor and Mr. Charles Reade, the second part in London being the Bailiff in *My Friend the Major;* the return to the Edinburgh Theatre as stock comedian under Mr. Wyndham, whose retirement took place the other day; the overtures from, and engagement by, Mr. Webster as second comedian at the Adelphi when poor Wright's health began to fail; the kindly encouragement he received from the latter, whose place he was so soon to fill; the heavily-comic appreciation of Paul Bedford, who always addressed the young comedian as 'Father;' the unfailing interest taken in him by Charles Dickens after the Walworth visit all through his career; and the great change which has

come over tastes and customs in matters theatrical during the last quarter of a century,—furnish us with abundant talk, our host being the admirable comedian all through it.

It is to this artist's honour, as the Earl of Rosebery remarked, when presiding at the public banquet given to Toole before he left for America, that his humour is not only always genial, but always pure; and middle-aged readers who can recall 'Adelphi screamers' of the olden time appreciate the reformation in stage jokes and allusions which Toole has done so much to effect. The banquet at Willis's Rooms, which drew together many of the foremost men in literature and art, and that at Birmingham, where the late George Dawson filled the chair Lord Rosebery occupied in London, were remarkable testimonies of public appreciation, and are held in grateful remembrance by one who has the most intense belief in the critical faculty of great provincial audiences. 'If, towards the end of a very long run in London, one becomes a little tired or careless, there's no better tonic than having to face a Glasgow or a Birmingham audience, or that of some other great provincial capital—say in the same piece; and, quite independently of every other consideration, I maintain that an actor like myself who wishes to preserve his powers must change his theatres, and make provincial tours.'

Without presuming to touch deeply upon private life, we may be permitted to say that the subject of

this paper is essentially a domestic man, and so devoted a husband and father as to be generally accompanied by his family when his professional engagements necessitate more than a short absence from London. When Mr. Toole visited America, for example, Mrs. Toole and his son and daughter, and the latter's governess, were added to the professional fellow-travellers it was necessary to take; and after we have shaken hands that afternoon, with a merry parting jest, the thought occurs how widely different the experience has been from much that one has read of comedians off the boards. Hypochondriacal and gloomy creatures occasionally, whose fun and animal spirits left them with their stage dress, or dissolute profligates, whose irregularities were a proverb and whose homes were a disgrace, the remembrance of their careers brings into strong relief the cheerful brightness of the happy house we have left, which might be singled out as a typical example of a prosperous English middle-class home, in which the happiness of its master centres. The steady intelligent young fellow working away creditably for his destined profession; the charming little girl who is as the apple of her father's eye, and who is the first auditor of many a playful stroke of humour which afterwards becomes famous; the abundant evidences of the thoughtful and affectionate care with which the comedian's tastes and wishes are studied; and above all his own happiness, enjoyment, and pride in and with his family, and his passionate yearning for home when

he is away,—all linger pleasantly in the memory when one recalls that merry afternoon with Toole, and the ceaseless outpour of amazing stories, illustrated by choicer comic acting than the stage has seen, wherewith it was enriched.

VII.

DR. PUSEY AT CHRIST CHURCH.

DR. PUSEY AT CHRIST CHURCH.

For those who have borne in times of exceptional stress the burden and heat of the day, whose manhood has been passed in fierce and withering controversies, who have fought the fight of words and ideas which, beyond any others, provoke disquiet, irritation, bitterness,—Nature would seem to reserve an old age of almost unique tranquillity, an Indian summer to illumine their declining years with a radiance whose peculiar peacefulness is that which succeeds the storm. In the enjoyment of such a calm as this, the calm amid which the much-wandering Ulysses prayed a gentle death might descend upon him, Dr. Pusey spends the residue of his days at Oxford, even as his friend and contemporary, Dr. Newman, does at Edgbaston. In the placid atmosphere which surrounds them there is nothing of lethargy. The intellect of both, within two years of fourscore, is keen, vigorous, and active as ever. Both have the same satisfaction in the point at which they have arrived ; the utterances of both are accepted as oracular by their disciples and followers; both labour up to the last with the same single-heartedness of

conviction for their creed. Here all likeness between these two venerable men ends, and perhaps the dissimilarity between them could not be expressed better than in Dr. Pusey's own words: 'He' (Dr. Newman) 'is at Birmingham, and I remain at Oxford.' Curiously enough, in his *Apologia*, John Henry Newman may be thought to have anticipated the observation: 'The most remarkable instance of Dr. Pusey's confidence in his position was his statement when the [Tractarian] movement had advanced a considerable way in the direction of Rome, that among its more hopeful peculiarities was its "stationariness." He made it in good faith; it was his subjective view of it.'

At Oxford, in Christ Church, in the canonical residence which he has occupied for nearly half a century, Dr. Pusey still remains. There he has lived, laboured, taught; and there he will live to the end. It is a house which has been in its time the scene of many pilgrimages, of many visits of a widely different order—college dignitaries and tutors coming on purely official business; bishops and statesmen, former college intimates, coming partly for personal, partly for public, reasons; 'students of the House' desirous to discuss points of University discipline; country clergymen from all parts of England; undergraduates of many successive generations, who have wished to consult Dr. Pusey on spiritual matters, and whose confidence Dr. Pusey himself may have considered it desirable to gain. Of the canons' houses

of Christ Church which occupy the major portion of the great quadrangle—'Tom Quad'—Dr. Pusey's is among the largest, and lies in the right-hand corner, immediately after the porter's lodge is passed. The portion of the building is that which its founder, Cardinal Wolsey, occupied, and some at least of Dr. Pusey's rooms are coeval with Wolsey. In the house itself there is little or nothing which is distinctively academic, according to the attributes which that epithet now connotes. There is an absence of all those signs of luxurious æstheticism which are so conspicuous a feature in the modern collegiate life of Oxford, as well as in the domestic establishments which in these latter days have grown up under the shadow of the cloister. There are no miniature conservatories in the windows, no gaily-striped curtains, no crimson blinds. The hall-door is opened by no smart butler or trim waiting-maid; the foot falls upon no rich yielding Axminster or Brussels carpet. Everything is plain, simple, severe. The janitress is a middle-aged woman in a plain print dress; the only covering which the floor of the hall and passages knows is a thin strip of cocoa-nut matting. The whole air of the place is rather that of a country vicarage, whose vicar is in reduced circumstances, or of an academic residence before the innovating influences of metropolitan refinement and pomp had made their way to the Isis.

As is the house, so is its venerable occupant. Few are the glimpses of Dr. Pusey which the out-

side world now catches, save when a figure, bent indeed, but with firm step, clad in surplice, over which the scarlet hood of a doctor of divinity is thrown, walks almost every afternoon to the cathedral, which is also the chapel of the 'House,' hard by, or at the beginning of each term mounts the familiar pulpit. Into general society Dr. Pusey goes seldom or never. He does not entertain, but he still receives, visitors in the noble room which is at once his library and his sanctum. A noble room, in truth; admirably proportioned, very lofty, and with two windows set in a recess of solid stone, whose four feet of thickness is the best proof of the substantial principles on which Cardinal Wolsey instructed his builders to proceed. Did you expect to find Dr. Pusey an ecclesiastical Nestor, arrayed after the pattern fashion of High Anglican divines, his priestly pretensions visible in his dress, the insignia of his calling asserting themselves in the cut and character of his garb? If so, you will be disappointed. There is nothing in the exterior or in the raiment of the short, stoutish, little gentleman, who rises to greet you, to say certainly that he is a clergyman, still less to remind you that he is the great assertor of the spiritual independence of the Church. The chief visible suggestion of his sacred calling is the surplice thrown on a couch, and that in Oxford is a not unusual feature even in the layman's room. From head to foot Dr. Pusey, indeed, is clad in black; but then black is also affected by many gentlemen of the old

school who are not divines, and Dr. Pusey might well be, from his appearance, such another Tory squire as his friend and senior, Mr. J. W. Henley. The coat is buttoned close up to the neck, with a very narrow interspace of white visible; the massive and powerful head, with its copious growth of gray hair, is surmounted with a skull-cap of black silk, of somewhat loose and ill-constructed fit. But the two most remarkable features about Dr. Pusey are his eyes and mouth. The latter is mobile with every kind of expression; the former are a deep blue, perfectly clear, free from the aqueous film of age, varying, as the mouth does, with the thought which animates the mind or proceeds in language from the lips. Never could there be a more speaking face, never a face into which there was concentrated more of the blended sentiments or capacities of earnestness, humour, solemn intensity, subtle satire. It is impossible not to be impressed by the perfect breeding, the true patrician ease, the masterly *savoir-faire*, which make up Dr. Pusey's manner. He has about him that indefinable air of superiority which stamps him at once as a man born to be what he has been, a leader of men; and it is easy still to recognise the presence and possession of those qualities which made Newman fifty years ago greet him as 'the great'—ὁ μέγας. The general aspect of his face is one of keenness and benevolence combined. It is the face of a man whom you could not mistake to be other than both good and great.

Everything in Dr. Pusey's room tells of labour, real, earnest, and as nearly unintermitting as the infirmities of old age will allow. There is an absence of all ornament; there is nothing to remind one of the movement of forty years since which has exercised so permanently decorative an influence upon the interior of our churches. There are old portraits, dim with years, of Hyde and Pocock, two of the first of Oxford theological professors. To the left of the fireplace is a copy from an Italian mediæval master of the adoration of the Magi; and, with the exception of a line engraving, the subject of which is taken from the New Testament, these are the only pictures which the room contains. Instead of ornamental appliances, there are visible on every side the *duri indicia laboris*. Four tables, each of them moderately capacious, are strewn with books, papers, and manuscripts. On one stands a pile of parchment-bound tomes; on another lie three or four volumes open, as if for immediate reference, some of them evidently the works of the fathers of the Church, while the rest are Hebrew. A third is covered with letters, none of them neatly docketed and arranged, but all promiscuously heaped together, as if they had been shaken out of a lucky-bag. On the little table at which Dr. Pusey now sits there are proof-sheets just revised for the press; the MS. of a sermon, newly begun, in that minute and marvellously clear caligraphy which is the same now as it was half a century ago; two or three obvious *Hebraicæ exercita-*

tiones, the work of undergraduates, who are attending those more advanced lectures in Hebrew which Dr. Pusey has not delegated to his deputy, Professor Gandell, but himself gives three days a week, from 9 to 10 A.M.; an ear-trumpet, of exactly the same construction as Miss Martineau's; a whole array of letters and notes, which have arrived by the morning's post. There is something in the general appearance of the apartment thoroughly congruous with the avowed and the real object of the leaders of the Tractarian movement. The original purpose of the Anglican party was not to revolutionise externals, but to restore order and faith; to inculcate those principles which were to pave the way to a change in ritual, rather than to aim at any metamorphosis in ritual. Thus, as Dr. Pusey will tell you, when John Henry Newman was vicar of St. Mary's, he declined to remove from the communion-table the Puritan napkins which he found there on his induction. It would also seem that Dr. Pusey had carried the same feeling, *quieta non movere* —so far as the mere material symbols are concerned— into his private life. His study is that of a learned country rector or a college head long before the Anglo-Catholic revival was heard or dreamt of.

Strangely interesting and richly instructive is the conversation which it is no effort to Dr. Pusey to maintain. As he speaks of his deafness, there is a look of great resignation upon his face; but when he adds, 'Yet I can preach and work as well as ever,' that look gives place to one of radiant thankfulness and

joy. When he carries—as, however, he but seldom does—the listener back into the past, it is as if an old and almost-forgotten volume were taken off the library-shelf, and, the venerable dust blown from its leaves, laid upon the table. And there is something—one knows not quite how to describe it—in Dr. Pusey's voice which seems to intimate how possessed he is by the consciousness that the things and men whereof he speaks have long since vanished into the distant recesses of history. His voice at such times is absolutely passionless. If he speaks of his foes, it is without the semblance even of a touch of acrimony; if of his best-beloved friends, it is with nothing of affectionate enthusiasm. They have gone, both of them; let their works speak for them—such is the moral which Dr. Pusey's tone seems to convey. As for John Henry Newman, the gulf between them is so broad, that it is better they should remain apart. 'We could not,' he says, 'speak comfortably to each other of the things that are nearest our hearts.' Of the men with whom he was associated in his earlier days, Dr. Pusey always singles out Hurrell Froude as one of the most able. 'His capacities,' says the veteran Professor, 'were most remarkable; perhaps what was most noticeable about him was an εἰρωνεία; so all-besetting and strongly developed, that it was difficult to know when he was in earnest.' Dr. Pusey's opinion on Blanco White is also important, as confirming views about him which have lately been contradicted, not without some show of autho-

rity. 'He was,' says Dr. Pusey, 'a man whom Whately—an extraordinary mistake for so acute a person to commit—took up, wishing and hoping to make something of him. But he went from bad to worse, and he died absolutely believing nothing.' Dr. Pusey prefers the present and the future as a theme of discussion to the past.

And here it may be well to state what Dr. Pusey's position is, both at Oxford and in the Church. As has already been said, his Hebrew lectures are delivered by a deputy. But he is yet a great power in the academic world. He is still literally the father-confessor of a large number of undergraduates; and he knows as much about the social, moral, political, and religious condition of the University as any member of it. Nor is he less of an ecclesiastical influence. It is true that most of the power which he used directly to assert he has now delegated to Canon Liddon. That eloquent preacher is so perfectly acquainted with the views and wishes of Dr. Pusey on all matters of faith and discipline that he can give instructions almost without communicating with head-quarters. It is because this is known to be the case that Canon Liddon is the motive force which he is, not merely in the pulpit, but among the High Anglican party generally. It is thus a mistake to suppose that age has compelled Dr. Pusey to abdicate. He is more in the background than formerly, and goes into general society less. But the knowledge that he is still thinking, watching, and planning

gives an immense moral weight to those who in the public eye may seem to fill his place. His views on the present ecclesiastical questions he does not conceal, and they may be easily and faithfully given. That in spirituals the civil power can have no jurisdiction is his cardinal contention. It is because the Ritualists are now the main champions of this principle that Dr. Pusey and his followers fling in their lot with them. 'We are obliged,' he remarks, 'to take shelter behind them, just as a little boy does behind a big boy when the school-bully appears. The Public Worship Act and the Purchas judgment have left us no choice in the matter; and if the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council does not legalise vestments and the eastward position, I see,' adds Dr. Pusey, 'nothing for it but a secession of the High Church with the Ritualists from the Establishment. This I might deplore, but it would not be our fault.'

As for the condition of Oxford itself, the view which Dr. Pusey takes is not one of unrelieved gloom. There is much scepticism, much infidelity, much materialism, and some downright atheism. The study of physical science has been attended, he thinks, by the most mischievous consequences, and its teachers and disciples are among the most determined and malignant foes which religion has. But Dr. Pusey thinks that the sneers which were once directed against those who professed their belief in Christianity as against men intellectually wanting and contemptible are less frequent than formerly, and

that generally there is a greater tolerance than there used to be of theological faith. Moreover there is, he thinks, a growing number of men—tutors, lecturers, and others—who witness for the truth, and who are doing immense good among the undergraduates. In a word, religion seems to him to be becoming more and more of an active leavening influence. If Dr. Pusey is asked what form of religion it is, what school of faith it is, that preponderates at Oxford, he will reply—and the answer is one which the experience of others appears to confirm—that there is only one religious party which is really doing good, and which is seriously in earnest—the High Church, including for this purpose the Ritualists. 'And the Evangelicals?' you ask. 'The unction,' replies Dr. Pusey, 'is gone.'

The voice of the venerable exponent of these opinions never wavers; and from the manner in which they are expressed, and the arguments with which they are enforced, it is easy to see that the intellect is as clear, elastic, and subtle now, as it was a quarter of a century ago. Those who have recently spoken of Dr. Pusey as *magni nominis umbra* have made a great mistake. He is a force, a living and directing force in English churchmanship; and such will he be to the end. Personal interviews given too indiscriminatingly may weary him; but study and contemplation do not fatigue. The same round of quiet fruitful toil is pursued from day to day throughout each academic term. There is the early breakfast,

the contents of the letter-bag, the tri-weekly lecture. Till one o'clock Dr. Pusey remains in his room to keep appointments, to read, to write, to think. At one his lunch is brought. If the afternoon be fine there is a short walk or drive, not unfrequently taken in the company of his grandchildren, who often gladden his canonical dwelling with their presence. In the afternoon too there is the cathedral service, and that over, the working day of Dr. Pusey may be said to close. A plain dinner at six, and two or three hours afterwards the signal for repose is given, and the day is done.

VIII.

MR. FREDERICK LEIGHTON, R.A., AT KENSINGTON.

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In a quiet corner of Kensington, on ground that has become classic by association with the celebrities of many generations, *il pittore felice* of our English school has built his house. The neighbourhood is a colony of painters, architects, and musicians. On one side rise the noble elms and quaint Jacobean gables of Holland House; on the other the stately studios of many of our best-known artists. Little Holland House was once hardly less famous than its splendid neighbour for the intellectual brilliance of the gatherings within its walls, while in everything that lends a charm to the communion of kindred spirits, the more modest mansion was unrivalled. If at the lordly residence one was permitted to gaze with awe upon celebrities of world-wide fame as the lions of the day, at the home of the painter hard by one might exchange thoughts with them in the familiarity of friendly intercourse. But Little Holland House has disappeared before the iconoclastic march of modern improvement; and with it have passed away some of the most charming Sunday receptions

ever held. In place of a single house as a centre of attraction, some dozen or more have grown up, and all are the homes of men who have made a distinctive mark on their age in some branch of art. From the windows of his house in Holland Park-road, Mr. Leighton looks, across a bit of sward shaded by ancient elms and cedars, on the studios of Val Prinsep, Watts, Marcus Stone, William Burgess, Thornycroft, Luke Fildes—a little band of honest workers in the same sunny field of prosperous labour. If artists nowadays do not raise themselves palaces, as in the golden epoch of the Popes, this circle of handsome buildings, on one of the costliest sites in all suburban London, and decorated with lavish richness of refined taste, is a sufficient proof that nineteenth-century painters do not all find their labours fruitless of substantial rewards, even though they complain that they lack the discriminating encouragement which is often the strongest incentive for a man to put forth his best powers.

For a certain charm of high intellectual thought, expressed in the most lovely form which the inventive brain can devise or the cunning hand execute, Mr. Leighton has long since taken the lead among that school of English painters whose inspiration has been received from the classic grounds of Greece and Venice. From the moment when he asserted himself in the formost ranks, and challenged the admiration of his countrymen with that grand 'Procession of the Madonna,' to the present day he has laboured

enthusiastically and consistently in the same direction, and each successive work has been a further development of the lofty principles with which he started. Everything by which he has surrounded himself in this delightful home at Kensington proclaims the passionate love of the beautiful, the keen sense of high aim and noble thought in the works of others, as eloquently as his paintings do. He lives in a world of intellectual art, and he has gathered about him for the delight of himself, as of those who have the rare privilege of entering the magic circle, many unrivalled works of ancient and modern masters. On the walls of his drawing-room hang sunny, breezy bits of landscape by Constable and dreams in monotone by Corot. The poetic power of conception and delicate force of execution that mark the works of the great French master of landscape were perhaps never more happily blended than in the 'Four Seasons of the Day,' which he painted for one of his brother artists; and these four pictures now occupy the place of honour, flanking a softly-lighted alcove in Mr. Leighton's drawing-room. In the hall and on the staircase the Venetian giants and their English disciples are represented side by side. A characteristic head displays Bassano's skill in portraiture, the 'furious Tintoret's' rapid hand and strength of intellect are exemplified in a likeness of the great Italian historian, while the touch of a master little known is shown in a unique painting by Michael John Bono of Venice; and the 'lily-sceptred' hand of Reynolds is

recognised in one of those delightful bits of youthful innocence in which his gentle spirit rejoiced. Among works of more modern men are some portraits by Watts, and many choice examples of the best English schools.

But it is not in his collection of paintings alone that the pure tastes of the owner are displayed. The house itself, designed by Aitchison, is full of delicate classic feeling in every line, and the architect must surely have been inspired by the genius of his client when he conceived so appropriate an abode for the man who of all others in painting has happily blended the refinement and poetry of classic thought with the strength of modern life. The tall black cabinets and noble mantelshelf in the dining-room are not less skilfully adapted for the decoration of the room than for holding the rich dishes and vases of Rhodian ware, the collection of which has been Mr. Leighton's 'craze.' South Kensington cannot show so many lovely bits of cunningly-combined colour and subtle purity of form as are gathered in the nooks and corners of this house. Blue Syrian tiles, with devout inscriptions thereon, line the walls, or lie in ordered carelessness about hall and corridor, relieved by the richer colours of huge bottles from Rhodes, dishes from Persia, and platters from Damascus. Mr. Leighton's dream is to build across the little lawn beside his drawing-room an Arab court, walled with Syrian tiles and floored with Moorish mosaics, where through long summer days one might lie surrounded

by all the pomp of Eastern luxury, and listen to the continuous plashings of pleasant fountains.

For the present the one room in this house that will attract us most is the studio, where alone the home-life of the painter can be seen. *Nulla dies sine lineâ* was said of one of the great Florentine painters; and it might be said with equal truth of Mr. Leighton. Hardly a day passes but the pencil traces some beautiful form; and no place is so dear to him as this, where his brightest dreams have found their realisation in perfect work. Yet he is no recluse, and the wonder is that a man who labours so assiduously finds opportunity to share the pleasures of the fashionable circles in which he is always a welcome guest. As colonel of the 'Artists'' corps, he is one of the most efficient officers in the regiment, and he exercises sway over his somewhat Bohemian followers to the admiration of everybody, and with a *camaraderie* which has endeared him to all. These Volunteer duties occupy not a few hours of his leisure; but he still finds time for an interchange of visits among his friends and neighbours, for a literary chat with one and a valued criticism over the unfinished canvas of another. On all subjects he talks with delightful animation, and his extensive reading and refined culture are a signal refutation of the charge which is sometimes made upon the literary acquirements and intellectual tastes of artists. One cannot, it is true, have imbibed classics in Frankfort, studied art at the Royal Academy of Berlin and in Rome, have been

Scots; at all events, it came from Holyrood Castle, and was once the prized possession of David Wilkie. The key to much of Mr. Leighton's work, however, is on the wall opposite the great window, where the 'Panthenaic Frieze,' with its wealth of form and motion, hangs in the midst of charming studies made during the artist's wanderings in search of the beautiful in Thebes and Athens, Persia and Syria, Italy and Egypt. Scattered about on window-ledges and tables are sketch-casts of the δαφνηφόρος, and the processional virgins that figure prominently in the 'Daphnephoria,' and a miniature study in plaster of the work which Mr. Leighton had just completed—a grand statue of an athlete struggling with a serpent, cast in bronze. It was on this work, destined to make his name as famous among sculptors as it is among painters, that all the artist's energies were for a time centred; though, as a proof that he had not forsaken the old love, two exquisite paintings of those sweet girl-faces that crowd Mr. Leighton's canvases like a dream of fair women stand on the easels, and beside them are a dozen poems in form and colour, the fruit of his summer wanderings about the coasts of Ireland.

Mr. Leighton's method of work is perfectly characteristic of the man, who is not less a thinker than an artist. As you see him now, when the conversation flags for a moment, leaning back, the half-closed eyes looking with tender criticism on the unfinished work which is nothing if it does not realise his dream

of a lovely picture, you get a hint of the many hours spent thus, when the cunning hand is at rest, but the brain busy in conception. He will tell you that the 'Daphnephoria' took him an 'insane time.' Again and again the canvas was thrown aside, and a fresh one begun. Unlike Sir Joshua, he does not load and overload his work with many lines, and trust to the subtle charm of 'the lily-sceptred hand' to hide the weaknesses of faltering execution. When he does work his touch is swift, direct, and decided; but the ideal of to-day rises above that of yesterday, and he can tolerate nothing that falls short of his power of creation. His practice of composing in plaster, too, is another indication of the same strong individuality.

Mr. Leighton's home-life is so inseparably connected with his art that one with difficulty thinks of him apart from it. And yet it is perhaps more his charm of manner than his fame that makes him a welcome guest everywhere. In conversation he is always interesting, often brilliant; the most delightful of companions, the most genial of hosts, and the firmest of friends. The writer has in his mind now two young painters who owe their success in life not a little to the ungrudging admiration expressed for their work by one whose sole aim apparently is to raise the craft to the level of its ancient glory. For a brother artist Frederick Leighton has never an unkind word, and for his art nothing but single-hearted and unselfish devotion.

IX.

RICHARD WAGNER IN BAYREUTH.

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FAR from majestic in personal appearance, Richard Wagner reigns in Bayreuth monarch supreme. Five feet eight in height, with nothing particularly commanding in gait or presence, he compels irresistible homage from prince and peasant. The truth is, there is about him that indefinable quality which makes itself felt as genius. Some visitors find Wagner quick, irritable, and excitable; others, kind, genial, and large-hearted; others, proud, unforgiving, and tyrannical. The composer has in truth his share of each of these qualities. Thirty years ago the world persisted in designating him as a madman, and firmly believed that he and his royal friend, King Ludwig II. of Bavaria, were quite ripe for an insane asylum. Even now there are critics who persist in the same opinions. But the great Teutonic world has calmly changed its views, has set the composer on a throne of gold, and pays him flattering homage. Beethoven had to die before the world pronounced his works classical. It required a couple of decades for the Germans fully to recognise the beauties of *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser;* and, to all appearances, it will take

many German and English critics some decades more ere they acknowledge the later works of the composer, especially the *Ring of the Nibelung*, as anything more than the vain and bombastic utterances of a mind run riot in its own extravagant egotism. Wagner has introduced the element of intellect into music, and he demands that intellect shall be brought to its appreciation. He has endeavoured to give us poetry in his libretti, and demands that the poetical portion of our nature shall be called into play in the hearing of his works. Thus it has come about that Wagner, in composing his music-dramas, has entirely ignored and defied the opinions of the world at large.

Nevertheless, in Bayreuth Wagner is, as has been said, monarch supreme. Inside the Festal Theatre his rule is despotic. His spirit pervades everything and everybody, from the scene-shifter to the most famous singer. Seated in an armchair in a corner of the proscenium, he looks a mere speck in the landscape revealed on the stage. Every note, every line of the instrumentation, every dramatic movement or position of the singer upon the stage, every idea expressed in painting and music, every line of poetry, every imitation of Nature's grandest effects, are the expression and the work of his unaided intellect. Suddenly something goes wrong with the scenery; he springs up from his chair, darts to the back of the scenes; you hear the stamping of feet, the sound of sharp words; but the man who returns to the front of the scene has a face calm and unruffled as before.

Then a singer has to be corrected. A line or a passage is not interpreted aright, and the composer walks quietly across the stage, takes Siegfried's shield and spear, and silently shows Herr Unger the proper dramatic gesture. The composer will frequently sing and act a passage as he wishes it given, and it is an infinite pleasure to see how cheerfully such great artists as Betz, Niemann, Gura, Hill, and the rest carry out the Meister's suggestions and instruction. Nothing can escape Wagner's eye or ear. The orchestra is repeatedly stopped, and the good-natured Hans Richter looks up interrogatively from his 'mystic abyss,' otherwise called the 'conductor's grave,' where he conducts in shirt-sleeves and open vest. 'Mein lieber Hans Richter, just repeat that passage; but the brass more subdued!' . . . 'So! Gut! Gut! that is better!' and the Meister settles down again in his chair at the corner of the stage, and the rehearsal proceeds. Take your eyes away from the stage for a while, and you will be surprised to hear a voice not far away from you in the auditorium. It is Wagner's; he is examining the perspective. After all the troubles and vexations of rehearsals are over, about seven or eight in the evening, the more genial side of Wagner's character is revealed. In the restaurant close to the theatre, a large table is reserved for the composer and his wife, his ministers or 'Verwaltungsrath,' and the principal singers. Wagner is received with royal honours, those already seated around the table rise, cigars are

placed on one side for the moment, and greetings are given and received. If the Meister has been particularly annoyed in the theatre, and bitter words have been uttered, he heals at the table all wounded susceptibilities. 'Mein lieber Freund Betz' or 'Meine liebe Frau Materna' is cordially embraced, and champagne is ordered by the Meister to drown all the recent annoyances in forgetfulness. At nine the Meister is driven home, and the artists seek the classic vaults of Angermann's, where foaming Bayerisch is handed by the gentle-faced Marie until one or two o'clock in the morning, when the last 'Schoppen' is drained, and the lights are turned out.

More interesting than those at the theatre were the rehearsals held at Wagner's house in the year 1875, before the composer had begun to feel the burden of theatrical management, as he did in 1876. Betz, Niemann, Scaria, Unger, Schlosser, Hill, Vogl, Madame Materna, the sisters Lehmann, and others had responded to his call, and gathered during the summer of 1875 in Bayreuth, for the purpose of studying their various *rôles*. These pianoforte rehearsals lasted usually from eleven in the morning till one, and in the afternoon again from five until seven, after which 'Abendessen' was announced for master and *artistes*—cold meats, salads, beer, wine, or tea; sometimes being served in the dining-room, but more frequently, when the weather permitted, in the garden. Here the composer could be seen in his most genial mood; he would relate anecdotes and

incidents of his student-life and early theatrical wanderings, with many a curious trait of his earlier migratory existence; and once he spoke of the courtship and marriage with his first wife. Occasionally he would read chapters from a bulky manuscript autobiography, which he keeps carefully stowed away somewhere in his library, for the benefit of the world when he shall be no more among the living. When the weather was unpropitious, the little company would retire to the large *salon*, and the evening would be devoted to music and song. Wagner himself would sometimes play the pianoforte accompaniment; then, as a change, he would declaim an act from one of Shakespeare's dramas, of which he is a devoted admirer. Once he promised to read his poem of 'Parzival,' the subject of his forthcoming opera, but something interfered to prevent this. Many a singer looks back with pleasure on the days spent in Bayreuth during the '75 rehearsals, and the evening gatherings in the *salon* and garden of the Villa Wahnfried. In ordinary times, when the singers are not assembled round the master, Bayreuth and the Villa Wahnfried are very quiet places indeed. The composer's family consists of Madame Wagner and five children—Daniela Senta, Elsa, Eva, Isolde, and the boy Siegfried, the latter alone being the offspring of the composer's second marriage. Madame Wagner is a lady of striking personal appearance, resembling strongly in features her father, Franz Liszt; she has large dark eyes and beautiful

teeth, a tall and graceful presence, and in her youth must have been remarkably handsome. She possesses high intellectual capacity, great energy and will, and is quite indispensable to the composer, whose genius she worshipped long ere she became mistress of Wahnfried.

The Villa Wahnfried is characteristic of the composer, and was built from plans furnished by him to the architect. All is quiet, subdued, artistic. Seen from the outside, the house is singularly unpretentious. Over the entrance there is a large allegorical fresco by Krausse of Dresden, with the figure of Wotan, as representing German mythology; two female figures, 'Tragedy' and 'Lyric Art;' and young Siegfried, as symbolising the 'art-work,' the music of the future. Around the large lobby which we enter to gain all the other apartments of the house are miniature copies of Professor Echter's frescoes, representing scenes from the music-drama of the *Ring*, and tastefully placed marble statuettes by Professor Zumbusch of Vienna, representing the various heroic figures of Wagner's operatic creations—Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, Van der Decken, Siegfried, Tristan, and Walther von Stolzing. The lobby leads into the large *salon*, which is at the same time the composer's study and sanctum, and consequently of considerable interest to us. It occupies the entire width of the house, and receives its light through a large bay-window, in the centre of which a door takes one to the lawn and garden in front. Farther on is the

vault, covered with a great granite stone, bearing the simple inscription, 'Richard Wagner,' which the composer intends shall be his last resting-place. The large *salon* is Wagner's study and library; handsome cases, filled with well-selected, and in some cases very rare, books, extend completely around the room. The collection of musical literature is very rich. The master's own operas and music-dramas have a wide shelf to themselves, close to the works of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Händel, Gluck, Weber, Palestrina, Halévy, Liszt, and other composers. Above the bookcases are portraits of King Ludwig, the philosopher Schopenhauer, Franz Liszt, Beethoven, Wagner, and Madame Wagner. A large grand piano occupies one corner of the *salon*. Tables and stands are loaded with albums, photographs, presentation copies of books, art-treasures, presents, plants, and flowers. There are marble busts of the King, of Wagner himself, of Madame Wagner, and on one of the tables lies the death-mask of Wagner's great master—Beethoven.

In the midst of all this artistic confusion, at a large marble table near the window, and seated in a comfortable armchair, Wagner composed the greater part of the *Götterdämmerung*, the last division of the *Ring;* not in the close atmosphere of an ordinary study, but in an elegant *salon*, as large as a good-sized ballroom, with space enough and to spare for movement and breadth, wherein light and sunshine and summer breezes can enter without hindrance.

Human intruders are rigorously excluded from the *salon* whenever the master is engaged in composing, which with him is by no means a continuous task, but comes, with the inspiration, by 'fits and starts.' Sometimes he does not write a single note for weeks together; but then comes a day when the ideas flow, and the composer sits then from morning till night, day after day, working unceasingly, casting off sheet after sheet, until the floor is half an inch thick with music, and quite ready for the copyist. Dinner-time has no charms for the composer during these spells. But at last the ideas which have been treasured up and thought over during weeks of apparent inactivity are exhausted, and the composer desists from his labours and recruits in a thoroughly easy-going German fashion. During these periods of mental repose Wagner rises at eight and reads his letters, answers his correspondence, and attends to other duties until one, when dinner is announced. From three to four is devoted to sleep; then he takes his coffee and sallies forth, accompanied by his two large Newfoundland dogs, sometimes going along the avenue of linden-trees to the Rollwenzel Inn, where Jean Paul wrote many of his works, and then across the fields to that little paradise the Hermitage, created by the old Margraves of Bayreuth for their amusement, where the court, severely troubled with *ennui*, used to play at hermits, each having a little cell in some cosy nook about the park and grounds. Sometimes Wagner takes the road to the castle and park

of the Fantaisie, which Jean Paul styled the 'first heaven in the vicinity of Bayreuth.' About six o'clock the composer may be seen passing down to Angermann's, where the best beer and sausages in the town are to be had, where he drinks one or two glasses of 'Weihenstephaner,' smokes a cigar, converses with officers or officials, and at seven goes home for the evening meal, the rest of the evening being devoted to his family.

Wagner's walks with his two Newfoundland dogs are, musically considered, of great importance; for it is then, when quite alone with Nature, that he receives his happiest inspirations, and many a characteristic *motive* has been born during these wanderings, and has been then and there carefully noted down for future use. Wagner's method of composition is peculiar. He never sits down to his desk with the intention of producing something, of composing a song or a chorus, or finishing an act. It is remarkable that all his poems were produced in his younger days. The poem of the *Ring* dates from the same era as *Lohengrin*. With the poetic sketch Wagner also composes in great part the principal 'motives;' that is, the musical plan or structure of his work, to be at a future day taken up again and completed. The musical sketch being finished, the instrumentation is taken in hand and completed by the master himself. He writes with marvellous rapidity when once he has commenced, and without scratch or correction, the sheets being quite ready for the copyist

and engraver. While composing he wears a peculiar dress, after the style of the costume worn by Walther von Stolzing in the opera of the *Master-Singers of Nuremberg*—a brown tricot of silk, knee-breeches of velvet tied with ribbons, velvet shoes, silk shirt with large puffed-out sleeves, velvet vest reaching low down, and a dark velvet coat lined with silk, the arms extremely wide at the wrists, leaving the silk armlets fully displayed. That indescribable cap seen in nearly all portraits of the composer completes this quaint fifteenth-century costume. Ordinarily, however, the composer dresses like anybody else. The above is what may be termed his 'house costume.'

To the solitary walks which Wagner is so fond of taking are doubtless due also many of the beautiful and natural scenic effects which have been produced on the Bayreuth stage. Those who witnessed the performances of the *Ring* must have been struck with the wonderful natural effects of light and scenery. The moonlight scene outside Siegmund's hut in the first act of the *Valkyr* might have been copied from the charming valley leading up to the Fantaisie, where too may be found many a wild weird spot amid the pines, which would be a grand gathering-place for the Wotan's fair messengers, whose duty it is to bring home the dead warriors to Walhalla. The dancing effects of the sunlight falling through the foliage upon the greensward—so wondrously delineated in that idyllic scene when Siegfried, after sipping the dragon's blood, begins to understand the song of

birds—may have been seen under the elms of the Hermitage; and the musical accompaniment to that scene from fairyland, that seems to tell us of the song of a thousand birds and the rejoicing of awakening Nature, could only have been inspired by Nature herself.

X.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL IN ALBEMARLE STREET.

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As becomes a cragsman of approved reputation, Professor Tyndall dwells in the elevated range of apartments which crowns the heights of the Royal Institution. Inured to fatigue by a long course of Alpine training, he makes several times a day, without apparent difficulty, the long and difficult ascent to the eyrie whence he contemplates the 'infinite azure of the past' and the volcanic upheaval of the present with sublime equanimity. That is to say, until he takes up his pen, when the equanimity is apt to vanish, and trenchant sentence follows trenchant sentence, until the pulpits of Belfast and other places ring with furious denunciations of the successor of Davy and Faraday. 'My distinguished and ever-helpful friend,' as Mr. Carlyle styles him, if trenchant on paper, is far otherwise in his ordinary converse. An active, wiry, keen-eyed man, full of vigour and decision, he is endowed with a singularly sweet and musical voice, and a manner almost caressing in its suavity. It was this contrast between matter and manner which lent additional poignancy to the Belfast

address. That petroleic oration, highly charged with inflammable and explosive matter, was delivered with an unctuous deliberation which drove the opponents of the speaker wild with rage, and provoked a conflict now happily at an end. It must not be understood from this that the scientific world is ever at a loss for a controversy, or that Professor Tyndall has not the true scientific relish for debate; for he is at this moment engaged in a series of experiments, the result of which, so far, has been to invalidate those of Dr. Bastian and the other supporters of the theory of spontaneous generation. Professor Tyndall is still continuing his experiments. In a room, heated to an uncomfortable temperature, are endless rows of hermetically sealed tubes filled with infusions, none of which have at present displayed the strange forms of animal life generally found in them when exposed for a few days to the open air. Very great importance attaches to these tubes of infusion of hay, codfish, sole, and other organic substances; and the eyes of scientific Europe are strained anxiously towards the sultry chamber at the Royal Institution. Next to this apartment is the laboratory in which are prepared with infinite care and patience the beautiful physical experiments with which the Professor enlivens his lectures. But very few of those who witness the charming effects produced in the theatre of the Royal Institution have any idea of the time and thought expended in the invention and arrangement of the necessary apparatus, and in the rehearsals necessary

to insure that certainty of result for which the Professor of Natural Philosophy is justly celebrated.

For all new and original work the philosopher must perforce make his own tools, and work with them and at them till they act perfectly. There is a forest of tubes and an artillery of apparatus in this scientific workshop, from which the philosopher-artifex again leads the way to the lofty writing-room, formerly occupied by his illustrious predecessors. With a loving and reverent hand he has marked every article used by Faraday. A tiny brass plate tells that this ample armchair once held the philosopher who first magnetised a ray of light and discovered magneto-electricity. Faraday, however, was no friend of armchairs—at least for working in—much preferring an upright desk and a singularly uncomfortable high stool, also treasured by Professor Tyndall. In a corner—behind a bust of Thomas Carlyle, presented by him to his 'ever-helpful' friend—hangs the famous barometer used during his Alpine tour by the handsome Cornish philosopher, whose eyes, as the ladies remarked, 'were made for something better than poring over crucibles.' In this little room Davy and Faraday recorded the experiments made in the laboratory below, and in it Professor Tyndall is very much 'at home' indeed during the scientific season. When that exciting period is over, he invariably starts for Switzerland, having found there for the last nineteen or twenty summers health, relaxation, and a strong influx of fresh ideas.

He has recently had built for himself a 'mountain home' among his beloved peaks and glaciers. The spot he has selected is in the centre of a region of unrivalled beauty and interest. From the Bel Alp, hard by the upper valley of the Rhine, and not far from the spot where the Simplon road bends southwards, he will enjoy on the one side a magnificent view of the Matterhorn, the Weisshorn and Dom, rearing their proud crests above an army of icy peaks; on the other side is the great Aletsch glacier, bounded and fed by the giants of the Bernese Oberland, the snowy axe-edge of the Jungfrau, the savage pinnacle of the Finsteraar, and the great central dome of the Aletschhorn. It was to the summit of the latter magnificent peak, springing from enormous glaciers, that Professor Tyndall in the summer of 1876 conducted his bride, to the great delight of that lady, whose skill as a cragswoman is a source of infinite pride to her husband.

His love of mountain scenery, his slightly northern accent, and his indubitable *perfervidum ingenium* have led many to suppose that the famous *savant* and mountaineer is a Scot; but justice to Ireland compels us to point out that he is a native of the sister isle —the descendant of a Gloucestershire family who crossed over to county Wexford about two centuries ago, when there was a kind of emigration of cloth-manufacturers from the vales of Gloucester to the eastern coast of Ireland. It is not difficult to believe that Professor Tyndall is the descendant of a long

line of Orangemen. His father was a strong partisan, whose greatest pleasure was the study of controversial theology, and whose strongest conviction was the necessity of warring against the Church of Rome. Read by this light, the character of the son—his aggressive attitude to dogma of all kinds; his vigorous determination to push scientific investigation to its utmost limits, irrespective of the requirements of creeds—may be easily explained. It may or may not be worth while for the schoolmaster of the future to decide how far athletic exercises tend to increase the fighting tendencies of mankind; but it nevertheless is a significant fact that the early education of John Tyndall was mainly athletic. He was already a big boy and a good swimmer, runner, climber, and no dull student of the noble art of self-defence, before Mr. John Conwill, a skilful teacher in one of the Irish National Schools, took his mathematical education in hand, and marked out his first problems on the snow as master and pupil returned from school together. In the earlier stages of mathematics his power of representing an image upon the tablets of the mind helped him very considerably; but his circumstances compelled him to earn the opportunity of self-culture before he could undergo any sufficient scientific training. At first a member of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, then an assistant in an engineer's office during the mania for railway extension, next a student at the old muster-place of the Teutonic knights, young Tyndall worked hard, read Carlyle,

and made many friends, among whom were Professor Hirst and General Wynne. Over and over again he determined to push his fortune in America; but fortune proved too strong for sound calculation, and the Transatlantic visit was reserved for the day when success was achieved.

Fate and the desire for self-improvement led the young scientist to Queenwood College in Hampshire —the Harmony Hall built by Robert Owen and his disciples—where he made the acquaintance of Professor Frankland, in whose laboratory he spent a large portion of his time. At that period the illustrious Bunsen attracted to Marburg a number of students of chemical and physical science, and among them were two natives of the British Islands, Frankland and Tyndall. Here, in a technical sense, they parted company, for Frankland devoted himself to chemistry, and Tyndall to physics, under the auspices of Dr. Knoblauch. Subsequently master and pupil became firm allies and pursued joint inquiries. Not till the year of the first International Exhibition did young Tyndall meet Faraday, and the same year was signalised by the commencement of his long friendship with Professor Huxley. The two young scientists were already looked upon as 'rising men;' but were 'without definite out-look, needing proper work, and only anxious to have it to perform. The chairs of natural history and of physics being advertised as vacant in the University of Toronto, we applied for them—he for one, I for the other; but, possibly

guided by a prophetic instinct, the University authorities declined having anything to do with either of us. If I remember rightly, we were equally unlucky elsewhere.'

Thus the second attempt of Professor Tyndall to cast his lot in the New World failed; but ample compensation came shortly afterwards when he was appointed to the chair of natural philosophy at the Royal Institution. This post he has since filled in a fashion equally satisfactory to genuine scientific folk, and to the large portion of English society which affects scientific tastes. Following the precedent set by Faraday, Professor Tyndall has succeeded not only in original investigation and in teaching science soundly and accurately, but in making it attractive. In his lectures it is no longer 'harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,' but puts on a seductive air, and woos the spectator with magical power. When he lectures at the Royal Institution the theatre is crowded—not, as might be supposed, by blue stockings, severe as to look and angular as to outline, by ancient men with long back hair, and younger aspirants with bulbous foreheads, but with the men and women of the great world—the people who help to make society and history. In 1872 the New World, which would have nothing to say to young Tyndall twenty years before, succeeded in persuading the full-blown professor to visit it. At last John Tyndall got across the Atlantic, not as a toiler for renown, but as one of the foremost scientific men in

Europe. His four months of lecturing excited extraordinary interest, by no means diminished when he handed over the net profits of his tour to trustees, to be applied to the perpetual education in the universities of Europe of two young Americans. Since then he has been engaged, on his own account and on that of the Government, in many interesting investigations. As scientific adviser of Trinity House he undertook a series of experiments on the atmospherical conditions of the transmission of sound, which resulted in proving that fog is a better conductor than the clear air of a summer's day. This is only one of the many instances in which he has found scientific truth opposed to popular belief. At the present moment his interest is concentrated on the tubes in the hot room in Albemarle-street, and his efforts are devoted to the settlement of a very vexed question. Since the famous experiments of Pasteur, scientific opinion has been divided on the subject of spontaneous generation, and a serious and well-considered attempt to solve the problem is now in progress. Despite the experiments of Dr. Bastian, Professor Tyndall still abides by his own, the result of which is, 'at present,' as he philosophically puts it, 'that life has never been proved to have been produced independently of antecedent life.'

Germs in the air and minute beings in infusions have their charms, no doubt, but they are not permitted to absorb the entire attention of Professor Tyndall. The motion and structure of glaciers have

formed the subjects of long investigations, recorded in books written at various times and for various audiences. In positive science the author of *Heat, a Mode of Motion*, has ever shown himself a philosopher of a conservative turn of mind, taking nothing for granted but that which is absolutely proved. It is only when he reflects on the long duel between science and dogma that he steps into the borderland which connects the true domain of science with the region of hypothesis. Then the spirit of William Tyndall, the martyr to his zeal in translating the Bible, comes out, and the philosopher of Albemarle-street relieves his spirit by utterances which, if promulgated in the time of his hero, Giordano Bruno, would have resulted in his involuntary cremation *coram populo.* But we do not burn philosophers now, and Professor Tyndall and his friend Professor Huxley may, from the altitudes of Albemarle-street and South Kensington, preach such doctrine as seems good unto them without fear of the secular arm.

XI.

MR. MATTHEW DAWSON AT HEATH HOUSE.

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The scene is at Newmarket, celebrated for sausages and horse-racing. A quarter of a century ago the great representative trainer of race-horses dwelt afar from the historic Heath. While John Scott abode at Malton the thoughts of owners, backers, and book-makers, and the spy-glasses of innumerable touts were directed towards Langton Wold. Whitewall was a show place of which Yorkshiremen—horsiest of mortals—were justly proud. The Leger was almost farmed by the Great Northern stable, which counted among its supporters the late Lord Derby, Mr. Bowes, and the present Lord Falmouth what time he rejoiced in the *nom de courses* of Mr. E. T. Valentine. All this is changed. The glory of the turf has faded from Langton Wold and settled upon Newmarket. In the year when Red Eagle won the Cambridgeshire there were not two hundred horses at Newmarket. Now there are few short of a thousand. By degrees trainers have harked back to the ancient metropolis of the turf, where light-hearted Tom D'Urfey sang his song before the Merry Monarch.

From the Berkshire Downs came hither a few years ago Mr. Matthew—called by his friends and admirers 'Mat'—Dawson, on whom the mantle of John Scott may fairly be said to have fallen.

A thick-set active man of some five-and-fifty summers greets us heartily as we step into his sanctum at Heath House. His rosy features—of that particular tint which can only be acquired by the constant contemplation of horseflesh—are surrounded by a fringe of whisker; his still abundant locks are but slightly touched with gray. There is, bating the peculiar and otherwise indescribable hue already referred to, nothing of a sporting character in the appearance of Matthew Dawson. His 'make-up' is of the severe—almost clerical—order, and his demeanour and conversation are singularly free from any trace of the stable. He is one of the most genial of Scots, but a strenuous worker withal, equal not only to the task of training an immense stud of horses, but of entering them judiciously for forthcoming events—no light task, be it remembered; for if a brilliant young one be not engaged deeply enough he may be almost valueless; whereas, if one who fails to fulfil his yearling promise be heavily engaged, his perpetual forfeits wear his hapless owner to the bone. The thankless task of selecting the distances and particular courses over which a horse is suited by his conformation to run well occupies much anxious thought, and the contemplation of a string of those things of beauty—yearling thoroughbreds—

is anything but a joy for ever to the man whose reputation is staked on their career.

If there is nothing indicative of the stable mind in the appearance and manner of the master of Heath House, there are plenty of signs of it in his surroundings. A bookcase reveals a regiment of *Racing Calendars* and other volumes proper to the 'sport of kings,' but is not entirely occupied by them, for Matthew Dawson, true to his nationality, does not confine his reading to a professional groove. The walls of the pleasant room, looking on to a lawn as smooth as a billiard-table, are hung with portraits of equine celebrities — high-mettled racers of stainless pedigree, whose glory is enshrined for ever in the stud-book. First of these in antiquity, as in renown, is Eclipse. The picture is by Stubbs, and agrees in general features with the portrait by Sartorius, in which poor Fred. Verrall, that prince of handicappers, took so much pride. There is the famous white-footed white-faced chestnut, foaled in a year of eclipse, and destined to distance whole fields of horses and win a fortune for his owner—the notorious O'Kelly, who, risen from the rank of a chairman, lived to wax wroth because he was not admitted into the sacred circle of the Jockey Club. The son of Marske is not a 'pretty' horse to the eye, but there is a game resolute look about his rather coarse head, lines of vigour in his remarkable forehand, and unmistakable propelling power in his ragged hips. In Mr. Dawson's picture the horse is saddled almost on the withers,

and the jockey, in the scarlet-and-black cap since adopted by Mr. Cartwright, is hurrying to mount with a gay and confident look, widely differing from the serious, not to say sullen, glance now in fashion.

Over the fireplace hangs a hardly less celebrated animal—Alice Hawthorn, the dam of Thormanby, winner of the Derby, and one of the household gods of the Dawsons. Of the famous chestnut Thormanby —the honest son of Windhound—there are memorials in plenty. On one side hangs his portrait in oils; on the other stands a statuette of him in silver; and a magnificent whisk is made out of the tail—curiously flecked with the Whalebone white hairs—which he showed to the Wizard as they shot past the post for the Derby. Never was a more exciting race than that run on the day that Albert Smith died. Three horses were backed for enormous sums, and it was difficult to say which was favourite for money at the finish. The American horse Umpire had many followers, all Yorkshire plunged on the Wizard, and the partisans of the yellow jacket—the original Westminster colours, temporarily borne by Mr. Merry—staked heavily on Thormanby. The Wizard was trained by old John Scott, named after him, and had besides the prestige which always attaches to the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas; while Thormanby had only his two-year-old reputation and the opinion of Matthew Dawson to support him. It is true that out of thirteen two-year-old races he had won nine, but three-year-old form is more taking to

the general public. Thormanby's trainer had good cause for his confidence. Cape Flyaway, from Whitewall, and Northern Light, from Russley, had run a severe race, finishing so close together that their form might almost be considered identical. It was known and publicly stated that the Wizard was a stone better than Cape Flyaway; but it was only after a regular trial, with jockeys up, at Russley, that Matthew Dawson knew his horse was twenty-one pounds better than Northern Light. Mr. Merry then backed his representative for a great stake at short odds, and is said to have won nearly a hundred thousand pounds. But it was 'a nearer thing' than the decision of the judge indicated, for only forty-eight hours after the race Thormanby suffered from an attack of strangles from which he never thoroughly recovered during the season. He made a poor fight for the famous Leger in which St. Albans romped home; but a grand show in the Ascot Cup next year.

Above the picture of Alice Hawthorn is Kingcraft, a Derby winner, with his owner, Lord Falmouth, standing by his side, a gift from his lordship to his trainer. Kingcraft, who during his career on the turf was the best-abused horse of his time, was hardly as good as he was handsome, although he did win the Derby from a poor field of horses. Next comes a capital portrait of Tom Aldcroft, in the French-gray jacket and red cap of Admiral Harcourt, mounted on Ellington, a horse trained by Tom Dawson at Middleham, and the winner of one of the most sensational

Derbies on record. To this day may be found serious men who assert that several pounds of mercury, concealed in a whip weighed in and out with, but not carried in the race, made the great event a certainty, and hint darkly that Caractacus owed his success to a device of a somewhat similar kind; but these stories, like that of the man who saw the clock over the Wellington Club with the W covered by the hands, and accepted the tip, belong rather to the romance than the reality of the racecourse.

Discoursing pleasantly of turf history and turf legend, the trainer of Thormanby and Kingcraft, Dundee and Buckstone, Spinaway, Camballo, and Lioness, points with his gold double eyeglass to a magnificent portrait of old Fisherman after his retirement from racing; and to another of Wild Dayrell, one of the greatest horses of modern days. Between these is the gallant black—almost blue-black—Saunterer, sometime the property of Jock o' Fairfield, from whom he passed to Mr. Merry, who won with him the historical Goodwood Cup, followed by the sudden death of a popular nobleman, under circumstances which caused much painful remark. It was during his connection with Matthew Dawson that Mr. Merry achieved those victories which made the boy in yellow the guardian angel of backers and the despair of the ring. Born of true racing stock—a son of old George Dawson, who trained at Gullane in Haddingtonshire—young Matthew had already made his mark. While the elder of the four brothers

now training—Tom Dawson of Thorngill, Middleham—was winning the Leger with Blue Bonnet, Matthew was training the home stud at Eglinton, whence he returned to Gullane to train Era, the winner of the Northumberland Plate and the Liverpool Cup. He next trained for Lord John Scott, a famous all-round sportsman of the best and highest type, winning the Oaks with Catharine Hayes, the Metropolitan with Cannobie, many races with the Reiver and the two-year-old engagements of the famous Hobbie Noble, who, with some other good horses—notably Stockwell, the prince of sires—was incomprehensibly beaten in the Derby of 1852 by the pony Daniel O'Rourke. It was a lucky stroke of business for Lord John Scott to get six thousand five hundred guineas for Hobbie Noble after the July Meeting of 1851; and Mr. Merry, who bought him, acquired the honour of having paid more for a two-year-old than had ever been paid in the history of the turf. Mr. Dawson sets particular store by a relic of this period of his career—an inkstand in the form of a duck, life-size, in oxidised silver, presented to him by Lord John Scott on winning the Black Duck Stakes at the York Summer Meeting of 1854 with Rambling Katie. This costly produce stake owes its name to the White Swan Hotel at York, where it was instituted by Lord Glasgow, Lord John Scott, and a few other gentlemen, who did not think a thousand sovereigns—three hundred forfeit—too heavy a stake to venture on animals yet unborn.

The Heath House establishment was originally built, we believe, by Lord Stamford for Joseph Dawson, but ultimately came into the hands of his brother. Having been 'made on purpose,' it is everything that a great training establishment should be. Looking over the nice patch of training-ground, called for some incomprehensible reason the 'Severals,' towards the abode of Judge Clark at Fairstead, Heath House is handy to the Bury Hill. At the rear of the tree-embowered dwelling is a quadrangle of stables, all well appointed, spick and span, and silent as the grave. There is a hardly perceptible bustle as the horses return from exercise, but silence is the order of the day. The long strings of 'terribly high-bred cattle' glide out of the stable on to the Severals and the Bury Hill noiselessly as sheeted ghosts. Pace and direction are indicated by a wave of the hat or a movement of the hand. All fall into position with mechanical regularity. Even the yearlings seem impressed with a sense of coming dignity, and move gravely, as if they knew how much money they are destined to carry. At afternoon time the horses of name and fame—the cynosure of touts, the hope of backers, the dread of the ring—are quietly bestowed in the stable, their work having been done at an early hour—soon after sunrise, in fact—but not too early for the keen eyes which can recognise any animal trained at Newmarket through the thickest of clothing, and make a shrewd guess at his condition besides. Touting must be a profitable pursuit if, as

we are told, the head of the profession at Newmarket makes a thousand pounds a year. The trainers at head-quarters appear to entertain far less horror of the indigenous tout than of the army of horse-watchers who invade the town just before a great race. These outsiders are a sore trial and vexation, from their rough manners and objectionable intrusiveness. Almost as exasperating are the persons who, without the slightest claim to the confidence of a trainer, pelt him with letters, of which the following, received just before the race for the Middle Park Plate, is a fair sample:

'*From —— of ——, to Mr. M. Dawson, Newmarket.*

Dear Sir,—You will excuse me taking the liberty of writing to you. I should feel exceedingly obliged if you would let me know if you are going to win with Lord Falmouth's filly.—I am, sir, yours truly, ——.'

From the period of his pleasant connection with Lord John Scott until now, Matthew Dawson has ever eschewed fanciful theories and hard-and-fast rules of training. It was said of the two famous trainers of his early years—John Scott and old John Day—that the former always leant towards flesh, preferring to run his horses a little above themselves; while John Day would insist on galloping them till the last ounce of superfluous fat was removed. Matthew Dawson may be designated an eclectic trainer, fully recognising the value of each of the older systems in particular cases, but viewing every horse under his care as a patient, requiring special

treatment according to his individual constitution. It is unnecessary to tell any lover of animals that every dog and every horse has his peculiarities of constitution and temper. Old Thunder, for instance, 'all game and bottom' in the actual race, was one of the most nervous of animals at exercise. When walking with the rest of the string he would fret himself into so profuse a lather that it was found impossible to keep any flesh on his bones. Removed from companionship he displayed no trace of irritation, but took to his work as kindly as to his corn.

As we saunter through the stables on a warm afternoon, the cats, without which no racing establishment would be complete, sit blinking their eyes at the sun, looking as wise as only owls and cats can look, and the calm of the place becomes if possible more intense than ever. On Sunday perhaps a lower deep of stillness is reached. It is only broken in the evening, when Mrs. Dawson, who takes great pride in her regiment of tiny apprentices, reads evening service, and the boys lift up their voices and sing with a vigour and accuracy which speak well for the skill of their teacher and the soundness of their lungs.

XII.

M. JULES SIMON IN THE PLACE DE LA MADELEINE.

M. JULES SIMON IN THE PLACE DE LA MADELEINE.

In a recently-quoted letter to a friend, M. Jules Simon wrote of his 'garret' in the Place de la Madeleine, and he was twitted for it by one of the journals of the reaction—not for the first time. It was said to be all of a piece with his other affectations in the tribune; and we were given to understand that Queen Victoria might, almost with equal justice, have called Buckingham Palace her hut. This only shows that M. Jules Simon's critic had never been to see M. Jules Simon at home.

Yes, if you have to visit him who was the First Minister of France yesterday, and who, in spite of many appearances to the contrary, may be the First Minister of France this time next year, you must be prepared to mount to the fifth floor of a Parisian house. The front door is next to that of a cheap eating-house, and some of the occupants of the lower apartments have brass plates on their doors. There *is* a carpet on the staircase, but—considering the present, or, indeed, any earlier, state of it—it is almost a pity that there is not. If you go there early in the

morning—as you must do, if you wish to see the ex-Minister in the daytime—you may get your answer from a drowsy *concierge* of all work not yet out of his bed, and still very visibly feeling the effects of yesterday's debauch of labour. If all the accessories had been most cunningly arranged by a master of scenic effect, they could not be better adapted to form the surroundings of the ideal leader of democracy. Jules Simon at home is Cincinnatus at home, due allowance made for the differences of time and place. Only we happen to have an assurance that they have not been cunningly arranged in the fact that the ex-Minister has rented his present dwelling for upwards of twenty years. He of course had to leave it for a time, for an official residence, in December 1876; but he prudently forbore to give notice to quit.

The garret is a pleasant one—that is all you can say of it. It is in a good quarter, and it commands a spectacle of the most varied life of Paris. It is in that angle of the great square of the Madeleine which joins the boulevards to the Rue Royale—according to Balzac the essential street of the capital. Its windows, however, spoil the view of the famous church by showing you too much of the roof. The rooms are not much loftier than those of an *entresol;* and the antechamber of the great into which you are ushered on your entrance was certainly never designed with an eye to its destinies, for three suitors there would make a crowd. This inconvenience is

partly due to the builder, partly to the occupant; and the former might complain that his antechamber has never had a fair chance of showing its capacity for visitors by reason of its having to serve as a reception-room for books. There is a second wall of volumes next the one of lath and plaster; or, to change the figure, it may be said that the reservoir of learning in the library has overflowed to the very threshold, and has left a permanent deposit at the front door. It seems now to be but a question of the duration of the life of this busy collector whether the flood of erudition shall not go farther, and, in default of other outlet, make its way down the stairs. There are books all round the second room, in which the secretaries work; books all round their master's study, which opens out of it, and which would be tolerably spacious but for its lining of shelves. The furniture of a library, though, is not without a beauty of its own when arranged with taste; and M. Jules Simon, being evidently a sort of *coquet* in bindings, his contrasts of vellum and morocco are not unpleasing to the eye. The effect is improved by the numerous works of art, nearly all of which have come into the owner's hands as testimonials. One fine vase of Sèvres was presented to him by a grateful colony for the defence of its rights; another bears a record of the homage of his colleagues of the *Commission Métrique*. The statuette in wax of Joan of Arc is a gift of the artist, who afterwards carried out the idea on a larger scale in the fine naturalistic

monument in the Rue de Rivoli. This reduction in *biscuit* of the equestrian statue of the great Frederick was acquired long before the late war, though subsequently, no doubt, its face was for a time turned to the wall. There are bronzes in plenty; and if there are no pictures, it is only because in this low-roofed chamber they could hardly be seen.

A glance at M. Jules Simon's apartment reveals the history of its tenant. He was a student before he was a minister, and he is one of the few men among the moderns who have passed from philosophy to affairs. He was M. Cousin's successor at the Sorbonne, and he might have remained there all his life if the Government of December 1851 had not gone out of its way to suspend his course by a special decree. It is true that he had previously dallied with politics; but it was chiefly as a professor enthusiastic in the cause of public education. His path, almost as a matter of course, lay directly athwart that of the clergy; and he entered upon it to find the one abiding antagonism of his life. Fortune has given his enemies the opportunity of dealing the last blow; but you have only to talk with him for a moment to see that he is not without the hope of returning it, with interest to date. Meanwhile, he may find abundant solace among the friends of his youth and middle age—Plato and Aristotle, and those illustrious names of the school of Alexandria, whose history he wrote long before he himself began to furnish subject-matter for the history of the France of

to-day. Our forefathers were disposed to make much of this combination of the man of business with the sage—this preparation for active life by the labours of scholastic thought; but we seem to have lived to differ from them, and to form rather a worse opinion of Mr. Gladstone because he knows so much about the atrocities of the Homeric time. France, however, is still somewhat old-fashioned in respect of this view. The ex-Minister, when questioned, seems inclined to pronounce on our side. 'Politics,' he says, with a smile, 'bring the passions rather than the reason into play; and you may have learned a good deal of bookish philosophy without having the clue to what is passing on the back-stairs of a Court.'

His room, containing as it does not a few works from his own hand—his *Ouvrière*, his *Travail*, his *Politique Radicale*, *Religion Naturelle*, and *Peine de Mort*, as well as the treatises on classic themes—gives you an impression of an over-busy life. The mere sight of what he has read is a headache, and it is almost a fever to think of what he has also written and said. His manner confirms the impression: it is that of the 'weary Titan' of public labours, though you must not expect to find the aptness of the allusion in his physical mould. Our Titan is no giant; and you might almost forget the rest of the body in the intentness of your gaze at the head, but for the fact that he is at present so obviously obliged to remember it by having to nurse a limb affected with the gout. It is a consolation, he will tell you, that his troubles

have flown to his feet. You may guess that he has had enough of them elsewhere, by his pale and rather wasted features and his worried look. You feel, at the same time, that French public men in general are immense losers by their habit of living so little 'i' the sun.' If Jules Simon had taken a gallop every morning, instead of a dip into Epictetus, to brace his nerves for the daily contest with the Marshal, he might still have been President of the Council. If he had learned how to bring down his bird, his enemies might never have found the strength to lay him low.

His conversation confirms what Brougham loved to repeat as to the value of assiduous literary composition in improving oral style. He has written so many books that now he has come to talk like one—like a good book, though—which is only a roundabout way of saying that he speaks with the freedom and ease of a man of culture at his very best. The effect of bookishness is mainly due to the even tenor of his speech, which flows on without any hindrance due to the imperfection of the instrument, as thought flows when it is in print as distinguished from the same thing set down in the handwriting of the author. He is ready, at a moment's notice, with an *aperçu* of a complex political situation that would bear verbatim reporting, and that is even punctuated as it comes from his mouth. He speaks his mind freely upon what has happened, says he foresaw it from the first; twice refused to take office, and only accepted a third

offer because his friends said he was putting them and himself in a false position before France. He does not spare the Elysée, and, though he knows his greatest enemy dwells within its walls, he is shrewd enough to see that it is not the master of the house. Listening to him, one is more than ever astonished to think of what finely-polished metal leaders of democracy are made in France. If this man be a social danger, what must be the manner of those men who are social supports? Courtiers might study him for refinement of tone; and he would take more both of sweetness and light into a palace than any other would be likely to bring away.

His mode of life is that of most Frenchmen, no matter what their position: the early part of the day is for business, the evening for communion with his friends. But of late his receptions have been almost necessarily only a continuation of his morning work. It was impossible to keep politics out of them; impossible to forget that he had to-night to form his combinations against to-morrow's attack. The continuous strain of that life has for the moment worn him out, and there is still no prospect of rest; for, if we are to suppose that he does not think of a personal reputation to vindicate, we may be sure that he is not indifferent to a cause to be saved. He leaves the Ministry for his old occupation of editing a journal; and he has still to help carry on the Government of the country; for the Republicans are the country, or he and his friends are wofully out in their

reckoning, and the Republicans look to him as much as to any man for counsel as to their plan of campaign. Within a couple of days after the *coup de palais*, he received over five thousand communications —letters or cards—from all parts of France, and every post added to the number. His secretaries, turned sorters for the occasion, worked upon the heap, entering the names on the cards in alphabetical order, and trying to classify the letters—it may be presumed under 'condolences,' 'rumours,' 'recommendations,' and what not. When they had got through all, they must have been either the best-informed men in Paris, or they must have gone clean out of their minds.

He rises early, as has been said, and he seems to have the questionably good habit of falling immediately to work. There was no help for it, perhaps, when he had a soldier to please, but it seems a pity to see him bound to the same slavery of labour now that he has the disposal of his own time. Until the other day, his first duty used to be to go to the Elysée for a conference with the Marshal; and from the Elysée he went to Versailles—perhaps to take the palace once more on his way home. His struggles in the arena, it seems, were as nothing to those private trials of strength and temper which the world did not see. His conversation warrants the inference that he had always to carry his resignation in his pocket, with a blank for the date and name, and that he would no more have thought of leaving the house without it

than without his handkerchief or his watch. His frequent threat to sign the one paper was the only way of inducing the Marshal to sign many another on the most important, as sometimes on the most trivial, business of state. He seems unaffectedly glad that it is over, and if he were other than the leader of a party one might wish for his sake that it were never to begin again. But he is of an order whose motto in the struggle for power has ever been *Jusqu'à la mort.*

XIII.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA IN GOWER STREET.

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Dr. Kenealy once asked the House of Commons 'not to be led astray by newspapers, which were usually written by persons who knew nothing—persons who lived from hand to mouth in garrets, coffee-houses, and public-houses, and pretended to be the great "we" of the press.' Who that has a wide and intimate acquaintance with newspaper-writers will not be struck with the beauty and simple truthfulness of Dr. Kenealy's description? Here is Mr. George Augustus Sala, for example, to whom Dr. Kenealy once dedicated a book in terms of glowing eulogy. Mr. Sala deliberately gave up literature as a profession for journalism many years ago. He has been for twenty years on the staff of one London newspaper, and has written in that same journal many thousands of leading articles, reviews, art and theatrical criticisms, paragraphs, and every form of journalistic 'copy,' and is to-day proud to regard himself as a newspaper-man pure and simple. Let us see what Mr. Sala's 'garret' is like. Not an uncomfortable one, by any means. Indeed, if it were not

for Dr. Kenealy's assurances, one would say it had at first sight nothing to distinguish it from thousands of London middle-class households, where the bread-winner is industrious, successful, and well-to-do. Solid unwavering respectability is the characteristic of the excellent houses on the Bedford estate, and the one in Gower-street of which Mr. Sala owns the lease is quite representative in this particular. It is only when you gain the reception, the dwelling, and the working rooms at Mr. Sala's that you realise, in the abounding taste—bibliographical, artistic, and cosmopolitan—that you are visiting no common man; for he has been to almost every part of the world, and many of the fruits of travel adorn the walls or are piled in rich profusion in ancient cabinets and upon tables and shelves—every place, in fact, capable of holding old china, busts, drawings, or books.

Reading, says Lord Bacon, makes a full man, and in this case it has made a full house; for much of the interest of what we see would be '*caviare* to the general;' and it is clear that the skill in, and taste for, collecting objects of interest from the four quarters of the globe are greatly due to an omnivorous habit of reading, a peculiarly varied and many-sided education, and a profound knowledge of books and men and things. In the study or writing-room an artist's lay figure extends her arms and turns her wooden face benignly to the writer's desk; engravers' plates and etching-tools lie within easy distance of his chair; massive commonplace books crammed

with extracts, all in a curiously minute and symmetrical handwriting, fill the tables; and books of reference, piles of old newspapers, standard works in most modern languages, oil-paintings, photographs, proofs, water-colour drawings, old curiosities, busts, humorous caricatures, statuettes, and artistic odds and ends of every description, make this all-important chamber a reflex of, and an index to, its master's life. 'They've called me a dashing go-ahead writer sometimes, a man to whom the art came easily and is practised without difficulty; whereas I owe my position and usefulness, and all I love in the world, to incessant and never-ending toil, and to the method I follow of arranging and codifying for reference the knowledge this toil has enabled me to accumulate. Look here, and here, and here' (opening folio after folio, all in MS. and filled with quotations, and original thoughts, after Swift, on various subjects); 'look at these, and these notes on the political and social history of England from the beginning of the century down to to-day, and you'll readily understand how much work, unknown and little understood, has to be performed before a public writer is qualified for his profession.' There are in this house in Gower-street between four and five thousand photographs, including one or more of every celebrated picture in Europe; so that when, in the course of a criticism, say, on the Royal Academy Exhibition, or upon other art topics, it is desired to illustrate a passing comment by a reference to some particular great master,

Mr. Sala can refer at once to photographs of his works, and by their aid and his own marvellous memory recall the precise details of every celebrated picture. This is a fair illustration of the deliberate, painstaking, and conscientious mental discipline by means of which Mr. Sala has qualified himself for his labours. Throughout his house there are books and pictures and objects of *virtù* everywhere. Not a room but has its curious or rare editions, its interesting pictures, and its relics—any of which suffice to evoke chat and anecdote from their owner—bespeaking versatile labours and experiences mentally focussed, as it were, into forms which are adaptable, and available on demand. In these days, when conversation is said to be a dead art, it is a treat to listen to Mr. Sala's racy epigrammatic talk; and one gathers from it a partial comprehension of his varied powers in the line of life he has chosen, and in which he has long been an acknowledged chief.

How came he to adopt this line? Why did he decide to devote his time, his talents, his enormous and varied acquirements, and his unbounded capacity for work to a daily newspaper instead of to the writing of books? It is quite true that he has published many works. But the volume after volume of charming essays, replete with observation, humour, and tenderness, which have appeared under his name, have been for the most part reprinted from the periodicals in which they appeared originally. The publication of *Gaslight and Daylight* in 1859 struck

the key-note; and *A Journey Due North*, and the series of papers on London life and manners called *Twice Round the Clock*, made the name of George Augustus Sala familiar to millions of readers, and gave him a public of his own, who recognised an author of true and original genius, and one capable of still higher efforts. Mr. Thackeray sought his coöperation when he founded the *Cornhill Magazine*, and the articles on William Hogarth, by their minute research, loving sympathy, and inimitable style, augmented the public faith in this admirable writer. Here is a sheet of the original manuscript of these *Cornhill* articles, written in blue ink on thin pink foreign note-paper, on which an interlineation would be difficult and an erasure impossible. It is like a specimen in copper-plate, so curiously symmetrical, regular, and beautiful are its characters. Held at a little distance it is like a printed page, and it has never yet been seen without eliciting expressions of unfeigned wonder. When you decipher it, you find it to embody historical facts and antiquarian and biographical details involving immense labour; yet the writer has so completely mastered them, his brain has been so full of the subject in hand, that, during the mechanical process of transferring them and his thoughts thereanent to paper, he has, perhaps unconsciously, reverted to the engraver's microscopic art, and the sheets reached the printer (the only person expected to see them) in caligraphy which is a curiosity of minute regularity and beauty. Here

is an interesting note from Thackeray, showing how he appreciated both the manner and matter of Mr. Sala's work (this is not shown during our pleasant evening at Gower-street, and Mr. Sala may have forgotten its existence, for it has lain quietly in a collection of autographs these sixteen years):

'36 Onslow-square, S.W., Saturday, March 10.

My dear Mr. Sala,—I trust to you about the poor Kate Hackabouts. They are known so well that I don't think there need be any fear; and downright simplicity and sympathy will be the line, without Noelism or fine phrases. Everybody likes the papers, and I have had many compliments on my industry and learning in writing them, and my other tale of *Framley Parsonage*. My *Studies in Animal Life* they don't so much care for.

I have sent your last note to a lady in Suffolk, from whose house we have just returned. "I write a neat hand, ma'am," say I; "but what is it compared to the blue ink?"—Yours ever,

W. M. THACKERAY.

I was trying one of your lines and it makes one and a half of W. T.'s:

"picking out little bits of photography, the inn-yard, the arriving wagon, the hemp-beating in Bridewell, Sir John"'

Between the ages of six and nine, Mr. Sala was absolutely blind, by reason of a severe inflammatory attack, and at nine he could neither read nor write. This was the time when a dear sister read to him by the hour, and when his wonderful memory had its early training. Fairy stories, novels, history, travels, scores of books supposed to be beyond the comprehension of children, were read and listened to greedily, until the little blind boy created out of the darkness a world of his own, in which Robinson Crusoe, Chris-

topher Columbus, Tom Pipes, Pamela, Dugald Dalgetty, Napoleon Bonaparte, Benjamin Franklin and his kite, Sir Isaac Newton and the apple, and a thousand other figures, all became very real and near. This was an education in itself, and to it must be added the vivacious sallies and clever talk of the animated friends, professional and otherwise, who formed the home-circle at Madame Sala's: so that when the child often was sent, with eyesight restored, to the Collége Bourbon at Paris, he went ignorant, it is true, of some things most young people know, but versed in the ways of a particularly bright and cheerful world, and with his head stored with the facts, fancies, and images he had made his own from hearing books read to him, when his reflective and mnemonic faculties were his chief resource and solace during his afflicting trial. At the Collége Bourbon he stayed two years, during which he had for form-fellows two sons of Casimir Delavigne and Alexander Dumas the younger. He entered the college on the tenth form, and when he left it was on the fourth, carrying away with him the first prize in history and the first in mathematics, and at a French school mathematics means drawing. One begins to comprehend the industry and versatile knowledge of later years as this is told, and that 'when I came home to England I was sent to a polyglot school, on the Pestalozzian system, at Bolton House, Turnham Green.' At a public examination of the scholars of Bolton House, held at the Hanover-square Rooms, in 1842, Master

George Augustus Sala 'demonstrated several problems in mathematics, played upon the fiddle, recited the Anacreontic ode Θελω λεγειν, played the parts of Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*, of William Tell in German, of Sganarelle in Molière's *Médecin Malgré Lui;* besides taking subordinate parts in *Œdipus Tyrannus* and the *Adelphi* of Terence. The year after this comprehensive schoolboy display, Mr. Sala became an art-pupil in the school of the celebrated Carlo Schiller, the miniature-painter; and in 1845 he was studying at Mr. Lee's famous Life Academy ('where we used to pelt the nude life model with corks'), first in Maddox-street and finally in Newman-street.

About or before this time, wanting to make money —to earn the means of subsistence, in fact—young Sala (he was still a boy) became a caricaturist, a draughtsman on wood, a lithographer, and an engraver; and in the technical portion of the latter art he was a pupil of the well-known and skilful Henry Alkin. Afterwards the twain went into partnership and produced endless work, which sold briskly and amused and interested the public; turning out political caricatures and pictorial skits by the hundred for Mr. Ackerman in the Strand, who published and did well by them. 'We did a sort of panorama which folded into a book, and was called "No Popery"—I engraved it on zinc to be printed in two colours—just about the time when Lord John Russell wrote his famous Durham letter, and when people

were excited about Cardinal Wiseman and the creation of Roman Catholic dioceses in England. The panorama showed pretty vividly the ends and aims of Popery, according to the popular view. It was published at one shilling, and 120,000 copies were sold. We only got twenty pounds for it. But we produced interminable panoramas, most of which sold well; and it was not until 1852 (I was then well established on *Household Words*), when I engraved one on steel of the Duke of Wellington's funeral, and found that working at night over the steel plates, combined with the fumes of the acid, had seriously injured my eyesight, that I gave up the work. I have never resumed it since but once, when, at the request of Mr. George Smith, I executed a small etching to accompany one of my Hogarth papers in the *Cornhill Magazine*.'

But long before this there were bitter early struggles and curiously varied occupations, during the years before circumstance and opportunity discovered the true bent of Mr. Sala's genius and his real place in the world. In the year 1846, for example, he filled an engagement at the Princess's Theatre, nominally as an assistant to Mr. William Beverly, the eminent scene-painter (to whom he is indebted for great kindness and encouragement), but really as 'general utility' youth in the literal and non-professional sense of the words. 'I was at work at the theatre frequently from 10 A.M. to 2 A.M. the next morning, helping to paint the scenery and to

model masks and properties; or translating French farces, copying out parts for the actors and actresses to study from, posting-up the stock-book of the theatre's wardrobe, or counting the checks taken at the doors; and my salary for all this was fifteen shillings a week! I laugh to myself sometimes when people theorise about "technical education;" for my own education in the world, by having to earn my own living, has been rather like that imparted by Mr. Squeers, who, when his pupils spelt "horse" and "window," despatched them to groom the one and clean the other, which was very "technical" indeed.' The year before these multifarious employments at the Princess's Theatre, Mr. Sala had published his first story. It was the time of the Railway Mania, and 'Choo Loo Kwang, or the Stags of Pekin,' was sent in anonymously to the *Family Herald*, was duly published, and 'I was so fresh and green in the ways of the world that I actually did not know that I was entitled to be paid for it, and never asked for the money.' About this time Mr. Sala was introduced to the late Mr. Albert Smith, than whom he met no kinder or more hearty friend. Mr. Albert Smith employed him as a caricaturist on the *Man in the Moon*, and introduced him to Mr. David Bogue and Messrs. Henry and James Vizetelly the publishers, and from these gentlemen he obtained in time abundant 'book-work,' but as an artist only —supplying thousands of woodcuts upon every conceivable subject as illustrations to the works they

published. Gradually Mr. Sala endeavoured to make both ends meet; in plain English, he attempted to satisfy his hunger and clothe his back by literary as well as artistic labour, and the result of both was that his living was often very bare indeed.

Some time before May 1851 he produced a panorama entitled the 'Great Exhibition What Is To Be,' a humorous pictorial prophecy of the strange things certain to ensue upon the great invasion of foreigners and country cousins to the World's Fair; and he also edited—it sounds like a practical joke—a *Conservative Magazine*, published at half-a-crown monthly. 'It lasted exactly two months, and of the second number we sold four copies. This was my first and last attempt at promulgating Conservative principles.' He was not to find his real vocation yet a while, and next became the *fidus Achates* of Mr. Alexis Soyer, who had taken the house formerly famous as the Countess of Blessington's, and converted it into what he called a 'Symposium,' where the visitors to the Great Exhibition were invited to dine and be refreshed, and the staircase of which was illustrated with caricatures of celebrated personages from Mr. Sala's hand.

What seems an odder experience still in the art of bread-winning followed this connection with Mr. Soyer; for Mr. Sala next found himself an insurance and advertisement agent, with a partner at 17 Upper Wellington-street, Strand, and publishing a Life Assurance Chronicle as an aid to the business. It

was being locked out of this house accidentally, and having to walk the streets all night, which prompted the article 'The Key of the Street,' and altered the whole tenor of his life. His true vocation was found at last. He discovered for the first time where his strength lay; and the knowledge of his own literary powers came upon him from the time when 'The Key of the Street' was dropped anonymously into the box of *Household Words*, and was published in that periodical in September 1851. Other articles followed rapidly; and Mr. Sala has told how Charles Dickens 'was my master, and but for his friendship and encouragement I should have never been a journalist or a writer of books. . . . The first five-pound note I ever earned from literature came from his kind hand. . . . He urged me to enter into the lists of journalism, and watched with interest my progress.' These were the years during which Mr. Sala improved, by practice and constant reading and study, his literary skill, and during which his work became famous, first without his name being known, and subsequently with his name appended. Without suspecting it himself, he was in fact undergoing the best of training for the absorbing and exacting work of journalism; though Mr. Sala insists that this is a craft or mystery to be learnt like any other, and that a journalist must be master of the special implements of his trade like any other workman. Any young man aspiring to enter these lists he advises to obtain, if possible, a file of the *Examiner* newspaper and of the *John Bull* from

1808 to 1842 or thereabouts—a period which covers the vast social and political struggles—and the writings of Leigh Hunt, Albany Fonblanque, and Theodore Hook. Newspapers like these give the passions as well as the history of their day; and for downright, outspoken hard hitting, both on the Liberal and the Conservative side, there is nothing better to be found. To these should be added the works of William Cobbett, for Radicalism clothed in a plain, nervous, English style; and when these writings are mastered—not merely read, but indexed, annotated, and to some extent abstracted by the student—he is, with an ordinary capacity for literary expression—without which, it is presumed, he would not aim at being a public writer—ready for his work. Mr. Sala says that these 'formed his own journalistic education,' and that they furnish the implements necessary for the successful prosecution of the calling.

It is as a professional journalist that Mr. Sala has chosen to talk; and as such he has been here described at home in Gower-street, whence manuscript is borne daily by swift messengers, to appear next morning as thoughtful or humorous essay, or learnedly pungent criticism on the topics of the day. The world is familiar with his continuous and concurrent works in general literature; but few readers—either of the newspaper which has been his lay pulpit for nearly a quarter of a century, or of the periodicals in which his name appears as the author of contributions which are always vivacious and instructive—can have known

how hard was the apprenticeship, how painful and gradual the affiliation, or how unceasing is the labour, by which this celebrated public writer keeps himself abreast with the times, and upholds his position as a master in the craft.

XIV.

LORD HOUGHTON AT FRYSTON HALL.

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WHETHER to see Lord Houghton at home the reader would more appropriately be introduced to him in his Yorkshire or his London residence is a question not perhaps easy to decide. Since the house in Upper Brook-street has been given up, Lord Houghton has pitched his tent for the season in different parts of London. *Ubi bene ibi patria;* wherever Lord Houghton may have settled himself, he is equally surrounded with the signs of elegance and ease; therefore, to adopt the Latin proverb, he is at home everywhere, even as, wherever he receives them, he makes the guests whom he delights to entertain with his graceful hospitality emphatically at home too. On the present occasion, however, let us elect to visit him within easy driving distance of Pontefract, which he represented for twenty-five years on both sides of the House, at Fryston Hall. A house more delightful than this it is difficult to imagine. Situated on the frontiers of the great West Riding industries, it stands in the centre of gardens and shrubberies, with prairies of park and miles of larch and beechen woods. Fryston Hall was originally a handsome square mansion, be-

longing to Mr. Charles Crowle, whose portrait is to be seen in one of the two grand pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the possession of the Dilettanti Society, and whom Horace Walpole frequently visited there on his way to his neighbour Sir John Bland of Kippax Park, the fashionable gambler who shot himself. Towards the close of the last century this house was purchased by Mr. Milnes of Wakefield, M.P. for York, who added a handsome Italian front with Ionic pilasters and pediment, and a large *corps de logis* behind, and took up his residence here about 1790. His son was 'Orator' or 'Singlespeech' Milnes, as he was variously called in his time, and who, after his retirement from public life, lived a good deal on the Continent, where the youth of the present Lord Houghton, the wearer of the title which his father refused, was chiefly spent. Mr. Milnes returned to reside at Fryston Hall in 1835, and remained there till his death in 1858.

The hospitalities of Lord Houghton have long since made Fryston famous. None of those who have had that pleasant experience will forget the hearty reception which awaited them after their drive to the Hall—the figure of the host just about the middle height, his brown hair flowing carelessly from his broad forehead, his blue eyes beaming with gladness at the arrival of his friends, as he stood on the top of the stone steps, in front of the house, with both hands extended. Then followed the cup of tea in the library, a long, handsome, comfortable room, soft-

carpeted, and replete with ottoman and sofa luxury, but walled with books, as indeed was the whole house, not in formal rows, but in separate cases, each with its own subject—Poetry, Magic, French Revolution, Oriental Thought, Theology and Anti-theology, Criminal Trials, Fiction, from *Manon Lescaut* to George Eliot. Here in the old days the guests were softly welcomed near the tea-urn by one who is no more, but will never be forgotten—Lady Houghton, daughter of Lord Crewe, of whom Leigh Hunt has recorded that 'her smile was like a piece of good news.' Some peculiarities, which might appear as deficiencies, were to be noticed—there were no circulating-library books, so one was driven to sterling literature; and there was no billiard-table, so one had to make the best of a rainy day by a real conversation. As for art, while there was no formal picture-gallery, there was a host of fine family paintings—Reynoldses, Romneys, Gainsboroughs, Lawrences, Hoppners, and Richmonds; some good landscapes besides. Guests would thus arrive at the rate of sixteen or twenty a day, staying the best part of the week; and when they dispersed, with an agreeable recollection of new friendships sown, disjointed ones re-cemented, much fresh knowledge mutually given. Most of the guests had some peculiar charm or attribute to make them especially welcome. The men were highly educated, clever, and generally public characters. The women were always well-bred, and often beautiful.

Simple, pleasant, free from all restraint, was the order of the visitors' day. In the morning they appeared at breakfast when the spirit moved them to quit their bedrooms, taking their places at the little round tables dotted all about the room. The host would stroll from one cluster of breakfasters to another with a low laugh and a book in his hand, the sure sign that they were going to hear something original. 'I have just come round to warn you all,' he said upon one occasion that many will remember, 'that the author of the "Soul's Agonies" and the famous essay on the "Conformation of the Skull of Cleopatra's Grandmother" is coming here this evening, and I have put his works on that table, that you may run your eye over them, and not quote him as an absurdity to himself.' Late in the evening was the divan, when the *esprits forts* met in smoking costume, and lounged or sat cross-legged around with the cigar or cigarette, the hookah or chibouque. Politics and theology were fully but amicably brought on the *tapis ;* and when Lord Houghton himself related his political experiences he became historical. Tales of travel were told by the travellers themselves, Swinburne declaimed his earliest, and, it may be, his best verses; and wit was free.

The names of some of the more distinguished visitors during a period of eighteen years may be briefly recalled. In August 1859, soon after Monckton Milnes had become proprietor, there met at Fryston, Mansfield Parkyns of Abyssinia; Robert Curzon

of the Monasteries; Richard Burton, just returned from discovering the Lake Tanganyika, Central Africa; Petherick of Khartoum; Sir Charles Macarthy, who rose from a friendless student of theology in the English College at Rome to be Governor of Ceylon; W. E. Forster, then a man of business in the North Riding, now an ex-Cabinet Minister, and a possible future leader of the Liberal party; and other travellers in distant fields and in many paths of practical and ideal life. In October 1860 Lord Palmerston halted at Fryston for some days in his triumphant Yorkshire progress. In July 1861 the Orleans Princes thence attended the great agricultural show at Leeds. In November of that year Mr. Adams, the American Minister, while inspecting the ruins of Pontefract Castle with Mr. Froude the historian, received the telegram announcing the capture of Mason and Slidell, and with characteristic coolness remained quietly at Fryston for several days until he got authentic intelligence. In April 1863 Thackeray, looking out of the dining-room window, remarked a large elm-tree that had fallen in the night, and put his hand to his head, saying, 'That is ominous,' though his death did not follow till some months later. In October 1863 there was a party for the British Archæological Association at Leeds, over which Lord Houghton presided, when Planché wrote those capital lines, 'A Literary Squabble,' in which the vowels contend for pronunciation of the name, whether it should follow 'through,' or 'ought,'

or 'rough,' or 'dough,' or 'plough,' deciding in favour of the last; for

> 'Even "enough" was called "enow,"
> P l o u g h was "plow,"
> And no one who preferred enough
> Would dream of saying "speed the pluff."'

In 1864 came Vambéry, who afterwards dedicated his *History of Bokhara* to Lady Houghton, and General Todleben. A few hours before the latter arrived Lord Houghton had said, 'He will perhaps think that he ought not to smoke in his room, so I will have a preparatory cloud blown in it.' The delicate attention was fully appreciated; for the General cried out, with evident satisfaction, 'Ah, alors on peut fumer ici!' In 1865 Mr. Swinburne read his new poem, *Chastelard*, to the Rev. F. D. Maurice and Dr. Vaughan in Lord Houghton's library, when in reply to a question of Mr. Maurice whether he had ever known so wicked a woman as Mary, the bard replied sorrowfully, 'Too many.' Thomas Carlyle on his way to Edinburgh, and on the brink of the great sorrow of his life, Huxley, Tyndall, and Thirlwall Bishop of St. David's, Lord Houghton's tutor at Trinity College, Cambridge, to whose teaching he attributes his chief mental characteristics, were visitors in 1866. Later in the same year came Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, on their return from Africa, who helped to put out a dangerous fire in the centre of the house; a mishap premonitory of the graver disaster which was to occur.

In 1869 Lady Houghton's health began to fail, and the family went abroad for a while, but returned in 1870, and had the pleasure of showing the Emperor of Brazil, *more suo*, over one of their coal-mines at seven o'clock in the morning.

Five years later came the fire, which renders it necessary to speak of the Fryston Hall whose name will live in the records of English society, as well as English literature, in the past tense. *Fuit Ilium;* and though the building itself is in process of restoration, the pictures by the old masters, the rare collection of books and ancient MSS. in every tongue, from every quarter of the globe, whose collection, distribution, and arrangement were Lord Houghton's hobby and pride, whose contents he had mastered and stowed away in his brain, have been for the most part lost or dispersed.

This and the affliction he sustained in the death of Lady Houghton are the two hard blows which the lord of Fryston Hall can allege against Fate that he has received. His career from the first has, with these exceptions, to couple the mensurable with the incommensurable bereavements, been almost unique in its unbroken success, prosperity, and brilliance. Yet there was a time when at least one authority would have declined to draw such a horoscope of Monckton Milnes's future. When he was a lad in Rome, he confided to a lady eminent in Roman society his ambition to shine in the Roman world. She looked down at the young man, shy and sensitive,

blushing and awkward, and informed him with a smile that he had better abandon the idea. Years passed away; the boy had travelled, had entered Parliament, had become the author of the *Memorial of a Tour in Greece*, *Poems of Many Years*, *Palm Leaves*, and other works of poetry, memoir, and travel; had developed into a cultivated and useful man of the world; had taken his part in the political movements of his time; had made his ten-o'clock breakfasts, his quarter-to-nine dinners, and his subsequent receptions talked about, not only in London, but throughout Europe. He happened to meet the queen of Roman fashion who had predicted his failure in the seven-hilled city. Mr. Milnes went up to her, took a stool, and sat at her feet. Having asked after her health, he looked up quietly, as if resuming a conversation of yesterday, and said, 'You see, Lady ——, I have carried out my idea in London, and with some success.'

XV.

MR. SANTLEY AT ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

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As a trim damsel opens the door of Mr. Santley's house, hard by the church in which the late Mr. Bellew achieved fame as a pulpit-orator, the voice of the great baritone strikes full upon the ear with that G for which he is celebrated. At home Mr. Santley is as much unlike Danny Man as it is possible to imagine: a strongly built man, broad and deep chested, with a very low shirt-collar and a loosely knotted wisp of silk round his bull-neck, clad not in gorgeous dressing-gown, but in a short velvet coat of sporting cut. Not one of the languidly ornamental order of beings, but a blue-eyed, fresh-coloured, vigorous Lancashire lad—a very Englishman to look upon, albeit his accent—as is not uncommon with Liverpudlians—betrays traces of Hibernian influence. Across his powerful chest meanders a heavy silver chain, with a lump of lapis lazuli at one end and at the other a mighty silver watch, like those worn by railway guards, and weighing half a pound or thereabouts. All men have had their cherished fancy, their pet ambition. Mr. Santley looked forward to the possession of a huge watch. During his brilliant

career he has acquired several specimens of horological art, but was never truly happy till he made his recent purchase, which completely realises the dream of his childhood. On this bright morning he is hard at work—exercising his memory and his lungs—rolling cascades of sound out of his muscular throat—rattling his fingers over the keys of a Collard's grand pianoforte—and watching the methodical tick of the metronome. For this instrument he entertains a profound affection, and invariably falls back upon it when the rhythm of a new melody appears to leave something to be desired. To Mr. Santley—educated in the good old exact school of opera—time is the sheet-anchor of song. Before dreaming of graces of expression, he is careful that exact time, and consequently perfect rhythm, shall be secured. From his severe standpoint he looks upon a correct interpretation of the composer's meaning as the first duty of the singer. This honestly fulfilled, it is time enough to think about expression —that pitfall of young artists, who, over-anxious to produce the maximum of effect with the minimum of study, are but too apt to lose sight of the composer altogether. Solo-singing in concerts and drawing-rooms has a tendency to exalt the executant at the expense of the creator. The former is master of the situation, and provided he makes his points and brings out the best note of his voice, whether it be set down for him or not, may take liberties with the score without suffering, except from the gradual

deterioration of style brought about by free-and-easy rendition. With the operatic singer it is far otherwise. He has to think of others as well as of himself, and must keep his genius within certain limits. The study of a prominent part in an opera or oratorio involves a knowledge of the whole, and consequently many hours of hard work and patient attention to the business of interpretation.

Those who listen to operatic music have little idea of the anxious hours which precede the production of a new piece, and the careful attention to general effect which is an indispensable qualification of an operatic singer. Mr. Santley is one of the hardest workers and quietest livers in his profession. Like many other successful men he has found that success means increased work—that the position achieved by infinite labour can only be held on similar conditions—and has wisely *pris son parti.* He may be said to live in his profession and his family. There is not the faintest aroma of Bohemia in his pretty house in Upper Hamilton-terrace. All is quiet, orderly, and calm—not to say business-like. Perhaps the love of method which has led Mr. Santley to convert one room of his house into an office, with huge oaken desk in the centre, was imbibed during his early days in a Liverpool counting-house, but whether from temperament or habit he is exact in all his dealings. To his office he betakes himself early in the morning; and surrounded by a bust of Fechter, portraits of the late Henry Phillips,

of Rubinstein, and other lights of the musical and dramatic world, he gets through his correspondence with commendable punctuality. Then, unless due at rehearsal, he works steadily at home till one or two o'clock—voice, pianoforte, and metronome all in full blast. Then comes the hygienic part of the programme—a walk to Hampstead—to expand lungs hungry to exchange the atmosphere of the theatre for the fresh breeze of the Heath.

But as Care sits behind the horseman, so does Work follow the pedestrian. The long morning has been passed in mastering the work of the future—the new opera in course of rehearsal; but the impression made by novel airs must be, as it were, washed out of the mind, and the music of that particular evening brought vividly before it. Hence, after the first sharp walk is over and the pace becomes *adagio*, the opera in actual work is mentally gone through from beginning to end, and notes are made for polishing here and there. To the walk succeeds dinner, a welcome rite to an appetite whetted by work mental and physical. It is an early dinner—as that of a singer must necessarily be—and of good but simple materials, moistened with a sparing allowance of wine. After dinner is the interval for digestion, enlivened by reading of a miscellaneous kind. Mr. Santley is well acquainted with the principal modern languages, and is, moreover, a lover of the exact sciences. Chemistry and mathematics appear at the first glance odd amusements for a great singer and an excellent

actor, but Mr. Santley finds much comfort in these pursuits. He is, however, no fanatical lover of science, and gives history and romance a fair share of attention. When he feels especially fresh and vigorous he settles down to a spell at Thomas Carlyle, for whose genius he entertains unbounded admiration. At night work sets in again; the excitement of appearing before the public must be gone through; and then comes the quiet drive home, the modest supper of macaroni or tripe and onions, a cigar, and rest.

It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Santley took kindly to dramatic music, for his youthful ambition was to be, not a singer, but an actor—a bent vigorously combated by his father, Mr. William Santley, sometime organist in the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown's chapel at Liverpool. Forbidden to think of music, much less the stage, as a profession, the son nevertheless learned his music-lessons well, and in an elocution class struggled to overcome his natural nervousness, but for a long while could not get through the simplest recitation without breaking down in abject fashion. The boy, who was to grow into an operatic singer of marvellous *aplomb*, once failed ignominiously in an attempt to spout Bishop Heber's well-known lines. At the conclusion of his education at Queen's College, Liverpool, he was set to pore over ledgers and vex his soul with the minutiæ of business. As his voice ripened, he became a member of a musical association called the 'Società

Armonica,' organised by a veteran violoncello player, Mr. Joseph Liedl, who at last induced the organist to allow his son, then a very good amateur, to go to Italy to finish his musical education. There he fell into excellent hands. His master, Signor Gaetano Nava, was one of the good old 'solid' school of Lablache and Rubini, who utterly abjured the hot-house system of instruction. He was accustomed to compare the young vocalists—pushed rapidly on to the lyric stage before they had half mastered their profession—to Jonah's gourd, and fairly lost his temper when he saw a veritable mudlark taken out of the Arno and brought before the public in six months, to the no small detriment of a voice of magnificent range and power. Like Mr. Henry Phillips, he thought three months not too long to spend in studying a song, and drilled his pupils with tremendous thoroughness.

Thanks to the teaching of Signor Nava and his own industry, Mr. Santley first sang publicly in opera at Pavia, during the Carnival of 1856-7. His first appearance was not calculated to elate the English baritone to any dangerous extent. The opera produced was that since-forgotten work, *Lamberto Malatesta*. It is perhaps hardly fair to say it is forgotten, for it was never known—literally never heard. It may be roughly described a *coup d'essai* altogether. The book was written by a student, the music was composed by a student, the opera was performed by students, and the audience was made up of the same

merely 'promising' material. No more complete *fiasco* was ever seen. Amid a chorus of catcalls and Homeric shouts of laughter the curtain descended on the ill-fated *Lamberto Malatesta*, brought to a premature conclusion, to the derangement of the Pavia opera season and the funds of Mr. Santley, who found himself shortly afterwards in Milan with a purse as light as his heart. Here he was working hard, studying and singing in public at the Santa Redegonda Theatre, when the late Mr. Chorley suddenly turned up. This gentleman was well acquainted with Mr. Santley's family, and taking a strong interest in the young singer, advised him to return to England at once. Armed with a letter of introduction, he presented himself to Mr. Hullah, was received with the grand courtesy natural to that master, and told that 'he had got a great deal more out of Italy than most people, but had yet much to learn.' Mr. Santley appropriately commenced his English career with the part of Adam in the oratorio of the *Creation*. After singing for a while at St. Martin's Hall and at the Crystal Palace, he was engaged by the Sacred Harmonic Society, and sang at the usual round of concerts until he commenced regular operatic work with the Pyne and Harrison Company in 1859; since when his comings and goings—in the Old and New World—have been written with a bold hand in operatic history.

Married to a daughter of Mr. John Mitchell Kemble, the son of Charles Kemble, Mr. Santley

delights in filling his house with memorials of the theatre. The very pictures on the walls are the work of histrionic draughtsmen. He is the happy possessor of an excellent water-colour drawing, 'Great Expectations'—an old woman watching a very little sprout planted in a pot of enormous dimensions, the work of that inimitable and overflowing humorist, the veteran John Parry—and is also proud of a series of pen-and-ink sketches of maritime subjects by Junca, a basso of the good old legitimate school, who, after graduating in the French marine, turned, like a continental Dibdin, to the lyric stage. Signor Junca, a clever 'all-round' man, is endowed with perhaps the warmest heart, the worst temper, and the greatest appetite in the profession. When a student at the Conservatoire, he shocked the trim waiter at Véfour's by ordering a simple breakfast of six *pieds de cochon*, and maddened that much-enduring man by asking for bread till his patience was exhausted, and then throwing a *carafon* at his head, to the damage, not of the head of the said *garçon*, but of one of Véfour's mirrors. Mr. Santley has also a capital water-colour sketch, of a sunny nook on the Lago Maggiore, by Mr. Lyall, the comic tenor of Mr. Carl Rosa's company, and three more ambitious efforts of Mr. William Glover of the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, who paints his own scenery, presents water-colour drawings to his friends, and, like that rising young actor, Mr. Forbes Robertson, devotes all the time he can spare from the stage to the studio. At the end of the garden in St. John's Wood is the

evidence of another 'fancy'—a crowd of fowls of choice breed, ornamental and useful in keeping the house supplied with new-laid eggs. In this, as in his other tastes, Mr. Santley is an Englishman indeed; having throughout his life steadily set his face against all attempts to Italicise or even to Gallicise him. He actually was proof against the blandishments of Colonel Mapleson, who strove hard to impose upon him the name of 'Santelli,' and failing therein, pleaded piteously for 'Monsieur' instead of 'Mr.;' but in this case the eloquence of the colonel was lost, and the Lancashire lad remains plain Charles Santley unto this day.

XVI.

M. GAMBETTA IN THE CHAUSSEE D'ANTIN.

M. GAMBETTA IN THE CHAUSSÉE D'ANTIN.

M. Gambetta's recent change of residence may be taken as one of the chief signs of a change in his manner of strengthening his influence with his party and the country. When he lived in the Rue Montaigne the ex-Dictator was before all things the parliamentary chief; and his residence was in what may be called the semi-official quarter. He was within a stone's throw of the Ministry of the Interior, and consequently quite near the Elysée—too near it considering the disposition shown by its successive residents for the perpetration of *coups d'état.* An order for the arrest of the great leader of the Left could have been executed in ten minutes if the agents had found him at home. In the Rue Montaigne he lived very simply; he lives very simply still; but then it was the simplicity of a party chief who has but a very distant prospect of power. There was room in his apartment for himself and a few select visitors; but its tenant had evidently not arrived at that stage of the housekeeping of greatness which obliges a man to have open doors for the human race. His secretary alone stood between him and his acquaintance; and

the antechamber was so small that it was impossible for the occupant of the adjoining room to say that he was not at home without the greatest risk of being overheard.

Gambetta has now become a great journalist as well as a great parliamentary leader. In truth, journalism offers him a still better field than the Chamber for the display of those qualities of guidance in which he excels. He has the Italian genius for combination, and that demands for its free exercise a mode of working which does not necessarily betray the author of the work. M. Gambetta is one of the few writers in Paris who never put their names to a line. The *République Française* is known to be his organ, but no one can distinguish his articles from those with which he may be supposed to have a general sympathy, and he can thus often hit his hardest without enabling his antagonists to identify the author of the blow. They are struck—as he himself was struck, in another fashion, at St. Lazare a year or two ago—by one in a crowd, but by which one it is impossible to say.

He has followed his journal and made his home under the same roof—followed it to nurse its latest offspring, the *Petite République Française*, which came to life in 1877. The offices are in the Chaussée d'Antin, and the virtual director-in-chief lives on the premises. But, although he has his own rooms, he may more accurately be said to share those appropriated to his infant charge. He is with the paper

all the earlier part of the day, and he returns to it again after he has taken his walks abroad. The great *salle de rédaction* is virtually his drawing-room, a use for which it seems to have been originally designed. Here, at one vast table, sit the writers who are associated with him in the undertaking, and who are always ready to cover his responsibility with their own. They are physically a 'fine body of men,' and that fact, it is well known, counts for something in the composition of a French newspaper staff. The journalism of Paris, in particular, is still journalism militant; and many a smooth-spoken person who calls at the Chaussée d'Antin may be suspected to have come to have a look at a man who has written an article against him before asking him to fight. That first impression can hardly be an unfavourable one for the person observed: the Radicalism of Paris is always scrupulously well-dressed. It is in the traditions of the faith that all should be meet and seemly in the vestments of its priesthood. The writers who came forward to testify against Pierre Bonaparte at the historic trial that presaged the fall of the Empire would have been positive dandies but for a too general fondness for the wearing of black in the daytime, incompatible with our notions of the habits of the order. Their gloves, if not their writings, were without blemish, and the violence of their opinions was not betrayed by the faintest want of order in the arrangement of their ties. The men who work under M. Gambetta are as these, due allowance

being made for the fact that they are not in the witness-box every day, and that necessarily on all but the most solemn occasions their coquetry of neatness is laid aside.

The ex-Dictator's room, the room in which he is more truly at home than in any other in the house, seems to be little better than a former passage converted to its present use. It is almost as sparely furnished as the cell of one of the monkish transcribers of the Middle Ages—a writing-table, a case of books, a chair for himself, a chair for a visitor, and that is all. Judge of the man's character by these surroundings, and you would say that he had a horror of the superfluous, and you would not be wrong. His Republic, when he has fashioned it in his own way, will not be the *République aimable* of M. Jules Simon, but the *République méthodique*. His disposition is shown in the appearance of his work-table. He has no litter of pamphlets, books, manuscripts, about him, although he receives some dozens of them by every post. You see the sheet of paper on which he is now writing, his pen and the inkstand; but all that he has written or read in the past is neatly stowed away, either here or in an adjoining room, with as much precision as if it belonged to the *dossiers* of the department of police. If he preserves but a tenth of what he receives, no other private collection can be so rich in *mémoires pour servir* relating to the history of his own time. The extent of his political information at first hand is wonderful. He

seems to know everything needful to a leader of parties in regard to the state of the commerce, the finances, the military strength, and the political opinion of France. He is as well served by his unpaid agents as the Government by its prefects—better indeed, for the former have no inducement to deception. They need not communicate with him unless they have something to say; and, as they are under no responsibility for the political movements of the districts with which they are acquainted, they escape the temptation to misrepresent them. It would be, of course, an exaggeration to say that he is never wrong in his forecast of the issues of a great question; but he has so often been right that he is at present about the best political 'tip' in France. If his inmost thought on the new crisis could be revealed, business men might with confidence speculate on the announcement. He does not, indeed, conceal it from those whom he knows he can trust; but, on principle, he only opens his lips on the subject on the condition of perfect secrecy in the hearer. He is a statesman and a journalist: if the general public wish to know his views in the one character, let them listen to his speeches; if in the other, let them read his paper. The *on dits* in regard to his unpublished opinions are, as a rule, to be received with extreme caution, as the mere fact of their being put into circulation tends to convict the person who reports them either of a direct breach of confidence or of deliberate invention. Interviewers may therefore spare themselves

the trouble of intruding on his privacy, for Gambetta is not to be drawn.

The prime characteristic of his appearance and manner is robustness. With his burly build he is something of a Danton in frame; his voice is loud, clear, and decisive, and both its accents and the substance of his talk give you the impression—always invigorating to those who are looking to another for their cue—that he is strong enough to disdain *finesse*. Yet it would, perhaps, be more accurate to say that he is strong enough to disdain the appearance of it—the effect is the same for the majority of mankind. He is really, if one might go behind immediate appearances and judge by what one knows of his past, a politician as *rusé* as Bismarck or as the late M. Thiers; only he differs from the latter (and resembles the former) in not flaunting his astuteness before the world. M. Thiers at first mistook the purport of this reserve, and was even disposed to think that there was nothing to be hid. His estimate of Gambetta as a *fou furieux* may continue to serve party purposes in this generation, but in the next it will be seen to be wholly wrong. Its author virtually admitted his error by staking his chance for the next Presidency on the support of the man he so rashly condemned. Grossly as he blundered, however, he was out only by a word, and by hardly so much as a sound. Gambetta is certainly no *fou furieux;* but call him a *faux furieux* (*pour le bon motif*), and you will not be far wrong. There is infinitely more dif-

ference between the two, it may be observed, than between tweedledum and tweedledee. A *faux furieux*, in the sense in which it is now applied to him in a political *salon* in which he is always most warmly received, is one who keeps a cool head for the guidance of a warm heart—one who, without being an actor, has his passion under command, and who knows when the time has come to let it loose, and when and how to stop it in its full course. M. Bonnet Duverdier, for an instance to the contrary, is very decidedly not a *faux furieux*, though the other appellation might suit him to a nicety whenever the ex-Dictator's enemies consent to divert it from its present use. Feeling wrath with the Marshal, he spluttered out an absurd accusation about cowardice and cunning at Sedan. M. Gambetta is at least as angry with the head of the State as the President of the Municipal Council, but he takes care to set both of them a perfect example of discretion. He thunders at him in his paper, as from the tribune; but while his every word on the subject is a masterpiece of eloquent denunciation, he takes care to say nothing to put himself in the wrong. Your *faux furieux*, indeed, are your only successful rulers of men: there must be passion; or how will you touch the feelings, the imagination of the mass, and obtain your motive power? There must be the predominant policy; or how are you to direct that power to an end? The two qualities are natural growths of Gambetta's mind; for you cannot be with him five minutes

without finding one and the other appear. When you catch fire from his own enthusiasm, he is ready to put you out in an instant by some cold *douche* of fact or calculation which you have not taken into account.

His character has of course been largely modified by circumstances since first he came before the world. The change is shown in his social habits quite as much as in those of public life. The author of one of the best accounts of his earlier days ever written —a period to which the personal knowledge of the present writer does not extend—has told us how the young Gambetta used to employ his somewhat too abundant leisure before he was known to fame. He has taken us into the famous Café Procope to show us 'a dark Italian-blooded young Frenchman, blind with one eye, not over well-dressed, but with a voice as sounding as brass. It was the magic of the man, this voice. When silent he looked insignificant enough, but once he began to speak the rather Bohemian crew of friends around him woke to admiration. The desultory customers scattered about the other tables would prick their ears, and the landlord would hurry up in a scared fashion to beg the impetuous orator to speak lower, because— And here a whisper. But he with the ringing voice would shrug his shoulders at the "because," even when there was M. Pietri's name tacked on to it. He held the evening newspaper in his hands with the report of a speech delivered by some one of that twenty-

three — say Jules Favre or Ernest Picard — who breasted in the Corps Législatif the mob of M. Rouher's blatant henchmen; and until the speech had been read through from end to end, with sonorous bravos at the telling points, there was no stopping him with dread of eavesdroppers. Then, when the paper was laid down, more drinking of beer would ensue than perhaps the matter strictly required, and the young barrister would blaze out into flashing comments on what he had read, adding what *he* would do and say if the chances were afforded him. Nor did his Bohemian friends smile at this. Each man among them felt in himself that limitless confidence which impecuniosity begets, and they were also firmly persuaded that if their companion could only find the opportunity, he would soon set men's tongues rattling about him.'

The famous *café* knows Gambetta no more, and the Bohemia of law and letters has to mourn a personal loss in what has been the gain of all the rest of France. He is in a new *couche sociale*, it was inevitable; and when he goes out now it is among those whose position, while it still permits them to aspire, also enables them to act. He is not at all narrow in his preferences; and he is as often to be met in a house in which he runs a risk of encountering his most vicious antagonist, M. Paul de Cassagnac, on the threshold, as in those of his own political set. It is good for both of them, for, if it does not bring them together in speech, it compels each to learn to

listen to what the other has to say. When a charming woman presides over a drawing-room debate, there is no need of a President's bell. Those who have derived their chief knowledge of M. Gambetta from intercourse of this kind declare with satisfaction that he is a patriot, a very decided patriot, and, by consequence, not at all a cosmopolitan in sentiment —that his first thought is for France, and that he is a good deal less concerned for the welfare of her neighbours than most others of his school. This trait of common sense, perhaps, may be due to his familiarity with Englishmen and English modes of thought. In all that he has taken from us, however, he has not been a blind receiver of good things; our system of decentralisation, for instance, is but one of many benefits for which it would be difficult to induce him to hold out his hand.

XVII.

FATHER IGNATIUS AT LLANTHONY.

FATHER IGNATIUS AT LLANTHONY.

Perched on a sloping ridge of one of the Black Mountains of Monmouthshire, twelve miles from Abergavenny, the nearest post-town, and three miles above the ruins of Llanthony Priory, supposed to have been founded by St. David, are a couple of buildings, unimposing to a stranger's eye, but interesting from the fact that the barn-like tenement is the home, and the stone church the shrine, of the Protestant monks of the Papist Order of St. Benedict.

Winding, steep, and picturesque is the pathway through these hills; it is rarely trodden, for, save a few unprofitable-looking farmsteads, no human habitation cheers the landscape for miles. Leaving the ruins in the valley to the right, the way becomes steeper and still more rugged, shelving rapidly down to a shallow trout-stream which can be heard gurgling and dancing a hundred feet below. Up three miles of incline, the road meandering through the spurs of lofty cloud-capped hills, the traveller will at last perceive two lonely edifices on the left. The larger, built of white stone, is decorated according to modern notions of ecclesiastical propriety; the

smaller consists of two stories, and does duty for the monastery over whose inhabitants Father Ignatius rules as Abbot.

A bull-terrier of doubtful temper is crouching in front of the door. You make advances towards her, but she evidently is not partial to nineteenth-century costume, and seems impatient to test its quality with her teeth. Luckily, however, her growls bring some one to the door, which is presently opened by an individual in monk's dress, but with a rich black beard flowing down his chest. Just a symptom of interest in the world escapes him in a glance of surprise at the sight of a stranger, and the stalwart brother is again as imperturbable as becomes every well-conducted Benedictine.

'You wish to see the Reverend Father? He is engaged just at present in church. You may wait here or join in the service; the church-door is open.'

A dozen yards separate the two houses. Inside the sacred one the sweet voices of some half dozen young boys are raised in praise; the air is fragrant with incense, and the altar is ablaze with the flare of wax-lights and the glamour of gold. Presently the service concludes with a benediction; the acolytes file out; the monks, save one who remains in prayer before the altar, silently follow; and Father Ignatius, accoutred in costly and glittering vestments, is willing to receive the unbidden guest. Suave, dignified, impressive, this nineteenth-century monk recalls none

of the impressions of portly, smug, and well-fed recluses of romance. Of medium height and slender build, the Abbot of Llanthony appears at once what he is—the enthusiast and the ascetic. The face is finely chiselled, the mouth is firm, the forehead is broad and high, and the eyes are bright and winning. A strange and subtle fascination seems to emanate from him, a fascination to which both gentle and simple are subject. The stranger is attracted less by the sparkling intelligence of his eyes than by the persuasive mellowness of his voice.

'I shall be happy to give you any information about our monastery that you require,' he answers to a few introductory words; 'but excuse me for a few minutes until I have changed my vestments.'

Following the individual with a black beard, you wade through a swamp of mud—for the rain falls almost every day in the Black Mountains—and enter a humble cottage consisting of one apartment paved with stone. Close to a scanty fire the visitor is invited to rest. In a few minutes the Abbot appears, no longer rich in embroidered apparel and gold, but clad in the dark orthodox frock gathered round the waist by a cord, sandals on his feet, and his crown shorn of all but a slight circular fringe of black hair.

'You must be hungry, my friend, after your ride,' is his remark on entering. 'We are not in the habit of receiving visitors, and our larder is ill-stocked; but what we have I hope you will accept.'

A loaf and a substantial cheese are presently laid

upon the deal table, a bottle of 'Cooper' is emptied into a mug, and are all three satisfactorily discussed in due course.

'Your life is lonely here, father, I suppose; at all events neighbours are scarce.'

'We have chosen this spot as the remotest that we could find from the ways and doings of men,' answers the father. 'We are dead to the world, its aspirations and its passions. We devote our time to frequent praise, to continual intercession for the divine blessing upon the Church, the world, and especially for the conversion of sinners. The altar you have just seen is never without a monk kneeling in prayer before it, and the divine result of prayer is the aim and object of our being.'

'But how do you reconcile monastic life with the doctrine of the Church of England, which you profess?'

'Ah,' returns the Abbot, with a gentle smile, 'the question respecting monasterism is not, what does the world or the age we live in think of it, but what does the Christian religion teach. The monastic or solitary life has always existed in the Church, and the Christian religion, by the mouths of her teachers and saints, has declared it to be the highest, holiest, best, and most useful. Our Saviour lived thirty-three years on earth, out of which He spent thirty in seclusion, hidden, unknown among the hills of Galilee. Only three did He spend in active life, going about doing good. The monastic life is divine Chris-

tianity, the secular life is human Christianity. There are numbers of souls who, without knowing it, crave and thirst for the calm, gentle, heavenly light of self-conquest, freedom from the restlessness of the age we live in. But where to find it these poor souls know not, and many end their lives in a mad-house for want of a monastery. All men,' continues the Abbot, with a touch of humour, 'are not in love with the nineteenth century; the discoveries of modern science and the development of human thought give neither peace nor content.'

'You call yourselves members of the Order of St. Benedict; pray how can you as Protestants live according to the tenets of the Church of Rome?'

'We do not claim to be part of the Roman Benedictine order,' returns the monk animatedly. 'St. Benedict is *de facto* our legislator; we may therefore not unreasonably regard him as our patron. He gave certain rules of life to the monks who came to him for advice and guidance, which were subsequently adopted by many of the abbots of Europe; and when the saint died, the Pope interfered, stereotyped, as it were, these wise regulations, and constituted them and the monks who followed the rules into an order. We Protestants also follow the rules which he gave forth; we do not profess the same dogma, but we use our days according to his plan.'

Such are the arguments by which Father Ignatius justifies a position which, at the present time, is sufficiently secure from aggression and insult. Since the

year 1870, when the present site of the monastery was secured, the monks have enjoyed privations enough; but they have placed themselves sufficiently far from 'the busied hum of men' to escape the persecution, ridicule, and calumny which overtook them at Norwich and elsewhere. A tourist visiting Abergavenny will occasionally ride as far as Llanthony Priory; but to the monastery three miles farther up the mountains, the most inquisitive of excursionists does not desire to penetrate. Thus it is that, in their new home, the monks and their Abbot remain undisturbed.

Born in 1837, Joseph Leycester Lyne received his early education at St. Paul's School; but, owing to ill-health, at the age of fifteen, was sent to a private tutor in the country. With the Rev. G. Wright young Lyne remained till he was nineteen, when he entered as divinity student at Trinity Theological College, in Scotland; and two years later was employed by the Bishop of Moray, at Inverness, as catechist. From the very outset of his career, Joseph Lyne made no secret of his High Church views; the first sermon he ever preached was at once unconventional and, to many who listened to it, alarming. Zealous in his cause and indefatigable in his exertions, Lyne converted many members of the Presbyterian flock to the communion of the Episcopal Church. The secessions at once caused a stir, and the bishop was induced to withdraw the young enthusiast's license. From Inverness he removed to

Glen Urquhart, where a year was spent with the Camerons of Lakefield, who had built a church upon their own estate. Here again Presbyterian wrath was excited, for the Highlanders of the Glen preferred the fervid eloquence of Joseph Lyne to the calmer reasoning of the ministers. So the deacons of the Free Kirk held a session, another disturbance was raised, and the bishop withdrew the preaching license for the second time. In December 1862, however, the future monk was ordained deacon in Wells Cathedral on the condition that, as a non-university man, he should remain deacon three years, and should not preach in the diocese of Exeter until he received priest's orders. A curacy at Plymouth was subsequently given him, and it was at this town that the first means were offered him for forming a religious association. This brotherhood was called the 'Society of the Love of Jesus,' and was protected by the famous Miss Sellon, who gave the brethren an empty house in which to hold their meetings.

'From early boyhood,' the Abbot will tell you, 'I always felt a restless discontent at everything worldly. I used to cry in solitude for greater nearness to the Deity. I tried to imitate the early Christians in many ways, and this impulse led me to the Ritualists, because their churches were always open. But there I was dissatisfied; for beneath the outward form there was so much fashion and worldliness, I should have been better pleased if they had been Quakers. In fact I gradually grew into feeling that

to have the joy of living for "Jesus only"—which, by the bye, is the motto of our community—I must break with the world entirely. Sisterhoods had been formed, but theirs was the human Christianity which did not satisfy me. Years passed on. It was a long time before the idea came to me of the secluded life of the monk. I began to read the lives of the old saints of the desert, and the records of the monks of old. This was what I wanted, but it was a vision of the long-vanished past. I found that I had not the chance of finding refuge in such a life unless I left the Church of England. This I made up my mind I could not do; for in spite of the Reformation she has continued to be the Catholic Church of this land.'

At the age of four- or five-and-twenty, after a serious illness had necessitated a change of air and a visit to the Continent, Joseph Lyne took the vow and habit of a monk. For six months he worked in the mission at St. George's in the East, and subsequently took up his abode at Claydon Rectory, Suffolk, where Mr. Drury, the rector, offered him and several of the brethren a temporary home. Thence the order was removed into Norfolk, where the monks were persecuted and charged with all manner of misdemeanours.

'Ah,' says Father Ignatius, with a sigh, 'Satan was very busy at Norwich; he sent some dreadful characters as novices, who deceived and robbed me. I was young and inexperienced *then*.'

The occupations of the monks of Llanthony are

scarcely varied enough to escape becoming monotonous—work other than certain menial labour incidental to a large establishment is practically unknown. Prayer, meditation, and occasional exercise of a lady-like kind on the hill-slopes—the monks are forbidden to run—are the only recreation permitted to the English Benedictines. Twice a year the Abbot leaves Llanthony to gather funds for the monastery by preaching.

'We are poor, very poor,' he will tell you; 'at the present moment we have only a few pounds by us, and they must last us for as many weeks. When I go into the world, my order forbids me accepting hospitality; I may not enter a friend's house unless to visit the sick. My addresses usually attract large audiences, and we live solely upon the proceeds. My own little fortune, some ten thousand pounds, was delivered over to the order years ago. London,' continues the father regretfully, 'used to afford us means of subsistence; devout people are scarcer now. Liverpool is the town on which we depend for much support; Brighton is also favourable to our order. Lately, within the last few months, our church has been completed; and the magnificent altar-piece, of Belgian and Irish marbles, has at a considerable cost been dragged up these hills and erected where you have seen it. At the present moment another cloister is being built to contain ten new cells. The expense of these additions is being borne by some charitable persons in the metropolis.'

In reply to a question as to whether many candidates for monasterism present themselves, Father Ignatius observes:

'In the course of the year I have many applications from men of all classes in life. I never encourage any one to become a monk: I rather throw difficulties in his way; for since our experiences at Norwich, I have ceased to actively advocate the advantages of the life we lead. As we are dead to the world, so must those who desire to join us seek us out. When a novice first enters the monastery, we do our best to disgust him. He is employed in the most menial offices. He must scrub and scour the floors, wash the feet of the brethren, and generally become a domestic drudge. At the end of six months he is free to leave us. Most novices do so, weary of the work and worn out by vigils and fasting. If, however, the applicant still wish to become a monk, he enters a second novitiate of twelve months, during which period his menial duties are lightened. At the expiration of the year he is free to return to the world; but if he still continues firm in his resolution, he enters into a third period of twelve months, after which he is asked for the last time if he is determined to live for "Jesus only." If he is resolute, he formally takes the three vows of poverty, obedience, and chastity. He lies down upon a bier stretched on the ground, and, covered with a pall, hears the funeral service read over his body. This ceremony concluded, he is dead to the world, and is then led to

the altar and goes through the marriage service by which he is wedded to Christ for ever. If,' continues Father Ignatius, in the most solemn and impressive tone,—'if a monk so wedded to the Saviour should attempt to divorce himself from that holy union or in any way violate his vow, he *knows* there is no mercy for him either on earth or in heaven. He is as certain as I am that his soul will be damned for all eternity.'

The duties of the day at Llanthony Monastery commence at two A.M., when a monk, carrying an enormous wax-candle, enters the cells and dormitories of his slumbering brethren, and summons them to Nocturns with the words 'Benedicamus Domino.' The answer 'Deo gratias' is given by every drowsy Benedictine, who proceeds at once to the church, where the service, consisting of psalms, antiphons, lessons of Scripture, and collects, is immediately commenced. These devotions last until half-past three or four, when Lauds are celebrated. This service concludes with a hymn of which the following verse is a happy specimen:

> 'Our limbs, refreshed with slumber now,
> And sloth cast off, in prayer we bow;
> And while we sing Thy praises dear,
> O Father, be Thou present here.'

About four the brothers retire to rest, until the bell calls them at half-past five to the labours of the day, which are ushered in by Prime, sung at six o'clock. Prime, or the first day-hour, consists of

three psalms, a hymn, and various prayers, which are no sooner concluded than the monks proceed to their cells, wash, make their beds, and subsequently betake themselves to 'meditation,' which is regarded as a discipline for the mind at once wholesome and invigorating. At a quarter before eight the bell rings, and Terce, which lasts about ten minutes, is said, and immediately afterwards the communion service is, as a rule, celebrated by the Abbot. At nine breakfast is served to those who absolutely need refreshment; for the Benedictine rule makes no provision for hungry monks before the noonday meal. Between this hour and Sext, which occurs at twelve, any work that has to be done is performed; and at 12.30 the *cellerarius* serves dinner, which consists of a small portion of meat with vegetables. On Wednesdays, Fridays, and vigils, however, meat is excluded from the fare. During the meal a brother reads aloud from some good book, and eats his dinner alone afterwards. When the thanksgiving after meat has been chanted, the brethren retire to their cells for rest until two o'clock, at which hour the bell rings for Nones, a service resembling Sext and Terce. Afterwards work again, until four P.M., when 'recreation' is allowed. Vespers are sung at six. Tea is served after Vespers; and in the interval between the refection and nine o'clock, the monks confess in turn to the Abbot, who praises or censures them, according to their deserts. Occasionally the brother whose turn it is to arouse the faithful to Nocturns

will oversleep himself; then is the whole day's programme upset, and the Abbot, by way of punishment, will deprive all the monks of their 'recreation.' At nine Compline is said, and no one may address a word to another after the last service of the day is concluded.

Such is the life led by Joseph Leycester Lyne, a man who, if discreetly guided in youth, might have shaped for himself a career more beneficial to humanity than as Abbot of Llanthony. All the acts of his life denote dogged perseverance and an indomitable spirit; and it is difficult to conceive how such an enthusiast could have failed in any useful profession he might have adopted. But the chief characteristics of the man are his intense earnestness, and his profound belief in the usefulness of the life he has chosen. Only twice a year does he appear among men to give lectures and sermons, delivered in a style cleverly calculated to impress the masses. His addresses appeal less to the understanding than to the heart; and it is easy to conceive that his fervid eloquence would be more acceptable and more efficacious in the East-end than in the Temple Church, for instance; more especially as his language, though often nervous and occasionally humorous, is rarely polished, and his reasoning, though subtle, would rarely bear the test of a logical analysis. The service at Llanthony, which is conducted with much pomp and ceremony, it would be difficult for a layman to distinguish from the ritual of Rome. Candles, incense, vestments, are

lavishly used; the elevation of the host is indulged in; the prayers and psalms are chanted in Latin; and auricular confession is a necessity. Yet Father Ignatius insists that the Llanthony Benedictines are members of the Church of England.

XVIII.

MR. DARWIN AT DOWN.

MR. DARWIN AT DOWN.

A GREAT peal of laughter fills the modest house at Down. Not one of those sharp metallic cachinnations which jar on the ear and set the teeth on edge, nor one of those dry wooden rattlings like the crackling of thorns under a pot, nor yet the loud laugh which speaks the vacant mind; but a rich Homeric laugh, round and full, musical and jocund —a laugh to remember. This outburst of merriment proceeds from the recluse of Down, infinitely amused to hear that, while he has been watching the tendrils of the vine and examining the predatory habits of the sundew, our microscope has been focussed upon the great observer himself; that, without going through the preliminary process of pinning him to a cork like a cockchafer, he has been a marked man for some time past; that when he has imagined himself most secure at the pleasant house of his friend Dr. Farr, discussing the light and exhilarating subject of vital statistics, the same penetrating orb was still fixed upon him; that, in the little garden where he cultivates his plants for experiment, 'observation with extended view' was at his

elbow. 'It is better so,' says Mr. Darwin, 'than to be interviewed and harassed with questions which cannot be answered without some appearance of vanity. Moreover it strikes me as not proper that a man should communicate anything to the author of a biographical notice. He should behave as if already dead.' On any subject but himself he is the most free and communicative of living philosophers. Without an atom of scientific jealousy, he is always ready to expound his views, to narrate the result of the delicate experiments on which he is perpetually occupied, and to assist other investigators from the stores of an experience that has ranged over the whole field of natural science, and the conclusions of a mind trained to reason closely on such facts as have been ascertained by actual observation. No naturalist of this or any other time has confined himself more strictly to well-ascertained facts, and devoted more labour to original investigation. The reason of this excessive care is to be found in the keystone of the Darwinian philosophy—*La vérité quand même;* the pursuit of truth through all difficulties, and without regard to consequences.

To this object he has devoted his entire life, saving, of course, the cheerful hours spent in his family-circle—one of the most united and affectionate in England—and with his oldest friends, Sir Joseph Hooker and Professor Huxley. Perhaps no merrier trio of philosophers ever gathered together, and enlivened abstruse subjects with quaint quip and crank;

but neither of his two friends, genial companions though they be, can approach Mr. Darwin's pitch of hilarity. At a droll illustration of Mr. Huxley's, or a humorous doubt insinuated in the musical tones of the President of the Royal Society, the eyes twinkle under the massive overhanging brows, the Socratic head, as Professor Tyndall loves to call it, is thrown back, and over the long white beard rolls out such a laugh as we have attempted to describe. Unfortunately there are moments when Mr. Darwin can enjoy neither scientific investigation nor friendly converse ; when sudden fits of illness, to which he has been subject since his manhood, lay him prostrate for days together. Happily these attacks are only troublesome while they last, and inflict no permanent injury on his powerful frame. The long wakeful periods of convalescence, too, are utilised for observations which require almost constant attention; so that the tables may be said to be turned on disease.

Mr. Darwin, like his friend Sir Joseph Hooker, is an instance of the hereditary transmission of peculiar characteristics. He is the third of his family in direct descent who have been Fellows of the Royal Society. He is the son of Dr. Robert Waring Darwin, F.R.S., and grandson of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, author of the *Botanic Garden*, *Zoonomia*, &c.; and by the mother's side is grandson of Josiah Wedgwood, F.R.S., the celebrated manufacturer of pottery, and founder of the works at Etruria. In

him, however, the artistic element which dominated the Wedgwoods has been almost entirely overshadowed by the scientific instinct which impels man to seek for knowledge for its own sake, without the slightest admixture of interest or ambition. For sculpture or pottery or even for drawing, except as an aid to botanical and zoological pursuits, he cares very little, his collection of pictures being confined to a portrait of old Dr. Darwin and one of Josiah Wedgwood, hanging in his dining-room, and sketches of Sir Joseph Hooker and Professor Huxley in the small study whence have issued the *Origin of Species*, the *Descent of Man*, and a large number of equally valuable but less generally known works on zoology, botany, and geology. It is the fate of Mr. Darwin, like that of many other celebrated men, to be best known by the works to which he would himself hardly assign the highest rank among his many productions.

The popular mind, smitten with a taste for a smattering of science, naturally pounces most eagerly upon those scientific works which approach the borderland of speculation, and has thus done him but scant justice; the hurrying and blundering million not pausing to distinguish between those statements which he puts forward as matters of fact, ascertained, beyond all possibility of doubt, by experiment, and the hypotheses which, with admirable caution, he sometimes bases upon them. This is grossly unfair to the most candid of philosophers, who cares nothing

for his theories, and, as in the well-known case of the bees in the *Origin of Species*, frankly admitted the difficulty of reconciling the phenomena of Nature with his hypothesis of divergence. Thus it is not uncommon to hear persons of supposed scientific taste, who chatter glibly enough about protoplasm and the monad, compare Mr. Darwin's most popular works with the *Vestiges of Creation*, a mere scientific romance, founded on the daring speculations of Lamarck and the nebular theory of Laplace, the famous astronomer, who, when asked by Napoleon why he had not attributed the structure of the universe to one great Architect, is said to have replied that he 'had no occasion to adopt that hypothesis.'

Mr. Darwin's books are founded upon no hasty generalisations from facts collected by others, but on patient and independent observation. Yet so persistent have been his labours that a mere catalogue of them would fill a column of this journal. Since his return from the memorable voyage of the Beagle, he has been constantly present to the scientific world. It was a happy thought of Captain FitzRoy to offer, on setting out in 1831, to give up part of his own cabin to any naturalist who would accompany the ship on her now historic survey. Mr. Darwin had just then taken his degree at Cambridge, his preliminary studies having been made at Shrewsbury School, under Dr. Butler (afterwards Bishop of Lichfield), and then for two years at the University of Edinburgh, when he devoted some time to marine

zoology, and read his first papers before the Plinian Society, on the movement of the ova of *Flustra*. On hearing of Captain FitzRoy's offer, he at once volunteered his services without salary, but on condition that he should have the entire disposal of his collections, all of which he deposited in various public institutions.

His work covers an immense area of thought, extending over zoology, botany, and geology, in each of which he has made the mark of an original and powerful mind, enriched by long research. The bulk of work of this kind conveys but the dimmest idea of the toil involved in the collection of material, and spent in experiment and observation. In actual writing, Mr. Darwin works on a plan of his own, in very short spells—never exceeding a couple of hours—and never commenced until the evidence has been carefully collected, arranged, and duly pondered over.

In one respect, despite his vexatious attacks of illness, Mr. Darwin must be considered a fortunate man. During the whole of his life he has been in easy circumstances, above the toil of earning an income. Unlike many philosophers, he has not had the mortification of spending his best hours in the drudgery of official routine, or the hardly less wearisome task of teaching. He has been enabled to devote his entire time to his favourite pursuits, and since his marriage with his cousin, Miss Emma Wedgwood, has resided at Down, amid the rich and

varied scenery of one of the prettiest parts of Kent. As his numerous family has grown up around him, he has been relieved of all the cares which distract the scientific worker in the heat and turmoil of active life. He leads a truly calm and philosophic existence, unvexed by the contemplation of weekly bills and the signing of cheques. In his wife and family he is especially happy, being spared the pain of degenerate offspring. His eldest son, Mr. William Darwin, is a banker at Southampton; the second, George, took high honours at Cambridge, and is now a Fellow of Trinity; the third, Frank, who has inherited his father's ill-health, acts as his secretary; the fourth, Leonard, is an officer in the Artillery, and distinguished himself as one of the scientific corps sent to observe the transit of Venus; the fifth, Horace, is an excellent mathematician. One married and one unmarried daughter complete a family whose constant care is to relieve its head of all possible trouble or anxiety.

Thus, free from the disturbing influences of the world, he can well afford to treat with admirable good-humour the attacks of scientific opponents, and the jokes of ignorant folk incapable of understanding either his books or himself. When young he pursued field-sports with the combined interest of the hunter and the naturalist; but of late years he has found his chief relaxation in reading the popular novels of the day, feeling, like Auguste Comte, that the scientific bow requires frequent unbending. In

his treatment of books and specimens, he resembles Mr. Carlyle—caring nothing for them when read or thoroughly investigated. His books and plants are always at the service of his friends and neighbours, among whom one of the nearest is Sir John Lubbock. Finally, let it be remembered that Mr. Darwin has exercised no common degree of moral influence on the scientific world. Completely possessed with the idea of absolute truth at all hazards, he abhors tampering with or shaping facts to suit preconceived theories. It is, perhaps, hardly too much to say that no man has exercised a more powerful influence on the study of natural history since Aristotle himself.

XIX.

PRINCE BISMARCK IN THE WILHELM-STRASSE.

PRINCE BISMARCK IN THE WILHELM-STRASSE.

In a few months it will be exactly sixteen years since Prince Bismarck, then simply Herr von Bismarck-Schönhausen, entered for the first time as Prussian Premier the ancient mansion of the Podewils family, in which for decades the Foreign Office had been established. He came straight from Paris, where he had been for a short while Prussian Minister, and fresh from the study of the Napoleonic ideas. Conscious that he was regarded with distrust as the pledged supporter of the unpopular monarchical *régime*, he did not anticipate any very lengthened tenure of his new office, and it was only after a considerable time that he felt himself sufficiently firm in his position to send for his wife and children, whom he had left behind in Paris. Even when he was permanently settled at Berlin, the Minister failed to conciliate the good-will of his countrymen. He marked his sense of their coldness by withdrawing from society, and devoting himself exclusively to the discharge of official duties and the education of his children. Possibly to this period of retirement may be

attributed his indifference to public opinion and bitterness of humour. A change, however, was to come. After the war of 1865, Bismarck found himself the idol of the people, and altered his mode of life accordingly. He flung open his *salons*, which no longer sufficed for his requirements. Some years later the adjoining palace of Prince Radziwill was acquired, at a high price, as a temporary residence of Prince Bismarck during the restoration of the Foreign Office, and here it may be that he will ultimately fix his permanent abode. For the present, however, his home is still at No. 76 of the aristocratic Wilhelmstrasse.

A century ago, when Berlin was surrounded by walls which continued to exist until about 1860, the upper portion of the Wilhelmstrasse was the quarter of the town chiefly affected by ministers and diplomatists. Bismarck's residence, lying exactly halfway between the Leipziger and Wilhelmstrasse, is a one-storied building, devoid of every external ornament. The frontage is extensive, and embraces about twelve windows. The entrance to the house is on the right-hand side. After having crossed through the large portico, one arrives at a staircase, symbolically guarded by two sphinxes' heads. On the ground-floor are the official bureaus, and upstairs the private rooms, of the Chancellor. These apartments, furnished at the beginning of the century, consisting of a large dancing-room over the gateway and four large drawing-rooms, reserved for the reception of guests and other social purposes,

look out upon the street. The large lofty library or study of the Chancellor is situated at the back, and commands a view of the magnificent garden. Since Bismarck left intercourse with foreign diplomatists to Baron Bülow, the Secretary of State, he seldom appears within the chambers really constituting the Foreign Office. Private telegraph-wires keep him informed of the course of affairs, and he issues his instructions accordingly. Formerly the hours chiefly devoted by Bismarck to work were in the night. Latterly, however, an increase of his neuralgic pains has warned him not to turn night into day. Imperatively admonished by his doctors, he no longer indulges in the heavy drinks—notably, porter mixed with champagne—which used to be his favourite beverages. At his meals, only the lightest and most digestible dishes make their appearance. He himself draws up every morning with his *chef de cuisine* the *menu* for the day; and even if ambassadors are waiting in the antechamber, the cook is received without delay. At table he notes down such critical expressions on the dishes as '*trop cuit*,' '*pas tendre*,' for the instruction or reproof of his cook. His kitchen is overwhelmed by his admirers with special delicacies of the season, and productions in which various provinces excel, such as Westphalia ham, Zauer or Frankfort sausages, Strasburg *pâtés*. A lively and entertaining host, he possesses the gift, rare in Germans, of *causerie;* and whilst in Parliament on public occasions his speeches are delivered with manifest effort,

shrewd judges had formed of him were fully realised. Already his first visit to Count Rechberg, the Austrian Minister and President of the Diet, manifested his intended mode of proceeding. On Rechberg, who was then just engaged, begging him to wait a minute, he sat himself down on the sofa and quietly lit a cigar. Such were the practical and unmistakable arguments by which he succeeded in impressing his colleagues, the representatives of the other federal States, of the equality of Prussia with Austria.

His house in Berlin is one of the most agreeable in the city, and whoever obtains entrance into it has always much to say in praise of the cordial welcome and the simplicity of the life of its inmates. Princess Bismarck is the most devoted of wives and mothers. Countess Marie Bismarck, the only daughter of the Chancellor, is the favourite of her father and his almost constant companion. The Countess, now twenty-nine years of age, has had her share of sorrow and grief. About three years ago, her affianced husband, Count Wend zu Zulenburg, a man of eminent talents and with a great future before him, died suddenly. Up to his last hour, he was affectionately tended by the betrothed in her father's house. The bereavement plunged the Bismarck family into deep mourning. Even the iron Chancellor broke down at the obsequies of his intended son-in-law. Bismarck's two sons, formerly betraying no particular signs of genius, now afford more satisfaction to their father. The elder, Count Herbert, has devoted himself to a

diplomatic career. Nominally secretary of the Embassy in Vienna, he is at present attached by the Foreign Office to the staff of his father. The younger son, Count Wilhelm, the more popular and, let it be added, the more beer-loving of the two, is a referendar at the District Court, and is now preparing to pass his examination as an 'assessor.' Both sons, lieutenants *à la suite* of the 1st regiment of Dragoons, fought in the late war with great distinction, and were decorated with the iron cross. Of the entertainments in the Chancellor's house the most noticeable are the so-called parliamentary *soirées*, held every Saturday evening during the assembly of the Reichstag. To these parties all deputies who leave their cards at the Chancellor's, without distinction of political opinions, are invited. The other guests are friends of Bismarck's family, counsellors of the Foreign Office, some high officials, and German diplomatists staying on leave in Berlin. At these social gatherings, after chatting with the circle of ladies collected round the Princess, the Prince conducts the gentlemen into the music- and drawing-room, where they remain until the doors leading into the dining-room are thrown open. Here supper is served at small tables. Bismarck, who smokes a pipe and wears his undress coat partly unbuttoned to be more at his ease, expounds on these occasions, frequently with astonishing frankness, the chief principles of his policy.

Agreeable in society, Bismarck is systematically harsh and repulsive towards his official subordinates,

and is found intolerable by not a few men of independent character. Many of those nominated by himself to their appointments voluntarily resigned after a comparatively short tenure of office. Even his own cousin, Count Bismarck-Bohlen, could not stand his imperiousness. Count Königsmark, a former Minister of Agriculture, cast the portfolio at his feet, with the remark 'that he was his equal, not his lackey.' Count Lippe, an ex-Minister of Justice, and the late Herr von Savigny, openly joined the Opposition, and the Secretaries of State, Herr von Thiele and Baron Gruner, sent in their resignation to avoid a fate similar to that which befell Count Harry Arnim, once a most intimate friend of Bismarck. Among all his confidential assistants, Lothar Bucher, a revolutionist and fugitive of 1848—and then he was a most decided political adversary of Bismarck—deserves mentioning as the one who has remained most steadfast to the Chancellor. Bucher, an eminently gifted man, to whom is probably not unjustly ascribed the authorship of most of the late State documents bearing the Chancellor's signature, is the sole person from whom Bismarck brooks contradiction or to whose counsel he inclines his ear. It must be considered no slight danger to the Empire that the Chancellor has not been able to thoroughly initiate some high official into the mystery of his policy and the intricacies of the German State machinery, in order to leave to him, on a sudden collapse of his energies, the further guidance of Government.

XX.

CARDINAL MANNING
AT ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER.

CARDINAL MANNING
AT ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER.

'Henry Edward, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, by the title of St. Andrew and St. Gregory on the Cœlian Hill, by the grace of God and the favour of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Westminster'—such is Dr. Manning's official style—is perhaps the most finished type of the nineteenth-century Papal ecclesiastic the world just now possesses, and not the least distinguishing of his characteristics is his universality. The well-known description of a much-maligned philosopher of antiquity may be aptly applied to him:

'Omnis Aristippum decuit status et color et res.'

In every state, hue, and circumstance of life, Cardinal Manning is at home. In his titular church at Rome, addressing his clergy in Italian, and the crowd of his own countrymen, assembled to witness his installation, in English; in his pro-cathedral at Kensington, preaching to a congregation half composed of 'heretics,' who have come as much to see him as to hear him; at a garden-party at Chiswick; at Exeter Hall,

pleading the cause of total abstinence with all the fervour of an apostle; at the Vatican Basilica, swaying the debates and shaping the decisions of an Œcumenical Council; at a bright Oxford banquet, in honour of some academic festival, reappearing for a brief hour, as if from another world, on the stage of his early triumphs and first friendships,—wherever the work which he has chosen to take in hand may be in any way advanced, Cardinal Manning is to be found, always saying the right word and doing the right thing, as by a sort of natural gift and instinctive wisdom.

The position which Dr. Manning actually holds is, it must be allowed, a great one. The income which it gives him is less than a decent benefice in the English Church. The head of the Roman Catholics of England, like the Pope himself, is in no small degree indebted to 'the voluntary principle.' But the greatness of his office stands out in more conspicuous relief from his bareness of this world's goods. In the old European system, which the French Revolution so completely shattered, a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church ranked with Royalty itself. 'Reges non sunt, sed regibus æquiparantur,' was the rule which fixed their place. The habitation in which Cardinal Manning dwells is curiously significant of the changed position of the princes of the Roman Church at the present day. Archbishop's House, Westminster, looks very like what it was before it passed into the hands of its present possessor.

It is a large modern building, in a nondescript style of architecture, standing alone in a desolate piece of ground between the Vauxhall Bridge-road and the Tothill-fields Prison, and was originally built to serve the purposes of a Soldiers' Institute. Near it is one day to rise, we are told, the long-talked-of Catholic cathedral. Lothair, however, has yet to fulfil his mission, and Cardinal Manning feels that he has more pressing work to do than the rearing of 'stately fanes of prayer.' A brief visit to his house will to some extent show what that work is.

The servant who admits you tells you, probably, that his Eminence is engaged at that moment; he has some one with him, and several other persons are waiting to see him. You send up your card, and patiently wait your turn in a spacious chamber plainly furnished, upon the white walls of which hang a few religious paintings and engravings. You pass the time in looking at them, and in turning over a few costly illustrated books—presentation copies apparently—which lie upon the tables. Perhaps you venture to glance through an open door to the right, at a larger apartment beyond, which is, in fact, the chief reception-room. Here, under a glass case, is the scarlet beretta conferred upon the Cardinal by pontifical hands upon the occasion of his appointment to the Sacred College. On the other side of the room, under a canopy, is a large silver crozier. The minutes slip away; the visitors who have preceded you—some of whom bear a very suspicious

resemblance to ritualistic clergymen or ex-clergymen —one by one disappear; and at last the butler tells you that your turn has come, and that his Eminence will now see you. Passing through the library, you find yourself in his study, a tranquil cheerful-looking room, the most noticeable decorations of which are two photographs over the mantelpiece, representing St. Edward the Confessor's Shrine in Westminster Abbey, as it was in the thirteenth century, and as it is in the nineteenth. Here, among a mass of books and papers, Cardinal Manning sits and works, in spite of perpetual interruptions and distractions, getting through more business in seven or eight hours than most men could accomplish in sixteen. The Cardinal's ascetic face, with its keen penetrating eyes and sharply-cut features, wears the stamp of intellectual supremacy. 'Plain living and high thinking' are written upon every line of it. The table at which he is sitting speaks significantly of the variety of his occupations, bearing, as it does, proof-sheets of an article for the *Nineteenth Century;* the MS. of a paper to be read at the Catholic Academia; notes of two or three sermons to be preached on the next Sunday; a pile of letters read, and duly indorsed for the guidance of secretaries; another pile, scarcely less formidable, still to be disposed of; a number of Latin documents, impressed with the archiepiscopal seal, and apparently awaiting the archiepiscopal signature. He wears the ordinary undress robe of a Catholic bishop, his scarlet skull-cap and stockings

denoting his cardinalitial rank; and as he rises to greet you, his attenuated figure gives an impression of greater tallness than he really possesses. He receives you with an unstudied dignity and a frank kindness, and at once leads you to talk of the business which has brought you to see him. His minutes are too precious to admit of his devoting more of them than is absolutely necessary to the conventional phrases which 'eat out the heart of good time.'

The burden which lies upon him is undeniably heavy. Apart from the wider and more general ecclesiastical interests which have a strong claim upon his time and thoughts, the immediate cares and responsibilities of his office are grave, and touch him very closely. He presides over the poorest religious community in the world, and the relations between him and his spiritual children are surprisingly close and intimate. Five-sixths of the Roman Catholics in England are Irish, too many of whom, sunk in the depths of poverty and material wretchedness, look, as with the wistful helplessness of dumb creatures, to their chief pastor for active sympathy and practical guidance. The Cardinal's indefatigable personal labours among the poor, his crusade against their besetting sin of drunkenness, his earnest advocacy of the claims of the agricultural labourer to something more than a pittance barely sufficient to sustain life, his efforts to improve the social and intellectual position of the artisan,—have secured the generous

and ungrudging admiration of the most cordial enemies of his Church.

But what is less generally known is the work which he has done for the poor children of his flock. The movement associated with the name of the 'Westminster Diocesan Education Fund' is perhaps the achievement to which he looks back with the greatest satisfaction. Originated by him twelve years ago, it has gone on in spite of every obstacle, until, as he will tell you, of the 33,000 Roman Catholic children of London, some 30,000 are now receiving such education as their Church allows. Of the other 3000, 1200 are *detained*—the word is pronounced with an intonation which leaves no doubt that it has been advisedly chosen—in the district or workhouse schools of the metropolis, whence it is his unceasing effort to deliver them upon any pecuniary terms the guardians choose to fix. And here, possibly, the Cardinal will show you some of the details of this work which he has so much at heart. He will take you into a room where files of correspondence with the Poor-Law Board and with Boards of Guardians tell their own tale; where certificates of births, marriages, and deaths, and other documents necessary for establishing the cases he has to maintain, are arranged with a precision and order which would not do discredit to a lawyer's office. A reverend secretary is in special charge of this department of the diocesan business. In a neighbouring room other secretaries and clerks are busily engaged. The

Cardinal and the clergy attached to him live together in a plain and simple way, and on the right of the entrance-hall is their common room, where they assemble daily for their one-o'clock dinner. It is hung around with portraits of the successive 'Vicars-Apostolic' of the London District before the 'restoration of the Hierarchy' under Cardinal Wiseman: venerable personages who little thought, one may suppose, of the future which was in store for their descendants in this age of universal religious toleration and theological liberty. Archbishop's House is rich in memorials of a more troublous time. In the private chapel is a chest half filled with cloths dipped in the blood of the 'martyrs' who suffered under the Elizabethan legislation. Other highly-prized relics of this little oratory are the mitre and maniple of St. Thomas à Becket, which stand under glass on the altar, and autograph letters of St. Theresa and St. Francis de Sales. It is here that the Cardinal says his daily Mass; after which he not unfrequently administers the 'Sacrament of Confirmation' to adult 'converts.'

Such are the surroundings in which Cardinal Manning finds his present home,—different, *toto cœlo*, from the scenes in which the earlier years of his career were spent. It requires an effort of something more than memory to figure to oneself this prince of the Catholic Church—who seems the embodiment of all that is ascetic, hierarchical, and distinctively Roman—as a Protestant clergyman. And

yet it is only thirty years ago that he was very prominently before the world in that capacity. The lines fell to him in pleasant places while he was a beneficed officer of the Established Church. Lavington, with its cosy rectory and its pretty church just rebuilt by him—its dark hanging woods, its heathery common and brown copses, and the long vale through which the Rother glides—could not have been left without many a pang. But even in those days Archdeacon Manning was of a spirit ecclesiastical very far removed from the traditions of the Church of England sedulously maintained by his clerical neighbours. Old Oxford men tell you of the flutter which used to take place in the University when it was known that he was about to come up. Every one was on his good behaviour. The influence of the born ruler of men was as strongly felt in the Oxford Movement as in the Vatican Council.

But in truth, in the case of Cardinal Manning, one is more inclined to dwell upon his present, or to speculate upon his future, than to go back to a page in his life, memorable, indeed, but finished and turned down. He is essentially a man of action, little inclined to linger 'among the mouldered lodges of the past,' or to lead others to linger there. His untiring energy, his indomitable courage, his profound ecclesiastical statesmanship, are amply displayed to men in his present position, and are naturally appreciated more on the continent of Europe than by his own countrymen. There is perhaps no other member of the

Sacred College whose great qualities are so generally recognised throughout the Catholic world. Is it in store for him to display those qualities in a still more exalted station? Are we one day to see him at home at the Vatican? Perhaps the objection which most readily occurs, that Cardinal Manning is not an Italian, is in truth a strong recommendation. There is a growing feeling among the wisest and clearest heads of the Roman Church that the local influences which for the last three centuries have so much narrowed the choice of the electors to the chair of Peter are intimately connected with the present misfortunes of the Papacy, and that no more emphatic proclamation of its œcumenical character could be made than by the election of a successor to Pius IX. who could in no sense be claimed as a subject of the King of Italy.

XXI.

MR. J. J. MECHI AT TIPTREE HALL.

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A GOOD type of the ideal British farmer—burly, hearty, and genial—meets the frequent visitors who drive up to the hospitable doors of Tiptree Hall. For twenty-nine successive years Mr. Mechi had entertained his agricultural friends at his well-known 'annual gatherings;' but in 1877 he issued a notice excusing himself from receiving his friends *en masse*, on the ground of advancing age. In a tent on the lawn in front of the mansion as many as two hundred guests have enjoyed the good cheer and the good sayings of the most genial of hosts, after inspecting the crops, the stock, and the farm-premises. At the age of seventy-five it is no wonder that Mr. Mechi gave up those large gatherings which, in a somewhat remote country house, must have occasioned a great deal of labour and anxiety. At the same time, visitors, singly or in small groups, are as freely welcome as ever to view what has been a show-farm for more than thirty years. It is not easy to believe that the hearty active man who walks round the farm with you as briskly as a young one, and who enjoys a good dinner and a good cigar as well

as when he was a London alderman, has passed by half a decade the limit of threescore years and ten. But he will tell you that he was born at Blackheath on the 26th of May 1802; and you have only to come to the conclusion that you have one before you with whom Time has dealt gently, and one who, in spite of reverses that would have embittered a less genial nature, has taken life easily.

Mr. Mechi's father, a native of Bologna, settled in London in the latter part of the last century. John Joseph received the greater part of his education from the late Rev. Mr. Watson, and at the age of seventeen he became clerk to a mercantile firm in the City, and remained with them until 1827, when he opened the business in Leadenhall-street that was to become so well known and successful. For nearly fifty years Mr. Mechi may be said to have been a public man; for long before he attempted to teach men how to farm profitably, he supplied them with the means of shaving comfortably. Mr. Mechi has, very properly, as much pride in his early business life as in his farming occupations, and he will speak as freely of his introduction of commercial specialties as of the broaching of agricultural theories. To thousands in all parts of the world, to whom shaving had been torture, Mr. Mechi became a benefactor. After a lengthened period of experimentalising upon the best sharpening materials for razors, he hit upon his renowned 'magic paste,' which, with his famous strops and razors, became quite the rage with the

shaving community. The razors were of the best Sheffield steel, and the strops and paste remain to this day unsurpassed in efficiency. So great was their success that when the fashion of wearing beards came in, it diminished Mr. Mechi's income to the extent of 1600*l.* annually. Thus a great business of a miscellaneous character was developed, and a large establishment was opened in Regent-street, in addition to the one in Leadenhall-street.

By the year 1841 Mr. Mechi had realised a considerable fortune, which he invested in the purchase of four farms. At the time he had no idea of becoming a farmer, and it was almost an accident which induced him to become one. He had from his youth been fond of his gun and his fishing-rod, and in the pursuit of sport he had made frequent visits to friends, chiefly farmers, in Essex and Suffolk. In the course of these visits he had noticed great differences in farming practice, with correspondingly diverse results. But let Mr. Mechi tell his own tale. In the first letter which he ever published, written to the *Agricultural Gazette* on the 15th of March 1844, he thus explains his devotion to farming pursuits:

'I may be asked, "What can you, as a Londoner, know about farming?" I will answer, "I always loved the beauties of Nature, the pure air of heaven, the sports of the field, and the hospitality of our honest yeomen. I have seen one farmer making a fortune and his next neighbour losing one. I have seen one field all corn, and another nearly all weeds. I asked, 'How is this?' inquired into the causes; noted the results; obtained from all the best farmers and all the best agricultural books within my reach every infor-

mation bearing on agricultural pursuits; practised in my own little garden, on a small scale, a variety of experiments; and, after carefully weighing the evidence, I came to the conclusion that want of drainage, waste of manure, shallow ploughing, and short leases are among the greatest curses to this country; and I, as far as my individual means will permit, am resolved on remedying them."'

This, however, does not account for what has above been termed the 'accident' which led Mr. Mechi to become a practical farmer. When he purchased Tiptree Hall, he found the land was suffering from the want of draining, and he offered to drain it for his tenant, if the latter would pay a small percentage on the outlay. But the man was incredulous as to the benefits of draining, and, in the end, Mr. Mechi bought him out, and entered on the work of improvement at Tiptree Hall on his own account. The present mansion was then built, with some of the excellent farm-premises; the land was drained; miles of fences were knocked down, and hundreds of wretched pollards and other hedge-row trees with them. The soil was not one of the most hopeful to work on, having been more or less recently reclaimed from Tiptree Heath; but by keeping a large quantity of stock, and feeding with purchased cake and other materials, together with draining, chalking, and steam-cultivation, the farm was soon made one of the most fruitful in the country, showing a marked superiority to those immediately surrounding it.

Mr. Mechi's first agricultural letter, describing his operations in draining and other improvements, rendered him famous. Land-owners and farmers came

to see him, and he was soon engaged in a large public and private correspondence. He is properly described as an agricultural preacher, and a preacher who says not only 'Do as I say,' but 'Do as I do' also. Thus the 'sayings and doings' of Mr. Mechi were coupled together, and formed the fitting title of one of his works. The principal points which he insisted on as essential to good and economical farming may be thus enumerated: tile draining; deep cultivation; thin seeding; covered and ventilated stock-yards with paved floors; close folding for sheep; a certain portion of land irrigated with sewage; the absence of hedge-row timber; freedom of cultivation; the use of straw as food for stock; and the use of steam as a motive power. All, or nearly all, these points had been introduced by different agricultural reformers before Mr. Mechi combined them in his practice and became the indefatigable apostle of them all. Over thirty years he has been pounding away on these and kindred topics with more or less effect. Many who at first laughed at the 'cockney farmer' learned to imitate him, and others have been warned by his mistakes, whilst profiting by his successes. For Mr. Mechi, like all bold experimenters, has had his failures. He made a mistake in draining with stones below the drain-tiles—an expensive process which no one has ever thought of imitating, and which Mr. Mechi himself does not recommend, although he declares that the drains at Tiptree thus laid are still more clear than

any others. But the most costly mistake which the then wealthy land-improver ever made was the laying down of irrigation pipes over his whole farm. Mr. Mechi admits now that he has never seen the interest for this heavy outlay, and that he should have been content with the irrigation of about the twentieth part of his farm, with the object of forcing crops of rye-grass and other fodder for his stock.

In the early days of his agricultural apostleship, Mr. Mechi was subjected to a great deal of dislike, and even to vituperation and threatening, by some of his fellow-farmers, who thought that, by telling their landlords how much more the land could be made to produce, he was leading up to the raising of rents. Anonymous letters, filled with the vilest of abuse and the direst of threats, came ever and anon to the spirited farmer of Tiptree Hall; and even at his own table Mr. Mechi has more than once been most grossly insulted. His imperturbable good temper, however, rendered him proof against these contemptible demonstrations; the anonymous letters were first laughed over and then put in the fire, and public abuse was answered by public argument. That the tenant-farmers should have been annoyed and alarmed when a London tradesman came down into the country to teach them how to farm, and to declare publicly that the land of England did not produce more than one-half what it might be made to produce, is not surprising. It must be admitted, too, that Mr. Mechi began to teach when he had yet

a great deal to learn. On the whole his principles of farming were sound at the first, and he has had occasion to alter very little. Still it was annoying for farmers of experience thus to be put to school, and landlords did undoubtedly prick up their ears with thoughts of higher rents, especially when Mr. Mechi began to publish his farm balance-sheets.

But what the farmers in their annoyance forgot was, that Mr. Mechi insisted as strongly on the duty of the landlord to execute permanent improvements on his land, as on that of the tenant to farm well. To the land-owners he said: 'Drain your land; put up good farm-buildings; cut down your worthless and wasteful hedge-row timber, especially those wretched pollards; and give your tenants reasonable freedom of cultivation, and fair compensation for unexhausted improvements.' To the tenants he said: 'Keep plenty of stock; utilise your farm-produce as food to the utmost; do not waste your seed by overthick sowing, or your manure by exposure in open yards and hills; keep your land clean; and stir the soil deeply.' Both have profited by his lessons, though all are not equally well fitted for all cases. Thin sowing, for instance, on poor soils, or on land subject to certain almost ineradicable weeds, would be a mistake. Even Mr. Mechi himself has never been disposed to sow his famous 'peck an acre' on more than a very small portion of his farm, though he has often been able to challenge his visitors to distinguish the patch from the rest of the field, on

which a bushel, or five pecks an acre, had been drilled. Covered farmyards are still, unfortunately, the rare exceptions to a general rule, and the ancient muckhill, turned and re-turned greatly to its waste, is nearly as common as ever. Progress in the agricultural world is slow, though a comparison of things as they were at the beginning and are at the latter part of Mr. Mechi's farming career shows that it is sure. Pollards and hedges are fewer, partly as the result of Mr. Mechi's teachings; less thick, though not very thin, sowing is quite usual; and other practices that the Tiptree Hall farmer was once laughed at for recommending have been commonly adopted. Most pleasing of all to think of, the ill-feeling against Mr. Mechi, on the part of the farmers, has passed away, and for the year 1877 he was chairman of the London Farmers' Club, the most important association of its kind in the kingdom. At meetings of this club, and at those of other associations in all parts of the country, Mr. Mechi has at various times read valuable agricultural papers, and he has been a constant contributor to the press. Most of his papers, letters, speeches, and notes have been collected in three volumes, which have been published for him by Messrs. Routledge, and which have had a very extensive circulation.

Mr. Mechi has been twice married, first in 1823, and a second time in 1846. By his first marriage he had no children, but by the second he has one son and four daughters. In 1856 he was made Sheriff

of London and Middlesex, and in 1858 he was unanimously elected Alderman of the Ward of Lime-street. This position he resigned in 1866, on account of heavy losses consequent upon the winding up of the Unity Bank, for the liabilities of which Mr. Mechi was to a great extent responsible. On his resignation an illuminated address, testifying to his honourable conduct during a long business career, and expressing regret at his giving up his office, was presented to him by his brother aldermen and the inhabitants of the Lime-street Ward. By the failure of the Unity Bank Mr. Mechi lost 30,000*l.*; but he has the pleasure of boasting that his was the only bank that paid all its creditors before closing its doors. This heavy loss compelled Mr. Mechi to reduce his establishment, and—what was perhaps the greatest grief of all—to reduce his farm-capital also. Another address, which, like the first mentioned, is to be seen in the drawing-room of Tiptree Hall, is one which commemorates the presentation of an emblematic silver centrepiece, subscribed for by upwards of four hundred of his friends, whose contributions were limited to a guinea each. One of the most useful acts of a useful life was the establishment of the Agricultural Institution, which Mr. Mechi started in 1860, and which in one year distributed annuities amounting to nearly 10,000*l.* to destitute farmers, farmers' widows, and farmers' daughters. Of the many public and private expressions of appreciation which he has received, he prizes none more than a

memorandum written by his late friend, Mr. George Moore, as follows: 'I have valued my honest straightforward friend Mechi for a quarter of a century, and wish I had the same amiable temper and disinterested nature. Few men would have dashed the cup from their lips when he could have been Lord Mayor of London, because he thought he was not sufficiently rich to maintain the dignity of the position. I had him down to Cumberland, and invited eighty farmers to meet him at White Hall; and he delighted them all. His example got me into farming, which has been the plague of my life.'

Mr. Mechi still carries on his London business, but spends the greater part of his time in the country. When at Tiptree he rises early, dines in the middle of the day, and lives as simply as his agricultural neighbours. His time is occupied with farming, receiving numerous visitors, and writing, which last item includes a large private correspondence. His conversation is spiced with humour and varied with anecdotes, of which his store is considerable. As a public speaker he is fluent and illustrative, and what would be a fault with most men—the tendency to diverge into purely personal history and experience—is agreeably and instructively egotistical in one who has so much that is interesting and important to tell about himself and his doings.

XXII.

MR. GEORGE LEWIS AT ELY PLACE.

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Those who have seen Mr. George Lewis's eyeglass in Court, directed like a microscope upon a too freely-swearing witness under cross-examination, have doubtless been struck by the extreme contrast between the manner and the matter of that gentleman's searching queries. Endowed with the faculty, granted to few men, of not only seeming, but actually being, cool under any possible circumstances, his treatment of the subject under his dissecting knife is quite his own. Instead of cutting at once through the intervening tissues down to the suspected lie with one bold but clumsy stroke, he lays bare the muscles one by one, gently and tenderly, as if they were the petals of the rose which appears to grow naturally in his button-hole. The bit of *argot*, to *mettre des gants* to speak to any one, is literally fulfilled by the lavender-kid gloves, which are as much a part of Mr. Lewis as the rose and the eyeglass. Intellectually as physically he keeps the gloves on till the witness is, as it were, lured from his 'corner' into the centre of the ring, and placed with his face to the sun, when all at once the 'muffle' disappears, and then comes the question which goes, like a blow straight from the shoulder,

to the weak point in the too liberal testimony. There is no harsh intonation in the voice, no savage glitter in the brown eye, as the witness hesitates, stammers, and is lost beyond recall, and the operator dismisses him with no glance of triumph, but with calm suavity, indicative rather of sorrow than of anger.

Mr. Lewis in court, as an able advocate, reinforced not only by sound legal knowledge, but by a memory stored with the experience of twenty hard-working years, is an interesting study; but the advocate's side of his profession is, although filling a large space in the public eye, almost unimportant when compared with the mysterious influence which he exercises from his well-known office in Ely-place. The street itself is a strange bit of old London, lopped off at one end by modern improvements, but retaining its old extra-parochial existence and a measure of quiet pleasant to the ear weary of the din of Holborn. It strikes us as curious that as we call a hansom-cab, and request to be driven to Ely-place, Mr. Lewis's, the man does not ask for the number, but goes straight to the dingy house with the dusty blinds and the brass plate inscribed with Lewis & Lewis. Persons of an impulsive temperament might dash at that brass plate; but those of a more deliberate turn of mind perceive that a dingy hand directs them to the entrance of the office up a sort of blind alley, defended by an iron post. There are few indications of life in Ely-place, save a flock of pigeons and two or three persons, whose faces, whose gait, whose very clothing, bear

the stamp of uncertainty. They walk to and fro, these irresolute ones; they look idly at the pigeons wheeling around. Then they pause to read the name on the brass plate once more, and finally fade away; but whether into the blind alley or into space there is no evidence to show. More determined, we advance up the alley aforesaid, and penetrate to the clerks' office, where a youth and a gentleman in a shiny hat are in deep converse. This room is illumed by a dingy skylight, which throws a dubious gleam on a red writing-table at which nobody writes. There is a *Post-Office London Directory* on the shelf—very dusty, and evidently not kept for use, but rather in solemn mockery, as if everybody at No. 10 Ely-place did not know who everybody is, where he lives, and what and whom he has done in the course of his existence.

On our card being sent in we are asked very politely to wait, and are ushered into a species of vestibule full of people and nothing else. The prevailing colour of the apartment is of a dull brown, but the people in it are of every hue of the rainbow. The very tall lady in the blonde hair is the wife of one of the best-known men in England, dissatisfied with the allowance her husband proposes to give her, and rashly determined to insist on better terms. There is another lady with blonde hair, rouge, and a great deal of jewelry, who has come down, in obedience to a request, to make terms and relinquish sundry compromising documents. By her side is a pale woman

with whity-brown hair and pale, almost colourless, eyes, who wears a very anxious look, for those near and dear to her are under grave accusation. Of the men, there is no mistaking the man about town, who swaggers in at the front door with the true cavalry stride. There is no doubt that he is a 'plunger' in every sense, and has come in despair to Ely-place for a little private and confidential advice. The old gentleman in the white hat has come on account of somebody else; his son being just now in an awkward scrape. A tall man, bearing lawyer's clerk imprinted on every feature and on every garment, is come from his firm on the business of a great financier under a cloud. One by one they disappear until our own turn comes, and we are introduced into the presence of the great consulting solicitor. He sits in a queer horse-shoe-shaped apartment, yellower and dingier if possible than the rest of the house. The walls are yellow, the blinds are yellow, as if they had been dyed in November fog; the carpet is yellowish or brownish, of some indescribable bilious hue. The curve of the horse-shoe is occupied by a venerable table covered with a mass of dusty papers. On the right is a huge machine containing tin boxes arranged in alphabetical order. On the mantelpiece are the only three volumes of law literature visible to the naked eye—a well-bound copy of *Russell on Crimes*—and opposite are several wooden boxes inscribed with the titles of journals known, wherever the English language is spoken, for their size, the greatness of their circulation, or the ex-

clusive character of their information. The strongest of them has need of Mr. Lewis's advice at times; and it requires all his knowledge of the law of libel to defend them against their assailants, who—confident in the stupidity of juries and the prejudice of judges—give notice of action on the most frivolous pretexts.

As we take our seat facing *Russell on Crimes* we become aware that Mr. Lewis is so intrenched behind his tall table that his back is towards the light, which shines full in the face of his interlocutor. This arrangement may be the result of accident or design, but those who know Mr. Lewis best are, as a rule, disinclined to refer anything connected with him to accident. Nothing can be more cordial than his welcome. 'Very glad indeed to see you, my dear X. Soon back from the moors. What?' The interrogatory which clenches the salutation, not barked out sharply, after the manner of a more than illustrious family, which shall be nameless, but murmured gently, melodiously insinuated in tones soft as a Fontarabian cadence. Saving his lavender gloves, the dapper lawyer is attired quite as daintily in his office as in court. The rose 'blooms eternal' in the breast of his neat frock-coat, the eyeglass dangles from its tiny cord; his manner only is a degree more caressing. We have a tale to tell, not quite so thrilling as many of those told by the occupants of that particularly solid and aggressively ugly mahogany chair,—which in some mysterious way suggests the neighbourhood of a dentist,—but yet interesting to our prosy selves.

Our host listens with extreme patience, having evidently come to the conclusion that—within certain limits of course—it is better to let people tell their story in their own way. When we have quite done, he says, without hesitation, without reference to authorities, without waiting, after the manner of solicitors, for counsel's opinion, 'A most wicked infringement of copyright; the most wicked thing I have heard for some time. What?' he adds, as he sees our massive features distended in a broad grin, provoked by the recollection that his profession causes him to hear of more wicked things in a week than the most enthusiastic brother of the Holy Cross in his lifetime. It is this wide and accurate acquaintance with every phase of wickedness which makes the name of Ely-place a terror to malefactors, and induces cabmen who drive clients thither to accept their legal fare without murmuring. This reputation has not been acquired in a day. It is now sixty years since Mr. Lewis's father and uncle established themselves in Ely-place in the house which then served for a dwelling as well as an office. There they dwelt and prospered. Mr. Lewis's father did not, however, entertain ambitious views for his son, who, instead of a career at one of the twin seats of learning, followed by his admission to the degree of the utter bar, was fain to put up with the curriculum of

'the U
niversity we've got in town,'

as Barham dubbed it.

Immediately on his admission as a solicitor, young George Lewis commenced that laborious life which has become necessary to his happiness. His talent in getting up difficult cases, and the extraordinary patience and tenacity he displayed in running his quarry to earth, soon attracted notice in the City, and led to his being intrusted with the memorable prosecution of the directors of Overend & Gurneys. Here he found himself confronted by legal luminaries of the first rank, to wit, the present Solicitor-General, Serjeant Ballantine, and Serjeant Sleigh; but in spite of the force arrayed against him, he obtained the committal of the accused. This completed his reputation in the City; and at the failure of Barned's Bank at Liverpool the prosecution of the directors was at once handed over to him. In the same year he conducted the prosecution, ordered by the Court of Chancery, against the directors of the English Joint-Stock Bank, which ended in the conviction of Finney.[1] Other important financial and commercial investigations were then confided to him —notably the proceedings instituted in the cases of the Unity Joint-Stock Bank, the Merchants' Company, the Monarch Insurance Company, and the Ottoman and Smyrna Railway Company. His success in this difficult and laborious branch of his profession secured him several important and lucrative appointments. He conducts for the Treasury all prosecutions arising from bankruptcy, acts for the Stock Exchange in winding-up cases, and also for Lloyd's Salvage Association.

In the latter capacity he has conducted many prosecutions against owners and sailing-masters for scuttling ships. One of the most remarkable of these was the case of the Severn, in which the captain was induced to give evidence against the owner, the insurance-broker, his clerk, and the mate of the vessel. Insured enormously above her value and laden with a number of packages labelled 'arms,' but which really contained salt, the Severn was scuttled, and the insurance claimed. By the exertions of Mr. Lewis not only were the four persons enumerated convicted and sentenced to penal servitude, but the insurance-broker—one Houldsworth—was actually persuaded to leave Switzerland, where he was safe from extradition, and come over to England to undergo the trial which resulted in his transportation. Berwick, the owner of the Severn, was supposed to have been exercising the trade of insuring and scuttling ships for many years before he fell into the hands of Mr. Lewis. Another famous scuttling case, conducted by him, was that of the ship Italia, supposed to be laden with tobacco, heavily insured, and scuttled on her passage out from Cartagena, the crew finally turning up in Jamaica. By the advice of Mr. Lewis, the crew were kept quiet in the West Indies until the owner, a professed 'scuttler' named Trueco, despatched another ship, the Esmeralda, from Cartagena to Liverpool, professedly laden with ivory, fustic, and tobacco. This vessel was commanded by the same man, one Captain Dobson, who had scuttled

the Italia, and who, having scuttled the Esmeralda, came with his crew to Liverpool. The men were brought to London by Mr. Lewis, telegrams were sent to Jamaica; Captain Dobson was arrested at Liverpool, prosecuted, and convicted. Of less real interest and importance than these ingeniously-conducted prosecutions, but filling a larger space in the public eye, are that against Madame Rachel in 1869; the investigation into the Bravo case, in which Mr. Lewis represented the family of the deceased; the prosecution of Dr. Slade; and the prosecution instituted by the Treasury against the Artisans', Labourers', and General Dwellings Company. Equally celebrated is the prosecution of the 'Egyptian Mystery'—Mrs. Ramsden and her accomplices for perjury. This was one of the cases in which wide experience and a memory of extraordinary accuracy and tenacity enabled Mr. Lewis to defy the resolute swearing of the conspirators. The weak point in the evidence against the ladies accused by them was, apart from a certain suspicious unanimity, the name of one of the liberal swearers. Mr. Lewis recollected that the woman Flatou, who swore that she saw the bank-note in the hand of the accused, was the same who swore to some suspicious statements in a suit instituted by the Egyptian Mystery several years ago. This one piece of accurate knowledge broke down the whole fabric of perjury, and resulted in the imprisonment of the Mystery and her accessories.

It is this wonderful knowledge of all that has

been done in London during the last twenty years, coupled with a profound acquaintance with commercial and criminal law, which brings to Ely-place the most lucrative practice. Mere advocacy is hardly remunerative in itself. It is but the drum which brings the world to Ely-place—the alarm-bell which brings retainers and heavy fees when commercial investigations are threatened. But Mr. Lewis, the universality of whose *clientèle* is remarkable, is not always employed in prosy matters. Besides being, as we have already implied, the legal adviser of three daily and of several weekly newspapers, of several theatres, and of the Charity Organisation Society, and having a common-law practice large enough to fill the house in Ely-place with clerks, he has a business peculiarly his own, involving the revelation to his private ear of stories before which the inventions of the most brilliant novelist are pale and colourless. It is not exactly that all clients in peculiar difficulty come to him. They are sent by their family solicitors, who, admirable old gentlemen as they are, and skilled in draughting a will or a conveyance, or in 'tying up' property with such tightness that its owner cannot be undone, are yet mere children when called upon to cope with adventurers and adventuresses who have become possessed of the letters of a foolish girl, of a half if not quite guilty married woman, of the proofs of a lover's fickleness or a husband's infidelity. Such persons, *sans foi ni loi*, are too much for the respectable old family lawyer, who, if a sensible man,

makes his way to Ely-place, confident that that terrible address will alone make the most hardened professor of *chantage* to tremble in his shoes.

They also know, these venerable legal advisers, that it is not so much the lawyer, as the consummate man of the world, whose tact is required to deal with the handsome sharper, most dangerous of all if he has at some remote period of his life been a gentleman; with the mistress furious at being flung aside like a pair of soiled gloves; with the dismissed lady's-maid, who has a choice collection of the correspondence of her heedless employer; with the confidential valet, who, having lost his earnings and stealings on the turf, has laid hands on papers which may cost his master his wife, and, worse still, her fortune. These are the cases which gravitate towards Ely-place, to the adviser of advisers, who bears the same relation to the rank and file of his profession that Paget or Hawkins, Thompson or Hewett, bear to a family doctor. The secret ulcer which is sapping the resources of a noble family is brought close under his eyeglass without exciting the slightest symptom of surprise; cancers of evil savour are exposed in the horseshoe-shaped room in Ely-place without disturbing its master's enjoyment of the 'red, red rose' nestling under his 'imperial,' already tinged with gray. The English analogues of the admirable M. de Rastignac and the excellent Henri de Marsay—the *charmant garçon qui avait tous les vices*—lay bare those tough organs which serve them for hearts before

the dainty, but unflinching, operator, who loves his profession and lives in it and for it, saving only the very few hours given daily to his accomplished wife and the social duties imposed by his large circle of friends. The day's work over, the consulting-lawyer, just as cool and as fresh as at its commencement, lights an immense cigar, and sets off towards Portland-place. On the way we ask him the question, suggested by the babble of too appreciative friends, whether he would not be happier if he had chosen the other walk of his profession; whether he does not envy the successful barrister who gets silk at the early age of forty, or thereabouts. The answer trickles out in the smoothest tone, 'My dear X, I would not change places with the Lord Chancellor.'

XXIII.

SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, F.R.S., AT GILMOREHILL.

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As a natural philosopher, Sir William Thomson is in the higher department of mathematical physics much what Tyndall is in the science of phenomena. There is a natural tendency in the popular mind to consider the lecturers and writers whose names are most before the public as the chief scientific workers. Yet these at best supply knowledge with the gift of utterance, not of inspiration. They are the preachers, not the prophets. Sensational science illustrated by striking experiments is a very different thing from gaining for the human race a new empire over matter. The popular expositor may exercise dramatic and literary powers of no mean order, yet lack the inquiring spirit and divining intellect of the discoverer—he may have ingenuity, yet not genius. There have been, and are now, men who united both kinds of ability. Davy was the prince, Faraday was the king, of lecturers and investigators. But the true man of science of the present day must be measured by his original achievement. The lecturer's fame, like the actor's, is wide spread, but ephemeral. The discoverer's, like

the poet's, is perpetual, because it is linked to a revelation of the order of Nature which is true for all time. The record of his work may never meet the public eye. It is entombed, most likely, in the formal *Transactions* of the Royal Society, where a single abstruse formula may embody a life's labour, and a brief definition contain the germ of a science or the key to all telegraph cables. Newton's *Principia* is known to us only as the musty tenant of old bookshelves, yet modern astronomy sprang from it. We read and admire some glib text-book of the day, and yield our homage to its so-called brilliant author; but when we place it side by side with the *Principia*, the intellectual gulf between them is greater than can be bridged. The value of scientific work is judged by Nature herself, and witnessed by the workers in the same field. Sir William has never 'starred it' in America, and preached with the air of a sage to reverential Yankees of the higher education, the future of science, and that candlelight to scientific moths —the endowment of research. He has never had a New Zealand peak or an Arctic fiord named after him; yet he is a power in science of the very first magnitude, and perhaps the truest representative of scientific workers in this busy, practical, inventive age. He is seen to best advantage in his private labours, not in his public lectures. His great merit is questioned by none, but acknowledged by all of his scientific brethren.

An Irishman by birth, he was bred a Scot, and

educated an Englishman. Celtic fervour, Scotch earnestness, and English despatch seem united in his composition. Intense intellectual activity and physical energy have characterised his whole career. At Cambridge he won the 'silver sculls' and the Smith's Prize. At seventeen he had commenced his career of discovery. At twenty-two he was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Glasgow—a post he has ever since retained. In 1866 he was knighted for his distinguished services in connection with the Atlantic Telegraph. The highest academical honours have been heaped upon him. His name is coextensive with the whole range of electrical science and molecular physics. No physical questions seem too large or too profound for his grasp of intellect. He has estimated the size of atoms and the probable age of the earth's maturity. His theory of the dissipation of universal energy is comparable with Newton's theory of gravitation in the largeness of its generalisation. All motion tends to become heat, and to diffuse itself uniformly. The universe is running down like a clock that has been wound up. His *Natural Philosophy* is a monument of dynamical learning, in part the work of Professor Tait, his Edinburgh colleague. His name meets one on almost every page of works on electricity and thermo-dynamics. In telegraphy his name is a household word. At the remotest telegraph-stations on the earth's surface his beautiful instruments are to be seen in play, flashing out the message from the

ocean. In the South Kensington Loan Exhibition of Scientific Apparatus his case of electrometers, his tide-calculating machine, and his improved compasses, his pianoforte-wire apparatus for sounding the deep sea, testify to the range and quality of his inventive genius. In America his fame is as great as it is at home.

Sir William as Professor resides at the new University buildings situated on Gilmorehill, a pleasant western suburb of Glasgow. His house is fitted up with all the most improved mechanical appliances for heating, ventilating, &c. A magnificent astronomical clock of his own invention stands in the lobby, with all its works in view under glass. The walls of his library are surrounded with ancient and modern mathematical and scientific works of all kinds, but chiefly those which are dedicated to the highest exercises and results of the human mind. On the mantelpiece stands a bust of Newton, and over it a portrait of Faraday hangs on the wall. The table is covered with papers, books, letters, and writing-materials—all in the most admirable order. There is no artistic confusion here, but rather mathematical precision. A parrot, the trophy of some cable-laying expedition to the tropics, pearl-gray with scarlet tail, salutes you as you enter with, 'Hallo! Who you?' Dr. Redtail sometimes salutes his master, when he enters hurriedly after press of work, with 'Late again, Sir William—late again!' It is not, however, in his library, but in his working study, beside his labora-

tories and class-room at the college itself, that the philosopher is seen to best advantage. Here of a winter's night one may see him sit by the fire smoking a fragrant cigar, his eye directed to the live embers, while his imagination deeply pictures some subtle physical process within the recesses of his brain, or his intellect flashes through complex mathematical combinations to the final expression of some abstruse result; and ever and anon he dictates to the amanuensis who sits at the table beside him, waiting in silence.

Sir William is in great part emancipated from the work of teaching his class; but every session he delivers a course of lectures on the properties of matter —a wide and congenial theme, which gives him full scope for the vast range of his natural knowledge, and the flights of his scientific imagination. It may be said that in these lectures he touches on all things in the heavens and the earth, and some things in neither. He discourses of actual elements, and imagines ideal ones. Now he asks the class to take their stand with him in space, or to descend into some hypothetical laboratory at the earth's centre. All matter and motion are the materials with which his genius delights to work, whether it be in the infinitely great or the infinitely little, in the delicate structure and dance of molecules, or the stupendous framework and race of planets. Rubies and diamonds are the same to him as steel and wood and glass, inasmuch as they have each physical properties to

investigate or make known. Sometimes he indulges in a raid against the metaphysicians or the British standards, 'the most meaningless of modern measures.' Erratic, brilliant, meteoric, his lectures still display the same intense earnestness and enthusiasm for his work. The man is lost in his subject, and is as truly inspired, *intoxicated*, as the artist in the act of creation. Whether he is explaining the mechanics of the hundred-ton gun, or describing the colours of a soap-bubble, there is the same eager interest in all material phenomena.

After his morning lecture the day is spent in literary work in his study, in experimenting in his physical laboratory, or at his mechanician's in the city. Very frequently telegraphic or other scientific business calls him to London, or farther—to the Continent, to Brazil, to North America. But whether in cab, train, steamship, or afoot, the busy brain is ever at work to

'Brood and hatch the secrets of the world.'

Such knotty points as the solidity, rigidity, and plasticity of the earth; the cause of monsoons, the mystery of terrestrial magnetism and of solar spots, the nature of ether or of atoms,—are the pabulum of his thinking faculty. It must be said that his knowledge of art and *belles-lettres* is small. He can, it is true, on occasion, garnish his addresses with a classical quotation, and we believe he has found delight, like many others of his scientific brethren, in *Alice in Wonderland;* but of George Eliot, Carlyle, Tennyson, his knowledge is

of the smallest—not, indeed, from any lack of sympathy with that kind of intellectual fruit, but because the spur of his genius perpetually urges him to scientific thought. The problems of the universe are too manifold, their study too engrossing, for him to spend time in other fields. The harmony of theory and practice, the exact fitness of a machine, the facts of Nature, are true beauty to him. 'Art is long and time is fleeting'—lease of intellect is not for aye; therefore with ceaseless energy he devotes himself entirely to research and invention.

Sir William's cable-laying experiences have made him an ardent sailor. He is fond of the sea, and his knowledge of navigation is second to none. He keeps a yacht—the Lalla Rookh—and varies his summer holiday of six months by cruises to the Mediterranean, Madeira (the native place of Lady Thomson), or to the Western Highlands. He says he works best in his yacht; and there, on the glassy bosom of some highland loch, he may be seen actively at work of a summer noon making experiments on the flow of liquids or the variation of compasses. Sometimes he entertains distinguished company on board, and one may there hear, of an afternoon, some brilliant passage at arms between such men as Helmholtz, Joule, and Maxwell, while Lord Derby perchance sits by, heartily amused at the abundant humour of Maxwell, and the Lalla Rookh careers up Loch Fyne towards Inverary Castle.

A poet is, in part at least, revealed in his works,

but a man of science must be otherwise made known. The finer feelings have no place in a formula, and moral worth is not seen in a piece of apparatus. Sir William Thomson exercises a charm over those who know him, which, in the case of the young at least, amounts to a kind of spell. Those youths who have had the luck to sit at the feet of this Gamaliel carry with them ever after, it may be to the ends of the earth, an inspiriting recollection of him as a man as well as a philosopher. His interest in, and consideration for, young men; his intense zeal for science and devotion to truth; his singular freedom from anything like haughtiness; his quick sympathies; his ingenuousness and winning modesty,—endear him to all who know him. Professor Huxley never made an apter use of his wit than when he said of Sir William, in yielding up to him the presidential chair of the British Association, that

'Gentler knight ne'er brake a lance.'

XXIV.

PROFESSOR RUSKIN AT BRANTWOOD.

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A MODERATE-SIZED house, half-covered with creepers; its walls of a pale yellow, that looks almost white from a distance; its principal windows overlooking the Lake of Coniston, and facing the 'Old Man's' rocky peak; the rest almost shut in by the trees at either side and the hill that rises up abruptly at the back,—such is the home which Mr. Ruskin bought, without even seeing it first, some seven years ago, wherein, amid the treasures of art he has collected and the scenery he loves, he contrives (to quote his own words) to 'get through the declining years of my æsthetic life.'

A short drive, over which the shady trees almost meet, and the visitor has come from the high-road up to the house, the entrance to which might seem somewhat gloomy were it not for the glimpses of blue lake he catches here and there. Pause in the hall a few minutes if you would see two figures by Burne-Jones before you pass to the cheerful drawing-room. Here, since its windows look on the lake, the pleasant breakfast-table is brought in daily, and Mr. Ruskin's guests enjoy the Brantwood strawberries and the cream from

the farm across the hill, while their host, who has breakfasted already and been writing *Proserpina* or *Deucalion*, or whatever is in hand, almost since sunrise, reads aloud now the results of his morning's work, courting criticism instead of being offended at it like smaller men; now some extracts from the letters which have just come; and now, when the meal is nearly over, he opens a book reserved for this occasion, and the party are treated to no common reading of one of Scott's novels. Here, in the evening, when they have watched the sunset splendour pass from crimson into gray till the mountain-ridges stand out sharp and black against the star-bright sky, all reassemble—some from the lake's shore, where a cigarette has been secretly smoked, while the Professor, who does not like any sign of tobacco near him, has been taking his after-dinner nap—and the day's last hours are spent in lively talk or at chess, a game of which Mr. Ruskin is fond and at which he is not unskilful. Sometimes a book—one of Miss Edgeworth's old-fashioned stories, perhaps—is taken up and read aloud, as at breakfast, the others sitting at the chessboard or making sketches in pen and ink, while the best of hostesses and kindest of cousins does a woman's duty at the tea-table. Round them hang some good drawings by Prout; a lovely village-maid from Gainsborough's easel; four Turners, which are carefully covered over when the room is unoccupied; a painting of 'Fair Rosamond' by Burne-Jones; and one or two sketches by Mr. Ruskin himself.

Across the hall the dining-room is entered, and here the eye lights on two portraits by Northcote, over the sideboard, of Mr. Ruskin's parents; whilst in the same room are two 'Annunciations,' both by Tintoret, and, to omit the rest, there hangs above the chimneypiece Turner's portrait of himself in youth, and we see that the mouth which was afterwards sensual was once softly sweet. But it is in the 'Professor's study' that those who would know of Mr. Ruskin at home must be most interested. The room is long and low, with two large windows opening out upon the lake. At one end is the fireplace, over which is hung Turner's 'Lake of Geneva,' a water-colour remarkable for its splendour and unusual size; at the other is the occupant's writing-table. The walls are rightly covered with bookcases and cabinets rather than with pictures. Here are the original MSS. of the *Fortunes of Nigel* and a volume of Scott's letters; here a 'Fielding' on large paper and an edition of Plato by a distinguished divine have honourable place; here some specimens of the binder's art and the best that printing can do; and humbly hidden here behind some other volumes are copies, kept for reference or for gift, of the Works of John Ruskin. In this corner stand three marble figures, which once helped to support a font, chiselled by Nicolo Pisano, and broken, it is said, by Dante; and lying on the table is a book of drawings in sepia, by Mantegna and Botticelli, which the British Museum thought it could not afford to buy. This cabinet

contains, admirably arranged on variously coloured velvets, the half of Mr. Ruskin's valuable collection of minerals, the greater part of which was once the property of the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe. These drawers are full of illuminated missals and fine old manuscripts (though the best, perhaps, lie in the Professor's rooms at Corpus); and here is a cabinet filled with drawings, not a few by Turner, which it would take long to partially enjoy.

Thus much has been done to make the interior of the house as interesting as it is comfortable; and outside too, Brantwood is very different from what it was when its former owner—a writer, we believe, of Radical pamphlets—had but lately left it desolate. The turret-window at one corner of the house has been built since then, that its present master may, from his chamber, see the hills at dawn on almost every side; the well-stocked gardens, one sacred to Mr. Ruskin's especial pleasure, another made lovely with standard roses and terraces of grass,—all give evidence of a characteristic taste; and the harbour at their foot was begun three summers back by two of the Professor's undergraduate 'diggers,' who enjoyed a month of his genial hospitality. For as a host Mr. Ruskin possesses that uncommon faculty of making his guests forget that his house is not their own. To its favoured frequenters Brantwood is Liberty Hall indeed; perfect freedom is allowed them in all they do; and they are not bound to follow out plans laid down in a series of programmes for their

supposed amusement, though, if the day be fine, the Professor will take an oar and pull across the lake to show them the old Hall, now a farm, which was once the home of Mary, Countess of Pembroke, and where her brother 'Sir Philip Sidney, it is delivered by tradition, lived for a time in one Arcadia of western meres.' Gathered round the pleasantest of tables, the inmates of Brantwood enjoy the freest 'flow of soul;' their host directs and sustains, but never monopolises, the talk; nor need any be afraid of being victimised by that spirit of self-conscious dictation or affected silence which has been known to spoil enjoyment in the company of some literary men.

Mr. Ruskin rises early, as we have said, and writes for three hours before his guests are down. Breakfast over, he retires to his study to answer numerous letters or complete some piece of unfinished work, or will go out on to the hill, perhaps, and make a delicately-finished study of rock and grass for the engraver's hand to copy. Between one and six o'clock, the tourist in the Lakes may see a slight figure dressed in a gray frock-coat (which the people round, ignorant of Ascot, believe unique), and wearing the bright blue tie so familiar to audiences at Oxford and elsewhere, walking about the quiet lanes, sitting down by the harbour's side, or rowing on the water. The back is somewhat bent, the light-brown hair straight and long, the whiskers scarcely showing signs of eight-and-fifty summers numbered, and the spectator need not be surprised at the determined energy with

which a boat is brought to shore or pushed out into the lake.

Sometimes a friend breaks in on this peaceful time, and is met with both hands outstretched, whilst the gentle look in the clear blue eyes and a few low-voiced words give him full assurance that he is entirely welcome. To such the place is gladly shown; and a walk is taken up the grass paths cut through the woods, with seats placed where the views are best, to look out over mountain and lake, and be taught, maybe, in the rich colours and fleecy clouds, the utter rightness of Turner; till, ascending higher, an admiring eye must be cast on a bit of rough ground red with heather, which, lying just beyond the boundaries of Brantwood, the Professor laughingly calls his 'Naboth's vineyard.'

Such is the life which one who, by teaching or antagonism, has done so much to stimulate, in this practical nineteenth century, the love of art, lives in his summer home; and such, within and without, is Brantwood. At other seasons Mr. Ruskin may be found at Oxford, in his rooms at Corpus, where the visitor may see more choice books and manuscripts, pictures and minerals. On the right, as the inner room is entered, is a portrait by Titian of a doge, whose noble face proclaims that the heart of its owner never thought false thought nor prompted evil deed; and facing it is a Tintoret, 'Diana returned from the Chase;' whilst hanging elsewhere in the room is a portrait of Raphael from life, with Turner's 'Shores

of Wharfe' beneath it, and on either side a Reynolds and a Frère. Sometimes, too, the Professor will bid his nearest relatives repeat once more the warmest of welcomes, and will spend a few weeks in that London suburb, where, as a fair-haired, blue-eyed, white-frocked child, to take the story of a portrait by Northcote, his earliest years were passed.

The readers of *Fors Clavigera* have heard much said against the world, they may tell us; but Mr. Ruskin can enjoy it, and, better still, has made others enjoy it too. His sensitive nature is singularly affected by changes of weather, and a bright day makes him as joyful as a dull one makes him sad. But courtesy and kindness to those around him are characteristics he never loses; insincerity is a fault of which he is thoroughly devoid; and those who know him best delight in an unaffected simplicity of manner, which in men of acknowledged genius is as valuable as it is often rare.

XXV.

MR. GEORGE PAYNE IN QUEEN STREET.

MR. GEORGE PAYNE IN QUEEN STREET.

EQUALLY at home in the flat-faced little house in Queen-street, Mayfair, at the Hôtel Bristol at Paris, and at the Hôtel des Iles Britanniques at Nice, Mr. George Payne is perhaps the most eloquent and charming exponent of the art of ubiquitous and nomadic domestication to be found anywhere. Wherever he goes—for he never rests—he carries with him an atmosphere of his own—that of perennial youth. In the perpetual stove-pipe hat of peculiar build, in the black frock-coat devoid of any indication of horsey proclivities, in the black-and-white-checked cravat and the ample gills, we recognise the outward and visible sign of a generation of sportsmen long gone by; of men who before all were gentlemen, and disdained to *afficher* their taste for the turf by a vulgar display of horseshoe pins and betting-books adorned with their racing colours. Of this type were the late Lords Derby and Palmerston, Strathmore and Chesterfield. An inheritor of the traditions of the later dynasty of dandies, and a mature man of the world at the D'Orsay period, Mr. Payne remains, among a younger in years but really

older race of men, the representative of that perfect manner and that gaiety of heart which made the men of the Melbourne era the most charming companions that this century has seen. In the pleasant period when Lord Beaconsfield was yet young and curly, there abode in England a race whose high spirits and frank enjoyment of life endeared them to all who came within their genial influence. Such wit and humour as they were endowed withal poured forth spontaneously, and if their jokes would not always bear the test of printers' ink, and their stories would ofttimes hardly bear repetition, there was yet within them a contagious hilarity—the hilarity, be it understood, of Count Almaviva, not that of Christopher Sly. Prudes and match-making dowagers might look askance at the golden youth of that day, and prigs and witlings of our own may sneer at them, but it cannot be gainsaid that there was a flow of animal spirits, a dash and vivacity tempered by good breeding, which distinguished them in the most striking manner from their successors, who aimed at epigram as an end, while these children of a joyous time regarded it simply as an incident of pleasant life. They ate of the fat and drank of the strong, these *viveurs pur sang*. They sat up late and played heavily; and if their intrigues sometimes made a noise in the world, the world looked more kindly on them than on the cold-blooded selfish voluptuaries who succeeded them. Their *cheval de bataille* was their manner, uniting as it did the *prévenante* polite-

ness of a preceding age with a certain heartiness and good-fellowship peculiarly their own.

Thanks to an admirable *physique*, Mr. Payne has survived the majority of the dandies of his day, and lives happily among another generation. The grace of his manner, the electric effect of his *bonhomie*, may be imagined from the fact that, in spite of themselves, the solemn young prigs who ruin without enjoying themselves, and the *gommeux*, who only lack physique to be the terrible Don Juans their imagination paints them, alike adore Mr. George Payne. His keen insight into character, his unmistakable air of distinction, his wonderful tact, and his habit of always saying the right thing at the right time, endear him to his many friends. No man since D'Orsay has been so deservedly popular as Mr. Payne, and certainly no one has enjoyed so long a lease of man's—and woman's—affection. As a proof of the universality of the kindly feeling inspired by his presence, it may be added that the Ring, after winning money of him for more than fifty years, actually speak well of him.

Born of good old Northamptonshire stock, Mr. Payne of Sulby Abbey enjoyed the advantage of having for an uncle the celebrated Mr. Payne, whose Azor in 1817 won the Derby, a feat that his nephew has never been able to compass. A pleasant school-time at Eton was followed by a stormy period at Christ Church. Mr. Payne was afflicted by a fixed idea that the peripatetic system was a mistake, and

that study could best be pursued on horseback, and in the pink raiment which rarely heralds the scarlet gown. At last the authorities intervened, and the young Northamptonshire gentleman received a quiet hint that his permanent absence from Christ Church would be to the mutual advantage of college and student. Before attaining the age of twenty-one, he was known on the turf—the turf of the days of Gully, whose defeat of the gigantic Gregson and thrashing at the hands of the Game Chicken were things yet fresh in the mouths of men who filled those useful organs with more port-wine than cigars. When just of age, and master of a fortune of half a million sterling, Mr. Payne went to Doncaster. In 1824, men betted as heavily as in the plunging days of poor Harry Hastings. As Mr. Gascoigne's—afterwards Lord Glasgow's—Jerry shot past the post for the Leger, Mr. Payne recognised that he had lost thirty-three thousand pounds. He was already popular, and the expressions of condolence were many. They were misplaced. The victim said, with his usual vivacity, 'It is a pleasure to lose it, by Jove!' Mere verbal condolence was thus disposed of, but consolation of a more practical kind was offered in another quarter, Gully, ex-prize-fighter, and not yet M.P. for Pontefract, had won a great stake on Jerry, and the gladiatorial heart expanded, as it did in later years, when the first Sir Tatton Sykes was beaten by Pyrrhus, and Andover knocked over the pots so long kept boiling by reckless expenditure of fuel. Gully went up to

Mr. Payne, and said, 'Never mind, Mr. Payne; you can afford to wait. You will get it all back on Memnon next year.' The racing neophyte was not slow to profit by the judgment of the ex-prize-fighter. He backed Memnon for the Leger of the next year, and did get his money, or at least a very considerable part of it, back again.

Notoriously unlucky with his own horses, Mr. Payne has sometimes been fortunate in backing those of his friends. When he and the late Mr. Greville put their heads and their horses together, several very good *coups* were landed; but still, as the horses ran in the colours of their respective owners, it was curious to mark that the black-and-white stripe was the unlucky colour. Glauca made some amends for many shortcomings, but the great stroke of the partnership was that made by Muscovite. Even the horses managed by Mr. Payne have been famous for being 'so near and yet so far.' His filly, Welfare, ran second in the Oaks to the celebrated Crucifix, and at one moment nearly turned her owner's hair gray, for he stood to win thousands on Lord George Bentinck's flying mare, and had but a trifle on the animal who nearly upset the good thing. Crucifix, always hot-tempered, was nearly maddened by a number of false starts, and ran quite unlike herself, or, as was remarked at the time, she would 'never have seen the way the sky-blue and white cap went.'

The near things of recent days hardly need mention. In Lord Lyon's year, Mr. Payne and poor

Duffer Bruce thought that the Marquis of Ailesbury had the best thing ever known in the Bribery Colt, afterwards called Savernake. The jacket and cap, in which St. Albans romped home for the Leger in front of such horses as the Wizard and Thormanby, and the whip, which the white-faced chestnut never required, were brought to Epsom, and poor Tommy French was told to wait to the half-distance and then come with one run. Feeling sure that victory was within his grasp, he let his horse out at the bell, and seemed to be winning easily, till the last two strides from the post, when Custance, riding Lord Lyon with immense resolution, got up and ultimately won by the shortest of heads. All kinds of things were said about poor French, and Challoner was put up for the Leger; but the result was exactly the same almost to an inch. Another Derby was lost by the merest trifle when Pell Mell got at Cremorne, but failed to stay quite home. This second-best luck has haunted Mr. Payne through the whole of his long and costly turf-career. Costly his experience must have been, for he has been known to back fifteen horses in a great race; thus almost rivalling a popular marchioness, who once backed every starter and at least half a dozen who did not start. The lady referred to is rarely absent from any great event, and generally confides her numerous but minute commissions to Mr. Payne, who exacts the uttermost point of odds for his speculative and charming friend.

The turf is not the only medium of speculation

employed by the squire of Sulby. As a whist-player he has few equals, and at *écarté* and *piquet* can take a hand with the best. His good fortune at cards is, perhaps, as much due to his spirit as to his skill. He is not, like a certain great personage, anxious to realise the solid result of a run of good luck, but will play on and on when his antagonist is 'pricked' and shows undue anxiety to get his money back in a hurry. By these tactics, at once loyal and sound, he has won as much at a sitting as any man now living. It is not to be wondered at that he loves high play; for when he commenced life as a man of pleasure, Crocky's was in full blast, and many broad acres changed hands every night in St. James's-street. The experience of that gay period has not been thrown away. A few years ago an exceedingly amiable and good-looking gentleman was conspicuous for his luck at cards. He lived right royally on a slender income, played heavily at the two clubs most notorious for high stakes, and won steadily. Whist-players of great skill and experience tried their hands against him, but retired in disorder. All wondered at his persistent good fortune and at Mr. Payne's objection to play against him. 'No, no,' said the veteran; 'he is a good fellow, a handsome fellow, and holds good cards. I like to back him.' And he did back him, till one night, after a short but dramatic scene, the lucky man retired from the world of fashion and cards to that dubious borderland of whose inhabitants *non ragionam.*

It must be confessed that Mr. Payne's fits of wariness are rare, and that, as a rule, he exhibits the most confiding disposition. Going to Goodwood one day, he was taking his ticket at the railway station, when through the crowd pierced a hand tapping him on the shoulder. 'Take me one, George,' said a tall man, well dressed in a costume rather horsey than elegant. Mr. Payne took the ticket and handed it to the free-and-easy speaker, who said, 'Thanks, George: settle at Goodwood,' and disappeared in the crowd for ever and aye. Never since that moment has Mr. Payne seen that hardened welsher, and he is never tired of telling the story and laughing over it. 'You see, more people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows. I did not know him from the dead, but thought I must have met him somewhere abroad. Clever rascal, he is welcome, I am sure,' he adds, with an evident relish that he, the hero of half a hundred Derbys, should have been welshed by a lad young enough to be his grandson. It is this charming equanimity under the most exasperating circumstances that has endeared him to Frenchmen. Though favourites fail and touts betray, he never loses his good-temper and frank enjoyment of the hour. The late Baron Daru and M. Lupin have been among his most sincere friends. During the winter season at Nice, he is the life and soul of the gay society assembled there, and exhibits such rooted aversion to going to bed that a wicked wag once named him 'the late Mr. Payne;' but he is no patron of the public gaming-

tables, his ventures being limited there, as in the old times at Morris's at Newmarket, to a stray 'pony' or so. While it was yet the fashion to shake off the stiffness of one's elbow by a turn at the bones, it was delightful to see Mr. Payne bear down with his good-humour upon the dreary punters, some of whom—not untitled—officiated as bonnets. Joyous and unaffected among these gloomy creatures—now mostly vanished into night—he would throw his main or two or three. 'Nick, by Jove!' he would laugh out, and after his five minutes' sport would be gone—to whist, perhaps—till the small hours of the morning, when the strings of thoroughbreds loomed through the mist on the Limekilns.

As a country gentleman Mr. Payne, what time he kept court at Sulby, was worshipped by the inhabitants of sport-loving Northamptonshire, where the merry-making which celebrated his coming of age is not yet forgotten, any more than the magnificence of his turn-out when he served as High Sheriff of the county, his *bonhomie* as Master of the Pytchley, or the great *épergne*, weighing six hundred ounces, presented to him by his admiring neighbours. As M.F.H. he displayed the art of conciliating affection and diffusing good-humour. But it must not be supposed that he always enjoys those high spirits which make him the most delightful of companions. It is, perhaps, because he abhors tobacco that at times he is subject to fits of depression, attributed by his friends to the possible conviction that his joyous career has

been a mistake. Nothing is more certain than that with his brilliant power of speaking to an audience and securing their sympathy, his admirable tact, his never-failing good taste, his faculty for getting through work, and his grasp of detail, he might have made a great figure in the world of politics. If not quite of the stuff of Pitt and Canning, he would yet have made—probably an able administrator, certainly a ready debater. In withdrawing Mr. George Payne from that greater race in which he was so well qualified to take an important part, the Turf has much to answer for. The deeds of this brilliant and kindly gentleman should have been written in other volumes than the *Racing Calendar*.

XXVI.

KAISER WILHELM AT BABELSBERG.

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The imperial banner again waves over the Castle of Babelsberg, proclaiming the presence of his German Majesty at his favourite abode on the banks of the Havel. Nor is his affection for Babelsberg surprising, seeing that house, park, and grounds are the work of his own hands. A broad well-kept walk leads, by fine trees, green lawns, and leafy shrubs, to the castle, which is built in plain Gothic style, and presents the aspect, not so much of the palace of a mighty emperor as of the country seat of a wealthy nobleman. Through a long narrow archway in the basement, closed by an iron gate, we enter the hall, decorated with emblems and trophies of the chase, whence a narrow passage conducts to the private apartments of the Empress, situated on the ground-floor. Here pictures, statues, and books all display the artistic tastes and refined mind of their owner, who, as daughter of the Grand Duke Karl August of Saxe Weimar, the patron of Germany's most celebrated poets, enjoyed in her youth Goethe's instruction and ennobling friendship. Adjoining her Majesty's rooms are those of the Grand

Duchess of Baden, her only daughter, who is devotedly attached to her parents. Continuing our way through the lofty dining-hall, we ascend by a winding iron staircase to the apartments of his Majesty, and of the Crown Prince and Princess, on the first-floor. It was a delicate attention on the Emperor's part to have the rooms of his daughter-in-law decorated with damask curtains and coverings of Scotch tartan, in exact imitation of the apartments formerly occupied by her at Windsor. Noticeable among the plain furniture in her Imperial Highness's room, adorned with her own sketches of Scotch and English scenery, is a chair, skilfully made and presented to her by her husband. Every prince of the Hohenzollern line is bound by the custom of his house to learn some handicraft, and the Crown Prince selected that of a joiner. His Majesty's apartments, separated from those of his son by a narrow passage, forming an inner balcony of the dining-hall, consist merely of a room, answering the combined purposes of drawing-room and study, and a comparatively small bedroom. The furniture, entirely unaltered since he took possession of the castle, is of light uncarved oak, and, in conjunction with the bright colour of the walls, hung with engravings and photographs, produces a genial homelike impression, enhanced by the partially-carpeted, tasteful, parquet floor. The small iron bedstead, with its hard mattress, horsehair pillow, and woollen quilt, suggestive of camp rather than royal life, is placed sideways

along the wall. The chief ornaments of the bedroom are a copy of Rauch's famous statue of Queen Louisa, the Emperor's mother; a finely-moulded bust of the Empress, executed by the Crown Princess, alike an adept with the chisel and the brush; the portrait of the Crown Prince in camp-dress, taken before the war of 1866; and a picture of the late Czar Nicholas, the Emperor's brother-in-law, almost idolised by him. The other paintings depict episodes of manœuvres and important events of the last wars. Two photographs of the famous attack of the King's own Grenadiers on the heights of Skalitz are inscribed with marginal notes by his Majesty. In his small fine handwriting the monarch has marked with a cross the names of those officers who sacrificed their lives in the service of their king and fatherland.

In the drawing-room there are windows on both sides. Between a long sofa, which is generally covered with books or papers, and a table, round which the Cabinet Council assembles, stands a plain armchair, with a stiff high back, that does duty on state occasions as the imperial throne. The room commands a magnificent view over the Bridge and Lake of Glienicke, where a miniature frigate, a present from Queen Victoria, lies at anchor. Here, as elsewhere, there are many objects which serve as souvenirs of the pleasant times spent by the Kaiser in England. In the hall of the castle is a large porter's chair, also a gift from the English Sovereign, which by some mechanical contrivance can be

arranged to form a kind of bed for the watchman. In the Empress's boudoir there is a painting in oil of the Duke of Connaught as a baby, whose godfather the Emperor is. Conspicuous among the engravings in the Emperor's apartment are some portraits of English ladies—of the late Marchioness of Waterford, the Viscountess Canning, and the Duchess of Wellington. The Duchess of Sagan, the beautiful 'Dorothea of Courland,' who at the Congress of Vienna bewitched all hearts, Fanny Elsler, the famous *danseuse*, the last friend of the unhappy King of Rome, afterwards Duke of Reichstadt, who at her side endeavoured to while away the bitter hours of exile, have also found a place in his Majesty's collection. The various nicknacks on his *secrétaire* are for the most part relics of the battle-field. The book-shelves contain a small but select library, including the chief classical authors of German literature and many leading works on military subjects. A few small volumes are composed of the pamphlets and articles anonymously published by the Emperor before and at the time of the reorganisation of the Prussian army. Among the many interesting objects lying about the room are a small picture cut from a child's play-book, coloured by the Crown Prince as his first Christmas present to his father, and a mat lined with blue calico, crocheted by the Grand Duchess of Baden.

The rudiments of war may be said to have been learned by the future Kaiser in the days of his exile,

when he was a child or stripling at Königsberg and Niemen. How much he had profited by the precepts of Scharnhorst, Stein, and Hardenberg he showed in his first campaign. At Bar-sur-Aube the part which he took in an attack on the French won for him the Iron Cross and the Russian Order of St. George. With the Prussian Guards, he for the first time entered Paris in 1815. Shortly afterwards, at the Prince Regent's invitation, he visited England in his royal father's suite. In the long years of general peace and tranquillity subsequent to Napoleon's exile in St. Helena, he chiefly devoted himself to military pursuits. On his father's death, Prince Wilhelm, raised to the rank of Prince of Prussia, turned his attention to the details of Government administration. Not entirely approving Frederick William IV.'s concessions to Liberalism by the voluntary grant of a Constitution, the Prince, then generally looked upon as inclined to reactionary principles, withdrew for a time from the capital to Coblence on the Rhine. The revolutionary storm of 1848, bursting over the whole Continent, compelled Prince Wilhelm, who implored the King to make a determined stand against the Radicals, to seek temporary refuge in England. In the dead of night the future Emperor, whose palace in Berlin was only saved from destruction on the part of an enraged mob by the inscription 'National Property,' fled from his fatherland. The warm reception accorded him by the Royal Family of England is often gratefully alluded to by

his Majesty. After public excitement had partially subsided, the Prince returned home, and assumed his duties in the Prussian Parliament, to which, in the mean time, he had been elected by a small constituency. The 'deputy for Wirsitz' soon quitted Parliament, assumed command of the corps charged with suppression of the insurrection in Baden, and gave the first proofs of his eminent strategical abilities in the fight against the revolutionary hordes under Hecker and Mieroslawski. A statue of St. George killing the dragon, presented by the late King as an emblem of this period, has been placed in the courtyard of Babelsberg, where it remains the sole memorial of the Kaiser's victorious deeds. His brother's increasing infirmity necessitated in 1858 Prince Wilhelm's nomination as Regent, an office he filled three years, until his final accession to the throne. The bitter conflict with Parliament respecting the reorganisation of the army, deemed absolutely essential by him for the maintenance of Prussia's powerful position in the European concert, kindled popular animosity against him. The victorious wars of 1866 and 1870 brought about a sudden change in the relations with his subjects, and the Kaiser became the idol of the nation.

While the Emperor's life at Babelsberg is that of a country gentleman, at Berlin he is occupied unceasingly with the duties of empire. Rising at an early hour, he receives reports from different officials, inspects troops, and works with short intervals, occu-

pied in visits and drives, until late in the evening, when, before taking tea with her Majesty, he may, in winter, often be seen in his well-known box in the Opera or the Schauspielhaus. His mode of life is extremely simple. Although M. Urban Dubois, acknowledged to be the greatest living master of the culinary art, is *chef de cuisine* in the royal kitchen, his Majesty has, like his father, whose favourite dish was the national sourcrout and peas, an affection for homely fare. If in company he lights a cigar, it is more as a signal to his guests that the smoking-hour has arrived than for the pleasure which it gives him, and after a few minutes the cigar is allowed to go out. From his youth an enthusiastic sportsman, the Emperor is still an excellent shot. Despite his years he rides erect on his charger in front of the troops. As a soldier he has a keen eye for the minutest detail. The army, mainly indebted to him for its present strength and greatness, is in a measure his own family, justifying the 'Good-morning, children!' with which on reviews he familiarly greets his soldiers. Posterity will doubtless recognise more fully than his contemporaries generally do that Kaiser Wilhelm, for the administration and internal welfare of his country, has accomplished as great services as for its union and military power. Bismarck and Moltke, though sharing the Emperor's fame, and popularly esteemed the main authors of his brilliant achievements, are not removed from the limits of his authority. At an age when men usually

repose from life's storms and turmoils, the Emperor, showing no indication of his advanced years or declining powers, still stands erect and unbent at the helm of State, wielding alike the sceptre and the sword.

XXVII.

THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER AT BISHOP'S COURT.

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As we step into one of the Janus-like hansom cabs, always on call opposite the Queen's Hotel, we are conscious that the rain is coming down heavily. Not an ordinary kind of rain, blown hither and thither with every puff of wind—with drops flung broadcast, as it were, so that wary travellers may almost slip between them—but a genuine Manchester rain, with a will of its own, and drops coming straight down shoulder to shoulder as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. We rush across the wide pavement, and shouting 'Bishop's Court!' to the cab-driver, begin a hopeless struggle with the cab-door, while cabby asks, 'Wheer to did you say?' Aware that the rain is doing its best to penetrate our outer clothing, we roar out savagely, 'To Bishop's Court, Higher Broughton. Don't you know where it is?' 'What,' yells cabby, giving his whip a tremendous flick, 'to the Lord Bishop of Manchester's! Right you are!' We did not quite understand that cabby. Perhaps he was astonished at our taking a cab when we could have travelled in a street-car, possibly he thought our appearance

strangely unclerical; but his enthusiasm at the mention of Dr. Fraser's title was unquestionable, and moreover a fair honest index of the popular feeling of the diocese. For it is a fact that the proverb respecting prophets was never so completely contradicted as in the case of the Bishop of Manchester.

It is a tolerably long drive from the Queen's Hotel to Higher Broughton—or it seems long in the hot stifling atmosphere which makes the cab unbearable, and the deluge which makes it impossible to open the window. Along we go, for the most part up-hill, till we reach a high wall partially hiding a group of red-brick buildings, some of which are of recent erection, and others of the packing-case order of architecture hideously prevalent two generations ago. Bishop's Court is, in fact, a specimen of the art of adaptation. When Dr. Fraser was appointed to the see of Manchester, the episcopal residence was remote from the town, and the energetic prelate at once suggested that he should be brought nearer to his work—that is to say, not only to the city of Manchester, but to the centre of the network of railways on which a great part of his life is necessarily passed. It must be recollected that the annual revenue attached to the Manchester bishopric is only 4500*l.*—a sum scarcely capable of maintaining a large stud of horses, when charities and other episcopal expenses are paid. At Higher Broughton not many horses are required for driving, and for riding, none at all. For riding, indeed, the roads round Man-

chester are utterly unfitted, and hence Dr. Fraser travels by cab, car, and railway, and also on foot. On the days when he is due at his office at Manchester, for the redress of minor grievances and the transaction of routine business, he may be seen marching down from Higher Broughton with stalwart stride, carrying in his hand one of those little bags without which no Englishman's equipment is now held to be complete. He is very fond of the independence assured by the *omnia mea mecum porto* system. When about to preach for any of the clergy of his diocese he emerges from the railway carriage bag in hand, and can by no means be persuaded to transfer it to officious or obsequious hands.

The master of Bishop's Court, who has translated a Manchester man's dwelling into a most convenient mansion, with chapel and school-house appertaining, is as far removed from the ordinary idea of a bishop as it is possible to imagine. One is accustomed to associate lawn sleeves with either a certain sleekness and rotundity, or an ancient and ascetic aspect. Bishops might be said to be popularly divided into two categories—dry bishops and oily bishops. Dr. Fraser belongs to neither of these, and is, despite his silk stockings and natty shoes, and his apron to boot, as little episcopal in his appearance as any gentleman our eyeglass was ever aimed at. Square shoulders, a tall straight figure, a bright candid gaze, a ruddy countenance, and a cheery voice convey to the mind rather the idea of an ex-dragoon retired from the

army and settled down as a country squire than that of a man who at one-and-twenty took the Ireland scholarship, and in the same year a first class in classics. Whatever tinge of donnishness might have been acquired during a further stay of seven years at Oxford seems to have been rubbed completely off at the rectory of Cholderton, a Wiltshire village containing, at the time of Mr. Fraser's incumbency, only thirty-five houses and a population of 175, or about one soul for every ten thousand he now rules over. Thirteen years at Cholderton, and the subsequent experience acquired at Ufton Nervet in Berkshire, afforded him the opportunity, of which he eagerly availed himself, to acquire a perfect acquaintance with the habits, feelings, and modes of thought of the rural poor. This experience of a country parson properly applied by a vigorous and active mind has proved the mainspring of his career in the Church. Meanwhile he was appointed successively Select Preacher to the University of Oxford, Chancellor of Salisbury Cathedral, and Prebendary of Salisbury. As yet, however, his life had been passed away from the glare of publicity, and it was not till he was appointed on the Commission of Inquiry into the state of popular education that the work for which he was preëminently fitted fell to his share.

His long residence in Wiltshire and Berkshire, and his accurate knowledge of the Wessex peasant, admirably qualified him for the task of investigating the condition of other localities. The task, too, was

thoroughly congenial. 'They are not weak and silly folk by any means,' Dr. Fraser tells us, as we stroll round his pretty garden, admiring the rich hues of the sunset succeeding the storm. 'North-country people, my people here, assume airs of superiority, as if they were of a more richly endowed race than the Saxon population in the southern agricultural counties. It is, as I tell them, pure conceit and nothing more. My people live more together in their great towns and factories, and are kept bright by mutual attrition and their keen interest in public matters. But they are grievously mistaken in putting the Wiltshire man down as a fool. He is less noisy certainly, less demonstrative, less fiercely energetic, but for quiet shrewdness and accurate knowledge of what comes within his sphere is difficult to surpass. Take the "odd man" on a farm, for instance, and reflect how much more actual and varied knowledge he possesses than one who passes his life in performing one or two operations in cotton-mills or ironworks. My Wiltshire friend knows accurately and practically the habits of all domestic animals and the peculiarities of every individual specimen on the farm where he is employed, besides their ailments, and is, moreover, acquainted with the land and its capabilities, the seasons and necessities of seed-time and harvest. My people here are strenuous and energetic, and among themselves terribly rough at times; but they are not unkindly in their hard downright way, and are working diligently to im-

prove themselves. They are a good audience too, so long as you confine yourself to clear common sense with a distinct purpose. Mere talk they will not listen to.'

While a member of the Schools Inquiry Commission, Mr. Fraser added, to his already precise knowledge of the subject, the advantage of wide observation. Visiting Canada and the United States, he studied the systems of education in force there with particular reference to their applicability to rate-aided schools in England. He was, like most of those who have studied the subject thoroughly, not much impressed with the quality of the education supplied by the American free schools, but recognised the very general diffusion of intelligence in the United States, and the comparative rarity of high culture or profound erudition. In 1867 he was appointed to the Commission issued to inquire into the possibility of extending the Factory Act, so as to reach the farmer's boy. The counties of Norfolk, Essex, Sussex, and Gloucester were assigned to him, and in the course of his investigations he amassed much valuable information respecting the British agriculturist. He was one of the first to recognise the magnitude of the change brought about during the last few years in the relations between employer and employed. The feeling of manly, if somewhat sulkily expressed, independence which induces the artisan to regard the capitalist rather as an enemy than an ally, is rapidly spreading among the agricultural population. If the

day be gone when great iron and coal masters and cotton lords were looked up to by their people much as vassals looked up to their suzerain, that of simple kindly feeling between farmer and farm-servant is also rapidly passing away. Farmers have outgrown any fellow-feeling with their men, and the men are nothing loth to receive a commutation in money for harvest-homes and such old-fashioned jollifications as tended for a moment to obliterate the social distinction between master and man. On this and other subjects connected with the agricultural population Mr. Fraser spoke his mind plainly, without distinction of persons, condemning with equal severity the village 'mops,' the system of game-preserving when carried to its present extravagant extent, and the employment of women in the fields.

Equally outspoken as country parson or as bishop, Dr. Fraser has no objection to giving his flock the benefit of his opinion on a variety of subjects. The press, not less outspoken than the Bishop, have more than once taken him to task for talking too much. 'They complain of me,' he repeats, 'for talking too much, and forget that not a week passes without my being called upon to speak at a Mechanics' Institute or a school, or something of the kind. Now it is not my practice to talk round any subject, and I thus find myself compelled to commit myself to opinions on a variety of questions. I cannot, nor do I wish to, shirk my duty, nor would my people endure any half-heartedness in their bishop. We

understand one another very well. This good understanding would not be marred if the gentlemen of the press were to refrain from reporting every one of my extra-clerical addresses at full length. In that kind of speaking lurk temptations to utter pleasantries—witticisms of a mild kind which, in the heat of speaking to a sympathetic audience, pass muster very well, but do not appear quite so brilliant in type next day. There is as much difference between a stroke of humour fresh and hot, and the same thing served up cold in the newspaper, as there is between a trout struggling on the hook in a mountain-stream, surrounded by all the adjuncts of scenery and excitement, and the same fish laid out for sale on a fishmonger's slab.'

Very popular with the laity, the Bishop of Manchester, is on admirable terms with the clergy of his diocese, although now and then he startles them by his extra-cathedral discourses. He is unpriestly both in manner and mind, yet his clergy are proud of him. 'Perhaps,' Dr. Fraser will at times remark, 'it is because I never forget that it was only the other day I was a country parson myself. I like to walk to places, to carry my own bag, and to put every one at his ease.' It must be confessed that the Bishop of Manchester is a perfect master of the latter art. The absence of any kind of priestly affectation, agreeable in a clergyman, is doubly attractive in a bishop. This power of making everybody feel that in the first place he is talking to a gentleman, and only inci-

dentally that that gentleman is a bishop, is at the bottom of Dr. Fraser's popularity. He is above all a hearty, healthy, high-spirited Englishman, and a strenuous toiler, fully alive to the thought and work of his time.

XXVIII.

SIR JOSEPH WHITWORTH AT STANCLIFFE.

SIR JOSEPH WHITWORTH AT STANCLIFFE.

'The conditions of perfect mechanical work are before you. They consist of perfect measurement and perfectly true plane surfaces.' Thus our host, in his quiet snuggery at Stancliffe, a lovely hill-side overlooking Darley Dale and its troutful waters. He speaks in a soft low tone, and as he lays his hand on the millionth measuring-machine we assure ourselves by the eye of what struck our sense of touch as Sir Joseph Whitworth welcomed us to his charming house. The hand laid on the marvellous engine is a noteworthy hand in many respects. Not the plump white hand of the voluptuary, nor the bony talon which indicates acquisitiveness; but the supple clinging hand, which takes hold with every finger and feels the hand it grasps, as it feels instinctively any object with which it comes in contact—the hand of the *artifex* relying on its own sense to detect differences inappreciable to the sight. 'The eye cannot judge the millionth part of an inch; the mind cannot grasp a quantity so minute; but it can be detected by the touch easily enough. Take that cylinder, and pass it through the space left vacant there. It passes

easily. I reduce the aperture by the millionth of an inch, and you feel that it sticks slightly; there is resistance. I reduce the space another millionth, and the cylinder sticks fast. No eye can detect this minute difference, but you can feel that it is real.' This devotion to perfect accuracy of workmanship is the key of a well-balanced mind.

As is not uncommon with men endowed with mechanical genius, Sir Joseph Whitworth made his mark early in life. Born in 1803, he was placed at the age of fourteen under the care of his uncle, a millowner in Derbyshire. Here he acquired an elementary knowledge of machinery, and at the expiration of four years forsook the mill for the work-bench, and worked for four years more at Manchester in the shops of Crichton, Marsden, Walker, and other employers. At the age of twenty-two he went to London, thoroughly dominated by his idea of attaining perfection, and toiled for eight years for Maudslay, Holtzapfel, Wright, and for Clements, the extraordinary mechanical genius who was associated with the late Mr. Babbage in the construction of the calculating-machine. It was while working patiently as a journeyman mechanic that he conceived the idea of making the perfect plane surfaces now indissolubly connected with his name. The man who sat at the bench next to him laughed at him. 'He was a good workman and a good fellow too,' Sir Joseph Whitworth tells us; 'but he thought I was mad. He was kind, though, and took the interest in my work that

a good workman always takes in anything difficult and doubtful. It was a long job. Up to that time the most accurate planes had been obtained by first planing and then grinding the surfaces. They were never true. My first step was to abandon grinding for scraping. Taking two surfaces, as accurate as the planing tool could make them, I coated one of them thinly with colouring matter, and rubbed the other over it. Had the two surfaces been true, the colouring matter would have spread itself uniformly over the upper one. It never did so, but appeared in spots and patches. These marked the eminences, which I removed with a scraping tool till the surfaces gradually became more nearly coincident. But the coincidence of two surfaces would not prove them to be planes. If one were concave and the other convex, they might still coincide. I got over this difficulty by taking a third surface, and adjusting it to both of the others. Were one of the latter concave and the other convex, the third plane could not coincide with both of them. By a series of comparisons and adjustments I made all three surfaces coincide, and then, and not before, knew that I had true planes. When they were perfect I took them one Sunday morning to my fellow-workman, and showed him what I had done. He was thunderstruck, but rejoiced over the work like the good fellow he was.'

These Whitworth planes are now too well known to need description in this place. Not only scientific folk, but mere sight-seers, are familiar with the sur-

faces which fit so exactly that they slide over one another as if anointed with some lubricating matter, and when slidden with pressure over one another cling together with a tenacity out of all proportion to the supposed pressure of the atmosphere. Armed with his planes, the skilful workman returned in 1833 to Manchester, and wrote over his door, 'Joseph Whitworth, Tool-maker, from London.' The ground on which his works—or rather those of the company into which his business has been formed—is now worth some quarter of a million sterling.

From the production of perfect planes the already successful tool-maker advanced to the construction of the wonderful millionth measuring-machine and the standard screws and difference gauges which have saved an infinity of labour. At the time he commenced operations every manufacturer, or at least every county, had its own measurement, and it was by his efforts that something like uniformity was at last attained. In producing standard end-measures, he found himself at issue with existing authorities as to the temperature at which the standard was to be of the prescribed length. The temperature accepted is that of 62 degrees of Fahrenheit—far too low, as he observes, inasmuch as the mere taking of the measuring-bar in the hand must disturb its precision. Mr. Whitworth next turned his attention to the improvement of the rifle, and it is perhaps his work in this direction which has made his name most widely celebrated. At a time when the Enfield rifle was

considered an admirable weapon the performances of the Whitworth rifle astonished everybody, and the peculiarity of the latter was that it was not blundered upon by a kind of accident, but was accurately thought out from the first. The system of polygonal rifling, invented by Mr. Whitworth, is perpetuated in the rifle of to-day—the Martini-Henry—the chief difference being that a heptagon is substituted for a Whitworth's hexagon. The most curious part of Sir Joseph Whitworth's connection with firearms is that when he began his experiments he was—as Professor Tyndall remarks—'as ignorant of the rifle as Pasteur was of the microscope when he began his immortal researches on spontaneous generation; but, like the illustrious Frenchman, he mastered his subject to an extent never previously approached.' This knowledge has been subsequently extended to cannon. In the great works at Charlton-street, Manchester, may be seen regiments of steel ordnance, and an army of the flat-headed projectiles, also of steel—the use of which Sir Joseph Whitworth has persistently advocated. The very steel of which they are made is an invention of his own. From the metal made by the Siemens-Martin process the air, which unexpelled will produce huge flaws, to be only imperfectly reduced by hammering, is forced out under tremendous pressure, and a metal of extraordinary strength and ductility is the result.

All this work must, it would be thought, have so fully occupied a busy life that but little leisure would

have been left for other pursuits; but this would prove an egregious miscalculation. A mechanical genius, Sir Joseph Whitworth is no bookworm, but a keen lover of healthy outdoor country life. In middle age he made little of a ride or drive from Stancliffe to Manchester, and has ever taken a lively interest in the breeding of horses and cattle. Since he made Stancliffe his home, now nearly a quarter of a century ago, he has never slackened in his devotion to live stock—as if the study of animals formed the complement of a mind chiefly bent towards the mathematical sciences. The stables at Stancliffe are a great source of delight to their amiable proprietor. 'This,' he exclaims, 'is my cob Jerry, a most sagacious animal. You see that he stands still as a stone as I mount him, and breaks into a trot or a canter at the sound of my voice. Nearly all these are descendants of my old mare Kate, bred from a famous trotter. Some of her progeny have shown extraordinary pace. I know the time of the celebrated American trotters, but I once had a three-year-old that could trot a mile in 2.50—not a bad performance in the Old Country. But I must show you my new Victoria.' This new carriage, built from the design of Sir Joseph Whitworth himself, is mounted upon an under carriage of very elegant construction, and runs upon a set of noiseless wheels which have cost their inventor no little time and thought. They proved almost too successful in London a year or two ago, and required a very careful

driver to avoid running over heedless people. At one time their owner was almost on the point of inventing a machine to make just enough noise, and no more, to warn people to get out of the way.

The stables duly reviewed, we pass on to the farm where the Stancliffe shorthorns are raised. Without indulging in fancy breeds, Sir Joseph Whitworth pays handsome prices for animals to breed from. A bull-calf, for which he gave a long price, is a picture of a shorthorn, and as beautiful an animal—from the cattle-breeder's point of view—as he would care to look upon. The cows are ranged in a building which is the admiration of the country side. There is no lack of stone, for between the house and the farm are the famous Darley Dale quarries, but the roof of the cowhouse is of iron, and of singularly light and elegant construction. The cattle-troughs are also of iron and enamel—in fact, it is part of the creed of Stancliffe to employ iron wherever lightness and strength are required. The other condition of Sir Joseph Whitworth's existence is perfection—absolute perfection—so that his cowhouse is a model of all that a cowhouse should be, and his granary is a model granary. In this immense apartment—suitably decorated for the purpose—he entertains the visitors to his shorthorn sales—a joyful season to the host, as he is never happier than when strolling over his farm with appreciative guests.

Our walk back to the house takes us through a beautiful specimen of landscape-gardening, the lighter

dissipation of the apostle of perfect workmanship. When he came first to Stancliffe, the house stood on bare hill-side, without other attractions than magnificent scenery, a plenitude—even to superabundance—of air, and a stone-quarry. Keenly appreciative of the advantage of a bracing atmosphere, he avoided the comparative stuffiness of the valleys, and chose a dwelling open to the four winds of heaven. Probably his abode was bleak enough at first; but year by year thought, industry, and money combined have transformed the rugged hill-side, scarred and rent by the quarrymen, into one of the most delightful landscape-gardens in England. Vast cavities have been taken advantage of in the interest of 'the picturesque;' hollows have been filled up, mounds have been raised, and ravines scooped out, that the eye may ever find a charming foreground for a landscape backed by the wooded Derbyshire hills and the purple moorland. Shrubs, indigenous and exotic, have been planted in thousands, and surprise the eye by their luxuriant growth in the most unlikely spots. The rocks and precipices are clothed with greenery of every conceivable shade and form; and among them wind cunningly constructed walks, designed with that happiest of arts which represents accident. As we reach the lawn, Sir Joseph confides to us that he has at last, with some regret, abandoned his plan for rebuilding Stancliffe on a style commensurate with its surroundings. The models for the great house that was to be are consigned to

the lumber-room, the childless master of the garden on the hill having determined to rest content with the pretty house that he has already. Quiet and unpretending, the interior is garnished with some good specimens of Etty, an artist for whom Sir Joseph Whitworth entertains unbounded admiration. Creswick's 'Village Forge' is also a favourite picture of his, and he sets no little store by some nice 'bits' of water-colour by Roberts and W. Hunt. On one subject, which it would be imagined lies near to his heart, his innate modesty keeps him silent. The Whitworth Scholarships, founded by him for the encouragement of mechanical and engineering science, constitute the most magnificent educational endowment made by any one man of this and, perhaps, of any other time.

Knowledge of the advantage of sitting and living in a large room containing abundant cubic feet of air has induced the master of Stancliffe to forsake his snug study and write habitually in his billiard-room. Here, when suffering from fatigue, he will sit quietly while Lady Whitworth reads to him—not the reports of the last Scientific Congress, but the last new novel—the more stirring and so-called 'sensational' the better—his interest being manifested by an occasional caress vouchsafed to Lady Whitworth's 'Willoughby' pug; an animal which in its own gentle way tyrannises over the entire household. When in his usual vigorous condition, Sir Joseph, who loves neither cards nor chess, will sometimes play a game of billiards on his well-known three-legged billiard-

table with cast-iron bed. Of this table—a good one to play upon—he is very proud indeed; almost as proud as he is of the steel tip with which his horses are shod so as to allow the frog to touch the ground. As we take aim at an easy cannon we venture a pleasantry on that excessively minute distance—a millionth of an inch. 'You don't seem quite to realise what it is,' he replies, with quiet good-humour. 'I will make it plain to you. You mind the thin French writing-paper you use for foreign correspondence. Well—its thickness is about equal to four thousand of these minute particles of measurement, or the two hundred and fiftieth part of an inch.'

THE END.

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